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GODDESSES IN GIRDLES

The Story of the Model Business — Page 82

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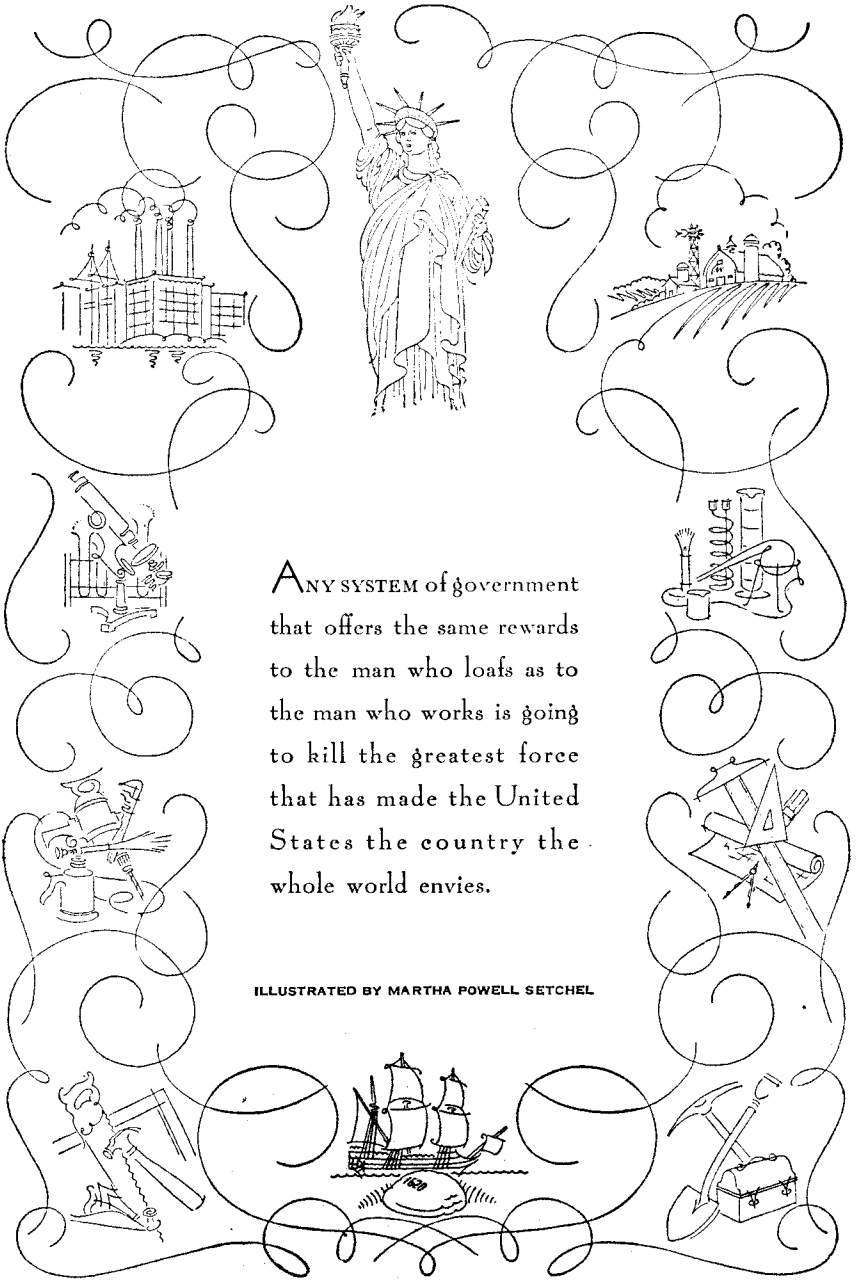

ANY SYSTEM of government that offers the same rewards to the man who loafs as to the man who works is going to kill the greatest force that has made the United States the country the whole world envies.

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTHA POWELL SETCHEL

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Vol. 24, No. 2 June, 1948

Endless Variety in Articles and Pictures

CANCER:

by MICHAEL EVANS

WE ARE LIVING TODAY in an age of miracles. But unlike the spontaneous miracles of the past, those of our era are planned, blueprinted, morticed and precisioned like billets of steel in a tool plant.

The greatest of such modern marvels was the transformation of an abstruse mathematical equation into the most devastating weapon ever known to man—the atom bomb. Basic research for this planned miracle took place in 1942 in the most improbable of workshops, a makeshift laboratory under an abandoned football stand at the University of Chicago.

Today, at that same university, another team of brilliant scientists —reinforced by scores of outstanding researchers—is at work on another planned miracle. Already, this fabulous group of geniuses is attempting to place at the command of mankind the secret of life itself!

To state it more properly, the world's No. 1 scientific team has set for itself the difficult task of penetrating the mystery of living growth. Difficult as we may find it to believe, the solution of this enigma would open up to all people a vista even broader than that on which the atomic curtain was lifted by the first controlled nuclear chain reaction.

What does this mean to you and me? First, it may mean that these scientists will be within reach of *the control and cure of cancer.*

Can you imagine better news—news more dramatic, more inspiring, of wider benefit to a world weary of war and talk of new wars? Here is positive evidence that man's genius for progress has not vanished in wranglings over the green-baize

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tables of diplomacy. Here is final proof that there is still hope for the human race.

How long will it take? It took a smaller team of scientists seven years to translate the physical theory of matter and energy into the bomb which exploded at Los Alamos. Will it take a longer or shorter time to crack cancer?

Let's be frank. Not one of the top men of physics, biology, chemistry, medicine, botany, physiology, radiology—not one of the dozens banded together in this unique endeavor will venture to guess how long the job will take.

As Dr. Lowell T. Coggeshall, rangy chairman of Chicago's department of medicine, puts it: "I wouldn't assume the responsibility of predicting that this team can produce a cancer cure by a specific date even if I were offered ten billion dollars to do it."

The reason for Dr. Coggeshall's caution is understandable. On the atomic-bomb project, most of the fundamentals had already been licked—the final result of the project was more than a mere possibility. But, Coggeshall points out, where cancer is concerned the fundamentals must still be discovered before the groundwork for success has been laid.

Robert Maynard Hutchins, brilliant chancellor of the university, whose ability to transmute dreams into reality gave birth to this greatest of scientific adventures, states the probabilities this way:

"Reasonably, we can expect that in seven years our reinforced cancer team will achieve results equal to those in the atomic project. This means that the mystery of cancerous growth may—the emphasis is on *may*—be solved in a few years, possibly as few as seven."

But the scientists engaged in the cancer-research project do not entirely share Hutchins' optimism. Dr. Charles B. Huggins phrases it like this: comparing the attack on cancer with the pioneer efforts of the Wright brothers, he likes to say that cancer research is at the "Kitty-hawk stage"—that the airplane has taken off and flown for a short distance a few feet from the ground.

Huggins is a man who knows, for this brilliant and genial surgeon is chairman of the strategy board of the Chicago team. As a research man he is the discoverer of the first reliable test for a specific type of cancer—that of the prostate. Fantastic as it sounds, Huggins already can arrest the growth of this type of cancer, even causing it to regress by feeding a few pennies' worth of a particular pill to his patients.

Cancer of the prostate kills one man in twenty after the age of 50. First, it was found that the disease could be remarkably retarded by surgical treatment—the removal of the testicles rather than the gland where the cancer was located. Then Huggins discovered that by feeding his patients a female hormone known as estrogen, the cancerous tumors could be radically reduced and even made to disappear.

While Huggins was doing this he found that, in prostate cases, an enzyme known as phosphatase is usually produced in large quantities. By dropping a little blood into a test-tube solution, he can tell in a minute whether a man has cancer of the prostate. He can tell in the same way how well the

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Beware of Quack Cancer "Cures"

THE SCIENTISTS ENGAGED in the great Chicago project have issued a warning to Americans to beware of a new wave of quack cancer "cures." They fear that, despite Federal and state laws, bogus preparations may appear on the market, seeking to cash in on public interest aroused by the new radioactive isotopes.

Their advice: cancer is a dangerous disease. It must be treated by specialists. Self-medication or treatment with salves, pastes or "radioactive waters" may easily imperil your life.

Remember: when, as and if new methods of treating cancer or of curing the disease are developed, this knowledge will instantly be given the widest possible publicity.

estrogens are knocking out cancer cells. These discoveries have turned what only a few years ago was a virtually hopeless disease into one which can be treated with some measure of success.

The University of Chicago is not the only place where the blood test was developed. Dr. and Mrs. A. B. Gutman of Columbia University achieved similar results with the acid phosphatase enzyme, making diagnosis of prostate cancer possible at any stage.

Out of his knowledge (everyone knows the reluctance with which an ethical physician uses the word "cure" in connection with cancer), Huggins has drawn both optimism and confidence. If he is right, then the world, as regards cancer, is where it was with regard to heavier-than-air flight in 1903. This parallel is not a literal one, but roughly it would mean we should be at the Liberty Engine stage of treatment by 1962 and the Flying Fortress stage 20 years later.

Does this sound like a long time? Certainly it does to anyone suffering from the most devastating of human ills. Every minute which can be shaved from this experimental period may be a gift of life itself to some man or woman lying on a bed of pain. Yet whatever the time equation may prove to be, one thing is certain about this Chicago project: the scientists have laid out a program which is aimed at achieving but one result—final and total success.

IN TACKLING CANCER, the Chicago team has pitted itself against a foe so formidable that only in recent years has it been discussed in public. Despite modern medicine's success in combating other dread diseases, cancer remains the mystery of mysteries, the one foe which still chills us into panic, about which we talk in whispers.

Men and women walk around with their hearts cradled in cold fear, afraid to find out that they have cancer—and afraid to find out that they haven't.

The reason for this unreasoning fear is fairly simple. Cancer is not a disease in the ordinary sense. It is life itself—but life gone mad, life without purpose. Cancer is not an attack on the body by an invading army of germs: rather, it is an uncontrolled growth of certain cells. In the purest sense, cancer is self-

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destruction. Our bodies commit suicide without plan, cause or intent.

When you talk to the men in Chicago who are fighting on this new frontier of knowledge, they emphasize again and again that cancer is not one "disease" like mumps, but a thousand manifestations of a disease, in a thousand different shapes and sizes.

Any cell in the body can suddenly become cancerous—can start to grow and grow until the body is overwhelmed by the mass of its own flesh. And that can happen at any time from birth to old age—but mostly it afflicts those from middle age onward.

This basic situation against which the Chicago team has gone into battle is as baffling as were germ diseases before the discovery of the microbe. Yet the scientists are not fighting blindfolded. They have powerful allies, many of them the product of atomic energy. And already they are reporting results.

For instance, there is the radioactive isotope, a two-bladed sword forged in the atomic pile. You put gold into the pile and it comes out transmuted. It has a slightly different atomic weight and is radioactive, like radium. You can do the same thing with almost all the 92 elements.

The value of the radioisotope is that it can be traced, even through complex body processes. In addition, since certain chemicals have an affinity for certain parts of the body, their isotopic forms offer a handy way of sending radiation to an organ where cancer has broken out. And as we all know, radiation, whether it is in the form of radium, X ray or radioisotope, is a means of attacking cancerous growth.

One of the Chicago men working with isotopes is Dr. Leon O. Jacobson. He is tall, clean-cut, has a pleasant smile and an easy speech. Dr. Jacobson's specialty is the difficult type of cancer—leukemia—which occurs when the cells of the blood go wild and start to multiply by millions. There are many distinct types of leukemia alone—which gives you some idea of the tangled forest in which the cancer fighters are working.

Jacobson is tackling his sector with two principal weapons. One is the isotope, particularly radioactive arsenic and phosphorus. Both arsenic and phosphorus are producing results, but Jacobson is making no snap predictions.

You don't handle isotopes like aspirin pills. For example, the scientist needs only a tiny quantity of arsenic for his experiments. But once it is taken from the atomic pile, it is full of deadly radiation. Many pounds of lead are needed to shield it in transit. Once in the laboratory, it must be converted into the proper dilution for use. This is done by remote control behind lead-guarded walls.

Jacobson's second weapon is a nitrogen mustard, dread poison war gas. Jacobson has injected minute quantities into the blood stream. Amazingly, the nitrogen mustard causes certain blood-cancer cells to disintegrate. He has had success with patients who got no relief from X ray. However, he is frank to say that nitrogen mustard is not the final answer.

But use of isotopes and nitrogen mustard are only two of the approaches being tested by Jacobson

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Other Great Discoveries to Benefit Mankind

ISOTOPES, WHICH ARE being used both in treatment and as tracers in cancer research, are also being explored at the University of Chicago and other laboratories for possible application in all phases of biological research. Work in this field is being done at the university by its Institute of Radiobiology and Biophysics.

Here are a few of the theoretical possibilities suggested by scientists engaged in this research:

A knowledge of the process of growth which will enable us to produce, for example, edible grains of different structure and with vastly enhanced yields.

Methods for radically altering the character of our domestic animals to increase meat yield and reduce cost of production.

A better understanding of the complex endocrine system of internal gland secretions, which is believed to regulate vital life processes, such as aging and other bodily functions.

Establishment of chemical rules covering bodily changes, including heredity. This important development would constitute what scientists call a synthesis—enabling us to understand in chemical terms the physical transformation wrought by disease and growth

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and his colleagues, particularly Dr. Coggeshall, whose favorite is "chemotherapy"—the use of specific chemicals to kill specific cancer cells. This is a fantastically complex task, since there are literally billions of possible chemical combinations. Some 1,500 have already been tested, of which about six seem to have possibilities in cancer. It is like deliberately trying to find needles in haystacks.

Now a systematic screening of all chemical compounds is under way in preliminary tests which, by determining their toxicity and their physiological effects, may also determine their possible use in the fight against cancer.

Right now, too, a tremendous weapon of atomic research is being fashioned to bolster the Chicago attack. This is a 170-inch cyclotron, one of the largest in the U.S.—a massive 2,550-ton electrical field which will project a 375-million electron volt beam of protons.

Today, the Chicago cyclotron is a mass of steel in the factory. A steel-and-concrete structure is being built to house it directly across the street from the laboratory where the first man-made chain reaction was touched off in 1942. But before long, possibly late this year, it will be installed deep in the earth (which provides a natural shield against its radiation).

Primarily an experimental device of nuclear physics, the cyclotron may have another use. The Chicago cyclotron is being so designed that patients can be brought to it and exposed to its beam, much as they are now treated with X ray.

By using the cyclotron to accelerate a certain kind of nuclear particles—protons—the University scientists believe that a superior means of radiating deep cancers

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will be possible. The X ray is effective against some cancers, but its beam is not uniform. There are "hard" and "soft" rays. The "soft" rays are absorbed by and injure the normal tissue lying above the tumor. Only the hardest rays are able to penetrate far enough to reach deep cancers.

But comparatively little absorption occurs in the overlying tissue when a proton beam is used. This beam penetrates deeply—about 5½ inches. Most of its energy is delivered in a burst of ionization (the process which kills cancerous cells) at the depth of the tumor. This ionization occurs in a compact pattern, a characteristic which makes it more efficient. With such radiation, it is hoped that tumors of the lungs and stomach can be treated far more effectively than is now possible—a tremendously significant advance.

Yet it has its drawbacks, too. As Prof. Raymond E. Zirkle, atomic expert in charge of the cyclotron, admits: "Our radiation technicians are going to have to learn how to use this machine. With X ray, they are used to a shotgun. Now we are putting a rifle in their hands."

The proton beam will not be just an experimental device in a laboratory. The expert radiologist of the Chicago team, Dr. Paul C. Hodges, professor of roentgenology, is already planning to use the super X-ray type of beam for clinical treatment, once he and his associates have formulated a means of applying it.

Chicago is attacking cancer on so many fronts that it is impossible to detail them all. Success may come in some completely unexpected manner. The Chicago team realizes that one of the botanists working on plant tumors, or hormones regulating plant growth, may provide the key. On the other hand, it might come through Prof. Carl Moore's studies of the effects of hormones on infant opossums. It may come from any one of the 17 major branches of science enlisted in the crusade. Or it may even come through a marriage of surgery and chemistry.

Only broad and sustained basic research will solve the complicated mystery of cancer. There is no other approach. Thus, study of cell structure by anatomists, knowledge of enzymes developed by biochemists, and work on sex hormones by zoologists are among the sources from which the answer will be constructed.

AN ATTACK ON CANCER of the uterus and of the breast, paralleling Huggins' work at the University of Chicago, is being directed by Dr. M. Edward Davis of Chicago's famous Lying-in Hospital. Thus far, researchers have not been able to duplicate Huggins' spectacular results, but theoretically, if the female hormone inhibits male reproductive cancers, it is logical to suppose that the male hormone should inhibit female reproductive cancers. The Chicago team is now conducting experiments to determine whether this scientific guess is correct.

Meantime, Dr. Davis points out, these female cancers are already easy to cure by surgery or radiation or a combination of both. He emphasizes that seven out of eight cases of cancer of the uterus occur

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on the cervix—that is, externally. They are easy to diagnose at a very early stage, when cure is possible. The eighth case, within the uterus, also gives a very early symptom—bleeding.

The critical period for this type of cancer is the menopause. If the "change of life" comes beyond 50, there is an increased hazard of cancer of the body of the uterus. Any vaginal bleeding in a woman who has gone through the menopause is always an ominous symptom of cancer.

Anton J. Carlson, professor emeritus and dean of American biologists, thinks the weapon to beat cancer may be found in the fascinating but little-known field of "carcinogens." These are a large family of chemical substances known to produce cancer. One of them, contained in ordinary soot, was discovered 200 years ago when English chimney sweeps frequently developed skin cancer. If researchers can find out why one chemical causes cancer, while its first cousin is harmless, they may have the key to the disease.

The Chicago attack on cancer comes as a dramatic sequel to the development of the atomic bomb. Many of the nuclear scientists were drawn to Chicago by the atomic project. With the end of the war, there was real possibility that the brilliant circle which had produced atomic fission might disintegrate through lack of planned objectives. But the coordinated cancer research program at the university provided one of the new objectives, an opportunity for the peacetime application of atomic power against one of man's greatest enemies.

For the American people as a whole, the drive is even more timely. Since 1900, cancer in the U. S. has risen from eighth to second place as a cause of death. This is because, as a nation, our average age is increasing. About 90 per cent of the cancer deaths occur in persons 45 or over, so as more of us live longer, more of us enter the "cancer danger" period.

In another 30 years we will have nearly twice as many persons over 65, while the middle-age groups will increase proportionately. Already 180,000 people die of cancer each year. The figure is bound to rise with the steadily rising life expectancy—unless the answer is found first.

NOW, OBVIOUSLY, you can't launch an offensive of this magnitude without money — lots of money. And on this score, the Chicago story is one to warm American hearts. The fund-raising is being undertaken by the university-sponsored, citizen-manned Cancer Research Foundation. The university has provided the scientists, has opened its laboratories and hospitals, and will finance the continuing work. But civic leaders in Chicago have undertaken the responsibility of raising, through the Foundation, the $5,150,000 needed for new weapons and additional laboratories to bring the attack into full stride.

Mainspring of this drive has been a pint-sized human dynamo named Maurice Goldblatt, a Chicago merchandiser whose interest in cancer was aroused when his brother died of the disease. Goldblatt was prime mover in the decision of the Gold-

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blatt Brothers Foundation to give $1,000,000 for a new cancer-research hospital and sparked a campaign that raised $1,200,000 in the six weeks before Christmas, 1947. One purpose of this drive was to raise $570,000 toward the $1,550,000 cost of the university's new cyclotron. The remainder of the cyclotron's cost is covered by an anonymous gift.

Moreover, the Chicago offensive is not the only one being waged against cancer. For example, the U. S. Public Health Service is supporting a thorough program centered around its hospitals and laboratories at Bethesda, Maryland. Memorial Hospital in New York City has fought a long and resourceful fight against cancer and is increasing the tempo of its activities. Significant work is also being done in St. Louis. In university laboratories throughout the country, research workers, armed with new weapons of atomic science, are launching new studies relating to cancer. Meanwhile the American Cancer Society, through its annual solicitations, offers everyone an opportunity to help in the relentless fight against cancer.

On the west stands of the University of Chicago's Stagg Field, just outside a wall of the laboratory where the atomic bomb was born, is a modest plaque. It reads:

"On December 2, 1942, man achieved here the first self-sustaining chain reaction and thereby initiated the controlled release of nuclear energy."

If the university scientists succeed in their present objective — the penetration of another fundamental secret of nature—a second plaque may some day commemorate another epochal achievement, the final defeat of cancer.

Side Light on Woollcott

THE LATE ALEXANDER Woollcott numbered President and Mrs. Roosevelt among his wide circle of friends, and frequently stopped at the White House when he happened to be in Washington.

It is reported that Mr. Woollcott refused to make capital of this distinguished friendship, except in one respect. He did enjoy writing notes to friends on White House stationery. He did not send these communications to important and high-placed people whom he wished to impress, but rather to friends in the humbler walks of life.

"Let me see," the Town Crier would say to himself, "who would be likely to benefit the most from being able to display a letter written on White House stationery?"

Then Woollcott would remember some struggling young actress in an obscure road company, a humble private in an Army camp, or an ambitious young writer in some country town, and before very long that person could proudly show his friends and acquaintances a letter bearing, in chaste black letters, the magic words: "The White House." —*Christian Science Monitor*

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by HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

In which a distinguished man of letters casts a backward glance at the carefree days of his childhood in the happy '90s

BACK IN THE NINETIES, the good old summertime in my latitude in Delaware began in early June with a household rite which fascinated small boys and girls. One day a shimmering, hazy heat descended on the town, and that night we tossed on sheetless beds while thunder rumbled in the distance.

Next day, when we came home from one of the last sessions of school, the house was in utter confusion. Every room had furniture pushed to one end, while our "waiter" and the maids were sliding great cylinders of gray linen down from the storeroom on the third floor. These they unrolled over the bare carpets and tacked down at the edges.

Then each chair and sofa was dressed in its own suit of brown-striped denim, and was slid back to its place on the shimmery floors. Afterward the heavy shutters were barred on every window until only a filter of the hot light outdoors made a pleasant twilight in the rooms. Upstairs great canopies of mosquito netting were draped above each bed. Now let summer come. We were ready for it . . .

The height of summertime for us youngsters of the Nineties was August, when we "went away"—the great adventure of the year. I was born in the porch-and-pillow age, when every family that could afford it went off to a summer hotel for two or three weeks. It did not much matter where, for they were all alike—vast boxes in front of a mountain view or the sea. Great pillars supported the roof that shel-

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tered the long porch from rain or sun. On the porch two rows of rocking chairs swung and a hundred women knitted and gossiped. In our family, "going away" meant the beach at Cape May.

There is still a Cape May at the extremity of New Jersey, but it is not the Cape May of which I write; that is myth and legend, its broad beaches and city of hotels existing only in memory. Even the trip there was a chapter in the great saga of our American past.

My memory picks it up as the family waits with its baggage on a riverside wharf where the majestic Delaware begins to broaden toward the bay. And at that moment a sonorous whistle blows and I see bearing down upon us the greatest ship in the world, the steamer *Republic*, gleaming white and gold, her steep prow high above us. A band plays *Marching Through Georgia*, and gigantic ropes like boa constrictors loop through the air to the pilings of our wharf. I still cannot hear a ship's deep bass whistle without feeling the thrill of that moment.

Then from a high deck we watch the side wheels rolling us down the widening bay until we land just around a point from the open ocean. There a little red and green engine waits, with a string of open cars, and soon we are jogging across the sea marshes, tick-tock, tick-tock over the uneven track, past an immense wooden elephant five times life size (we were to crawl up inside it later) and on to Cape May, where even from the station platform we could hear the roar of Atlantic breakers on the beach.

I remember nothing of our hotel except the dining room, with a colored waiter behind each table, and food that at home we got only at parties. The beach was Cape May for us. We squirmed through rows of rocking chairs to get to it in early morning, and were dragged home at night. I have no memory at all of adults, except one picture.

I can see my grandfather, a tall, handsome man with a short white beard. He is dressed in a bathing suit of heavy blue cloth, with shapeless trousers down to his ankles, and he is leading a plump lady, also in blue stuff with just a peep of black stocking above her bathing shoes. He conducts her ceremoniously into the rushing shallows and out to the first breakers, where, joining hands, they bob up and down with great dignity as the swells lift them.

Somebody tells me that she is the wife of the President of the United States, and that she depends upon my grandfather because once a breaker came over her head and she might have drowned . . . .

We splash and dive and roll at the edges of the surf and sometimes venture a stroke or two beyond the first breakers, but our life is on the beach. Otherwise, I remember nothing of importance in Cape May except the waiters' festival. (I know it had a name, but I have forgotten it.) Then every table in the dining room was decorated with flowers and flags. The big hall was empty when we sat down, but at a signal the kitchen doors swung open and in marched the waiters in long procession, each balancing a loaded tray above his head, supported by one hand only.

I can never remember leaving

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Cape May—not even the steamer *Republic* on the way home. We seemed always to be arriving, or actually there . . . .

I DO NOT KNOW when the age of the old-fashioned summer hotel ended. Actually, it never ended for my grandparents, who until their last years went off annually with Quaker cronies, to sit and rock on hotel porches. My father's generation, however, got tired of such recreation. They wanted more privacy.

Our first departure from Cape May was to a farm on the Brandywine, which was all right for children but offered a little too much privacy for the parents. Then we migrated to Montrose, a village in northwestern Pennsylvania that was like New England in every lineament, including the village green. I remember my sense of another civilization when I first saw its white houses, green-shuttered, and its planned regularity, so different from my own sprawling Delaware. When I went to college in Connecticut years later, I recognized with pleased surprise what I had seen as a boy.

We children, however, missed the sweep of the Cape May tides and the pools of the Brandywine. But one day, at the end of a long drive through the airy hills, we came to one of those lakes uncommon in the Appalachians, a lake that was really a great spring, with water clear as air, and surrounded by woods.

The mile-long shore of Silver Lake was heavy with primeval forest: giant hemlocks like ancient pyramids of green, here and there a soaring pine, and dense laurel thickets underneath. Nothing could equal our delight when we were told that we were to stay four weeks at the rambling boardinghouse at one end of the lake.

Something in my imagination responded instantly to this little wilderness, and to life on the lake and in the forest. When a bass took my first timid bait and shot high out of the brilliant water, I was made a fisherman for life. We swam and wrestled in the spring water, made a sail from an old curtain and drove down the lake before a wild northeaster. We explored the forest, climbed the hills, picnicked in rival hay wagons, bombarding each other with green apples. And, tired out, we stretched for hours under a hemlock, hearing the water lap against rocks and fallen trees.

Soon I knew every province of the lake's bottom, over which I drifted in calm weather looking for fish and their hideaways. I knew those underwater pastures as intimately as the fields and orchards on shore. In school in winter I would hide paper behind my book and make a fisherman's chart of each cove and hole and ledge and sand bar, writing what was to be found in each locality:

"Here for pickerel, but not behind the lily pads"; "here for perch where the bar goes into deep water"; "here I caught a giant catfish"; "good for bass but fish a foot above bottom."

We had variable fishing, but our suspense was always kept alive by the knowledge that somewhere in the deep center of the lake were still a few of the most legendary salmon trout, big fellows, all bright silver. The Indians had caught them with

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spear and torch, and one of the natives boasted that he had hooked a two-footer from a raft, lost him at the edge, jumped overboard and caught him in his arms. We never saw the monsters, but talked long hours of how to bring them up.

IT WAS IN A SUNNY GLADE at the edge of the forest that I first read Cooper's *The Last of the Mohicans*. Someone had told me, as was indeed true, that Cooper himself had visited the extensive house, long since burned, of the first proprietor of the lake, and there had written part of one of his novels. I was sure it was *The Last of the Mohicans*, and by an easy transference believed that he might have seen and studied the savage Mingo in our wilderness.

Sunk deep in the story, I read on until a sudden curtain of darkness fell from a great thundercloud. Chills in my spine, eyes straining, I set out for home through the forest, tiptoeing past dark caves of laurel, while the big trees creaked in the wind and glared with lightning. Birds screamed, and I could have sworn that Indian eyes gleamed from the thickets.

When the first red leaves showed at water's edge, we ran down once and twice and thrice for a last look at lake and forest, and then were off for home. There, it was still the good old summertime, and on our table were fresh corn and lima beans and, on platters two feet across, little Jenny Lind cantaloupes from Jersey. You kept cutting till you found a sweet one and discarded the rest.

Then we knew that another summertime was drawing to a close. And we knew, too, that summertime was the best season of all, and that next year, the whole enjoyable process would start all over again.

Brains in Business

HE HATED the small drugstore he owned, and was about to give it up. Then one day he decided to have a little fun out of it—he'd make it just like playing a game! The telephone would ring and, as the customer gave the order, the proprietor would catch the attention of his clerk. He'd repeat each item loudly as the customer gave it. Then he would talk to her, about anything, just to hold her on the phone.

The clerk, meanwhile, was scurrying about making up the order as the delivery boy got into his coat. Then, interrupting the telephone conversation, the customer would excuse herself for a moment, explaining that someone was at the door. In another minute, she'd return to the phone, saying, "Why, that was your delivery boy, bringing the order I just gave you! I simply don't understand how you manage service like that. But my neighbors shall hear about it. You wait and see."

He waited. And he saw!

His name was Walgreen—Charles R. Walgreen, the founder of one of the largest drugstore chains in America. —ANNA FAYE

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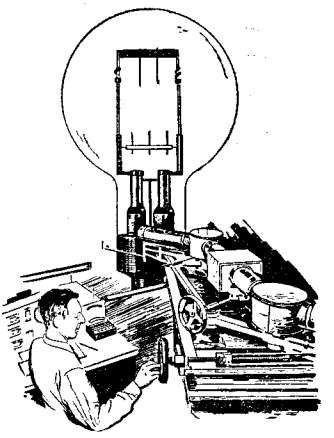
The Wizards of NELA PARK



by MADELYN WOOD

In their laboratories at the University of Light, they are performing miracles to make your life safer and happier

IN EAST Cleveland, Ohio, there is a place called Nela Park where 2,000 scientists, engineers, technicians and assistants are performing miracles to save your eyesight, make your home more comfortable, your job more productive, your driving safer, your child'sschool-work easier, your furniture and clothing more glamorous. They're even discovering new ways to protect you against disease and to make you look and feel healthier than ever before.

Nela Park would be remarkable enough if it were just a vast research center, but it is far more than that. It is also the University of Light, an amazing educational enterprise which serves as a mecca for strangely assorted people. They come from every part of the globe and represent virtually every profession. They include architects, surgeons, educators, engineers, Army and Navy officers, dress designers, factory managers, motion-picture cameramen and department-store owners. They go back to Main Street or Broadway or Calcutta, India, brimming with a lot of new ideas about light.

Nela Park began in 1912 when General Electric found that its lamp division was getting cramped in its old quarters on Cleveland's 45th Street. The solution might have been a downtown skyscraper, but F. S. Terry and B. G. Tremaine, two GE managers, had a better idea. Why not move to the country? There scientists could work in a more pleasant atmosphere, their instruments undisturbed by the traffic vibrations of a bustling city.

They picked an 85-acre site on high green hills in East Cleveland and sold the company on the wis-

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dom of creating a spacious, universitylike city of light. The old National Electric Lamp Association joined forces, hence the initial name, NELA. Today, 16 ivy-clad buildings are a monument to the foresight of Terry and Tremaine.

At first the idea was to develop new kinds of lamps and new applications for lighting. Soon, thousands of inquiries about the right ways to use light began to pour in. So GE decided to make Nela an educational enterprise too. The result is today's Lighting Institute, to which can come, tuition-free, anyone who is interested in lighting: In these intensive courses, educators find out about lighting schoolrooms, businessmen about lighting stores, architects about lighting homes, and utility employees acquire information that the company can then pass on to customers.

At the Institute, students find themselves in a wonderland of lighting lore. Wherever they turn, they see a fantastic array of lamps that represents the parade of progress in lighting.

Here is an old Edison carbon lamp of 1879. Here is the first tipless lamp, the first inside frost lamp, the first flash bulb for photography, the first sealed-beam auto headlight, the first standard fluorescent tube. Here's the world's largest lamp, a giant that uses 50,000 watts—and the world's smallest, a tiny "grain of wheat" bulb, incorporated into delicate surgeons' instruments used for internal examinations. Here also are amazing long slim tubes that emit rays to kill germs.

It all adds up to a fascinating history of achievement by the Nela scientists, who have pioneered more than 10,000 different kinds of lamps. It is a picture of the kind of progress that has cut the cost of an ordinary electric bulb from $1.75 to 11 cents, at the same time jumping its efficiency ten times.

THE ENTHUSIASM OF MEN like L. C. Kent, who heads the Institute, and Willard Brown, assistant engineering manager, is contagious. Students go away armed not only with knowledge but also with a strong desire to carry on the crusade for better lighting. For example, millions of American school children are working under shocking lighting conditions. Nela engineers assert that in the average schoolroom pupils are getting only *one-seventh* of the light they really need. So, at the Institute, visitors and students are given a vivid picture of what should be done.

Walk into Nela's model schoolroom and naturally you expect to see something advanced in the way of lighting. But at first you don't. Here are ordinary hanging lights—the kind used in all schools 20 years ago and still used in most schools today. Sitting behind the scenes is a demonstrator with a switchboard, who admits that the old hanging fixtures can be improved. He pushes a button and they get brighter and brighter, but soon the glare is so great that the value of the increased light is canceled.

Another push of the button and the room has indirect lighting, reaching the desks by reflection from the ceiling. Now the student will get 20 to 30 foot candles on his book without glare. But the lighting experts are still not satisfied. So suddenly those old-fashioned hang-

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ing lights begin to slide up into the ceiling. In a few seconds you are looking at a ceiling lined with long fluorescent tubes, giving off more than 100 foot candles.

Now you have jumped from the crude lighting of today's schools to the illumination methods of tomorrow. And although there is still a long, hard road ahead, the Nela experts are hopeful. They point to cities like Birmingham, Alabama, with a $250,000 expenditure to modernize school lighting. They tell you about eye-saving classrooms in Poughkeepsie, New York, or Tacoma, Washington, or East Cleveland. They also know what happened in Flint, Michigan, where the Lions Club took over the job of revamping a 44-year-old classroom and making it one of the lighting models of the country.

If good lighting stopped with the schools, however, it wouldn't do much for the nation's eyesight. Children should go home to well-lighted homes—but unfortunately, most of them don't. Although use of artificial light in the average home has jumped 100 per cent in the past 40 years, there is still much to be done, say Nela experts like Mary Webber, whose specialty is home lighting. So the technicians dreamed up a home of the future called Horizon House, which draws 4,000 visitors a month.

In Horizon House, designed by E. W. Commery, home lighting specialist, you see everything from warm flesh-colored fluorescent lights to cleverly placed spotlights which accentuate furnishing colors and give extra brightness for reading. Other lights are used to turn walls into symphonies of color, based on the experts' theory that lights should be utilized for decorative effects as well as for seeing.

Oddly enough, when the Nela researchers decide to develop new kinds of lamps, they don't start with glass and metal and electricity—they start with people. For example, when they planned a new type fluorescent lamp, the big question was, "How do things look to people under different kinds of light?"

To find out, G. B. Buck and Dr. H. C. Froelich set up complicated displays in which objects were shown under ordinary filament lamps and under three different types of fluorescent—white, daylight and soft white. Since brightness might influence people's choices, they made sure that just 40 foot candles would be delivered from each lamp.

Hundreds of Nela visitors found themselves taking part in the experiments. Under the lights were placed fabrics, wallpapers, paints, carpets, furniture, even food, cooked and uncooked. "Which looks best to you?" was the question fired at observers. After 40,000 visitors had filed their answers, the experts wrote specifications for a new lamp.

Then the laboratories went to work to find phosphors (the powders that go into fluorescent lamps) that would give off just the right kind of light when applied to familiar objects of everyday living. Eventually the researchers produced a bulb that met the requirements.

Nela engineers, however, don't stop with indoor lighting. They have tackled the biggest outdoor lighting problem too—better headlights for cars and better lighting for streets and highways. On the Nela campus there is a sprawling

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garage-like building, housing a model stretch of highway with realistic green grass beside it. Climb into a cutaway automobile and you'll find yourself apparently on a night road. Ahead looms a curve, and then suddenly the blinding glare of approaching headlights.

"Watch this!" says Val Roper, one of Nela's automotive experts. He pushes a button and the headlights become glare-free purple blobs. That is the miracle of Polaroid. It may be many years before Polaroid headlights and windshields can actually be built into the nation's cars, for there are still many problems to be solved. But Nela engineers are working on them, as not so many years ago they were working on the headlight that pushed back the wall of darkness—the sealed beam.

When Kirk Reid and his associates tackled better lights for America's streets and highways, the engineers went into a huddle. They had tested lights on actual highways, but that was a slow process. So they decided to build a complete test-model roadway, 250 feet long, at a scale of one-eighth. On this realistic, pint-sized highway, they went to work to find out things that had never been discovered.

With their complicated techniques they measured visibility while they sent miniature cars whizzing along their test-tube street. They emerged with a collection of facts, some startling. For instance, they found that on straight and level thoroughfares, your ability to see obstacles is based about 70 per cent on what is called silhouette—that is, the fact that the obstacle is darker than the surrounding background. If the obstacle is at the edge of the pavement, however, you see it almost entirely by its own brightness.

They exploded the idea that roadways should be uniformly lighted. Variations in lighting actually made the surface seem brighter, made obstacles stand out more sharply in silhouette.

They wanted the roadway to look bright to the motorist. Just how much light—and where—was required to provide uniformly bright pavement surface to the motorist's eyes? To find out, they cut two-foot-square samples from traffic lanes of concrete, brick and asphalt roads. Then they conducted scores of experiments with these travel-worn sections.

As the thousands of readings piled up, they realized that at last they had a yardstick for street lighting. Now the next job was to get out of the laboratory onto the nation's streets and highways. So promptly they created a new kind of light-measuring instrument, the "Street Lighting Evaluator."

It seems simple enough, this neat little device that sits on the car's hood and checks on the brightness of overhead lights, pavement and a variety of other factors. With readings taken at various spots, and a few simple computations based on these cards, the lighting expert can come to quick conclusions.

With the evaluator, the Nela researchers checked the lighting at some of the nation's "death streets." They proved that a badly lighted intersection is a dangerous one. In Los Angeles, authorities installed new lighting at 23 hazardous inter-

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sections. Accidents dropped by 93 per cent. On 14 test streets in Hartford, Connecticut, accidents fell off 46 per cent.

Another beneficial triumph was scored when Nela's scientists went to work to bring the sun indoors. Before the experiments ended, the experts had set up a room with batteries of dozens of different lamps—fluorescents, incandescents, heat lamps and sun lamps.

Walk into that room at the Lighting Institute and you have the feeling of being outside on a warm summer day. People and objects look as they do in sunlight. A half-hour nap in one of the deck chairs will provide a noticeable coat of tan. However, to put together this solarium, the only one of its kind in the world, cost $25,000. So now the scientists are working to reduce costs.

They have rigged a simple panel of lights that can be installed in the ceiling of any room. It doesn't give the full effect of sunlight but it comes close to it. Now the Nela scientists are envisaging the day when hospitals, schools, factories, office buildings and hotels will have healthful solariums.

Meanwhile, they continue to improve the infrared heat lamp and the ultraviolet sun lamp which you merely plug into the socket. One Nela engineer has even dreamed up a device for railroad station waiting rooms, barbershops, beauty parlors and other public places—a coin-in-the-slot machine that combines infrared for comforting heat and ultraviolet for tan.

In fact, the scientists at Nela Park look forward to the time when everyone will be as conscious of the need for sunlight—real or man-made—as people are today of the need for vitamins. Here, they admit, is one of the vital campaigns in their great crusade to tell the world about the multiple benefits of better lighting. But they expect to win it, just as they have won other vital campaigns in the last 36 years of ceaseless experimentation and achievement.

Star with a Jinx

After 25 years of leaving a trail of trouble, police star No. 1313 has been temporarily retired from service in Chicago. Star 1313 began living up to its name in 1923 when it was issued to Policeman John O'Bryant. O'Bryant died five years later at the age of 32.

In 1934, Policeman Joseph Sevick turned Star 1313 back to the police department. He had worn it for six years and in that time his wife, one of his children, and a brother had died. The brother, also a policeman, was shot and killed by a prisoner in a courtroom.

Policeman Charles Schwertfeger was then issued Star 1313. He was on the scene when another policeman shot and killed a boy whose parents sued for damages. As a witness to the shooting, Schwertfeger became involved in the suit. He died in 1944.

—M. Marilynn Moehlenbrock

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Home Sweet Hoax

by DAVID HELLYER

Here are important facts for everyone about the dangerous legal pitfalls that may confront the unwary buyer of real estate

WHEN SAM HAD PACKED away his Marine Corps uniform, he and his wife began a long and weary house hunt in Knoxville, Tennessee. Finally they found it — a small bungalow, and Sam made the down payment on a home of their own.

Proudly the young couple papered and painted, landscaped the neglected grounds and planted a garden, innocently oblivious of the dark cloud hovering near-by. Then, one morning, the young wife received an unexpected caller.

"I'm the legal representative of the man who really owns your lot," he said. "Sorry to bring bad news, but your house is on the wrong lot. Your lot is actually down the street a block—on the next corner!"

The scene shifts to San Diego, California, where another couple is preparing the stage for a tragedy. They move into their new home, satisfied that everything is in order. Then the ax falls.

"Your garage extends over onto my lot—by nine inches," an irate neighbor complains.

Stunned, they plead with the neighbor to sell them the invaded strip for a nominal sum. But the land is not for sale. Sadly the new home owners move their garage.

In Los Angeles, a man buys property adjacent to a huge oil refinery and builds an auto court. But his buildings shake and groan night and day, as if clutched by an everlasting earthquake. Tenants eagerly move in, quickly move out.

The proprietor tries to restrain the refinery from operating its heavy machinery, only to discover that the property's previous owner had granted the oil company the right to operate a refinery with all the accompanying noises, vibrations and tremors.

The Romans had two words for it: *Caveat emptor*. But in each of the incidents described above, and in

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hundreds of similar tragedies, the buyers failed to beware. They paid their money, signed the contracts and moved into their new properties believing that everything had been handled according to Hoyle. They felt sure that they owned their own homes. But—do *you* own *yours?* . . .

Like birth, marriage, parenthood and death, buying one's first parcel of Mother Earth ranks as a solemn event in every man's life. Yet the average purchaser devotes little more care to the intricate details of a real-estate transaction than to the purchase of a suit of clothes. Often he is bewildered by the magnitude of the event, or reluctant to show ignorance by asking questions. Sometimes impatience tempts him to overlook vital points. Whatever the cause, carelessness in buying a home too often leaves a wake of heartache and tears.

A land title, like the proverbial chain, can be only as strong as its weakest link. And if any link is defective, all links which follow it partake of the flaw. Amos 'n' Andy said it neatly when they observed: "The big print giveth; the small print taketh away."

Have you read the small print on your contract to buy, or on your deed? Perhaps you paid cash for your property; or perhaps you have paid and paid for years, looking forward to retiring that bothersome mortgage. But even with a receipt stamped "Paid in Full," you may not have clear title to your home!

For example, what do you know about easements? Perhaps certain rights of way have been granted to someone to cross your lot with ditches or pipe lines. A power company may reserve the right to string high-tension wires in front of that view window. Does a sewer main run under your living room, and have you violated somebody's rights in building over it?

As for your property lines—are you *sure* you know where they are? There was a home owner in Fullerton, California, whose deed assured him that he had bought "all of Lot 26 except the north 75 feet thereof." This seemed perfectly clear. Hadn't he and the seller personally measured off "the north 75 feet" of front footage? The rest was all his. Simple!

Hacking through a jungle of material shortages, delays and headaches, the new owner built his family a beautiful home. The paint was hardly dry when the nightmare came: their house protruded onto "the north 75 feet" by several inches. An angry neighbor threatened suit. The bewildered young man called in a surveyor—a precaution he should have insisted upon as a condition of the purchase, and at the seller's expense.

"Your neighbor is right," the surveyor informed him. "Lot 26 is a *parallelogram* but not a rectangular one. When you measured your lot, you and the seller both assumed it to be a rectangle, so you took the street frontage as base line and measured at right angles to the street. But you should have followed the actual survey lines of the lot."

A careful buyer can usually uncover such dangers and forestall damage by refusing to conclude a real-estate deal until every item has been made crystal-clear. But not always. Sometimes the buyer becomes the innocent dupe of a grand-scale blunder.

In one of the West's choicest

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residential districts, real-estate measurements have for years centered on a certain section marker, set by a supposedly competent surveyor. Scores of roads have been laid out and hundreds of lot lines established—all using this marker as a point of original reference.

Now it comes to light that the marker lies *53 feet out of line!* Home sites, roads and easements for an area of four square miles have been thrown into confusion. While the issue was settled to everyone's satisfaction, the error illustrates one of the many hidden dangers which lurk in land transactions.

WHEN YOU BUY A PROPERTY, you assume these and many other important points to be true: that the seller actually owns or has title to the land you are buying; that the title is as represented—clean and clear; that the seller is legally capable of selling you this property; that the land is free of judgment, liens or other encumbrances; and that you yourself are capable of taking title, or of contracting a mortgage to pay for it.

But if the seller's wife has obtained a divorce, he can't convey clear title until his marital affairs are settled. Has the seller been committed to a state institution for insanity? Is he a judgment debtor—can creditors seize all or part of his property? Is the seller a minor? Or an alien not eligible for citizenship?

For any one of these or a score of other technical reasons, the seller's title may not be marketable. Or perhaps some error occurred in the chain of title long before the present owner acquired the property.

A man in New England arranged to buy a small corner of a large parcel of land, thus acquiring access to another lot. The clerk who drew up the title description reversed the entire wording of the deed. Instead of buying the small corner, the purchaser acquired by deed—signed, sealed and delivered—all of the parcel *except the corner he desired.* This fantastic slip of the pen was not discovered until years later, when the parcel again went on the market. A complicated legal settlement was necessary.

Minors and incompetent persons receive special protection by law. Generally speaking, a deed from such individuals is defective unless approved by court order. Ineligible aliens cannot acquire land in certain Western states and hence have no right to sell.

Beware of a title that has "been in the family for generations." Titles which pass from father to son can, of course, be tight and clean. But often the person from whom such land is bought has not acquired entire title by descent. Result: a cloudy or indefinite title.

Or perhaps you have bought a property with a past, like those lots on "Dictionary Hill" in San Diego. Many years ago, when land was plentiful and cheap, a book-publishing house bought the hill and subdivided it into 25-foot lots. Salesmen were authorized to offer one of them with each dictionary sold. Title to these gift-premium parcels remained a mess, first due to the impossibility of tracing the early "purchasers," later because most of the lots weren't worth the taxes due on them, or the cost of establishing legal title after tax sale.

In most sections of the U.S.,

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buyers check on a property's title by paying a lawyer to pass upon its "abstract of title." This document traces the history of the original grant, and of all subsequent ownership and conveyances of public record. If the lawyer is satisfied that the title is clean and clear, he advises his client to proceed. If some element is missing or suspicious, he advises the purchaser to wait until the fault has been corrected.

In many states, and in most large cities, the buyer today can get "title insurance," which protects him against loss from defective title to his land. "Title guaranty" or "title insurance" companies, which make a business of keeping accurate and exhaustive records of land transactions, issue such policies.

Before doing so, however, their experts check and re-check past transactions involving your property, searching for skeletons in the closet. Once satisfied that the title is clean, they issue a policy which is good as long as you hold the land, and which agrees to pay you the face value should your title be proved incurably imperfect.

If your title should ever be challenged, the insurer may be expected to rise to your defense. But sometimes the companies lose these court battles, and must themselves pay the policyholders.

One real-estate broker had a promising prospect for a piece of vacant property of a certain description. After selecting a likely site, he found it was owned by one Sarah Jane Johnson. Tracing her address in the City Directory, he visited Miss Johnson and told her he had a buyer for the land. She agreed to the price and signed a deed which the agent had prepared. Later it was discovered that the property actually belonged to another Sarah Jane Johnson. Except for his title-insurance policy, the purchaser would have lost his investment.

Oddly enough, forgers of deeds are most feared by title insurers. And the buyer, though innocent of the forger's criminal intent, is not protected by his innocence—even if the forger's signature has been notarized! One slick operator married a wealthy Texas woman. With her money, the couple purchased many valuable properties.

Original deeds listed the names of both husband and wife, but the husband forged new deeds vesting ownership in himself alone, or in dummy names. After a two-year hunt, detectives finally cornered the forger, whose activities by then involved $400,000 worth of real estate from Texas to California.

EVEN THE "DEAD" HAVE been known to return to haunt the home owner. A Kansas buyer took an abstract to his lawyer for examination. The title record showed that one of the previous owners had died without issue. Record of his death was supported by three affidavits, one from an undertaker who swore he had buried the "deceased." The attorney approved the title and the purchase was made.

A year later the "dead" man, very much alive and residing in Maine, made claim to his interest in the property. The buyer spent $400 for a trip to Maine, then paid the claimant $3,500 for a clear title — a total of $3,900 spent on a "dead" man.

Though it may be unpleasant to

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contemplate, as a property owner you must realize that real estate seldom is *all* yours. City and county may have liens on the property for taxes. Other agencies or individuals may possess easements which you cannot annul. Maybe you own all the land you can *see*, but what about the land you can't see—the subsurface soil? Who owns oil, gas and mineral rights?

One Western couple bought a beautiful view lot and prepared to build an expensive home. During the title search, the insuring firm discovered that an early owner and his heirs reserved the right to drill for oil on that parcel at any time. Had this couple proceeded with the purchase, they might have awakened some morning to the clatter of a drilling rig on their front lawn.

Be sure the description of your property leaves no doubt of the parcel's true and legal boundaries. In pioneer days, it was enough to describe a piece of property merely as "originating at the old dead oak with the skull of a steer set in its fork," or "beginning at the clump of sycamores springing from one root." But today, a legal description, drawn by a licensed surveyor, is needed to make certain that you have airtight protection against any possible misunderstanding.

With his transit and rod, the competent surveyor can define the location of your lot so positively that no other plot of land anywhere could qualify for the same description. Then—and only then—can you be sure that your treasured bit of Mother Earth is really yours.

The Perfect Memorial

MY HUSBAND AND I were driving along the highway one day when we saw a sign in front of an old farmhouse which read—"Stop Here for Free Flowers."

We stopped and an elderly lady, thin and work-worn, greeted us. "Suppose you saw my sign," she said. We said we had.

"I'm mighty glad you stopped. The flowers are prettiest now," she remarked, smiling. "Come with me so you can tell me the blooms you want."

We followed her to a beautiful field of gladioli—red, pink, white, lavender, yellow—every radiant color was in flower.

"Why do you give them away?" I asked.

"Most everybody asks that," she said, her blue eyes becoming serious. "You see, it all came about this way. We used to have two boys, Bill and Jack. They always helped me keep the glads. They knew all of 'em by name. Every year we sold them and divided the money to buy things for each other on Christmas, birthdays, and the like. So Pop and I decided to keep on plantin' these glads every year and give 'em to folks as a livin' memorial to the boys. It was the most fittin' one we could think of—just like 'em—alive and carefree."

—MRS. KATHERINE BENION

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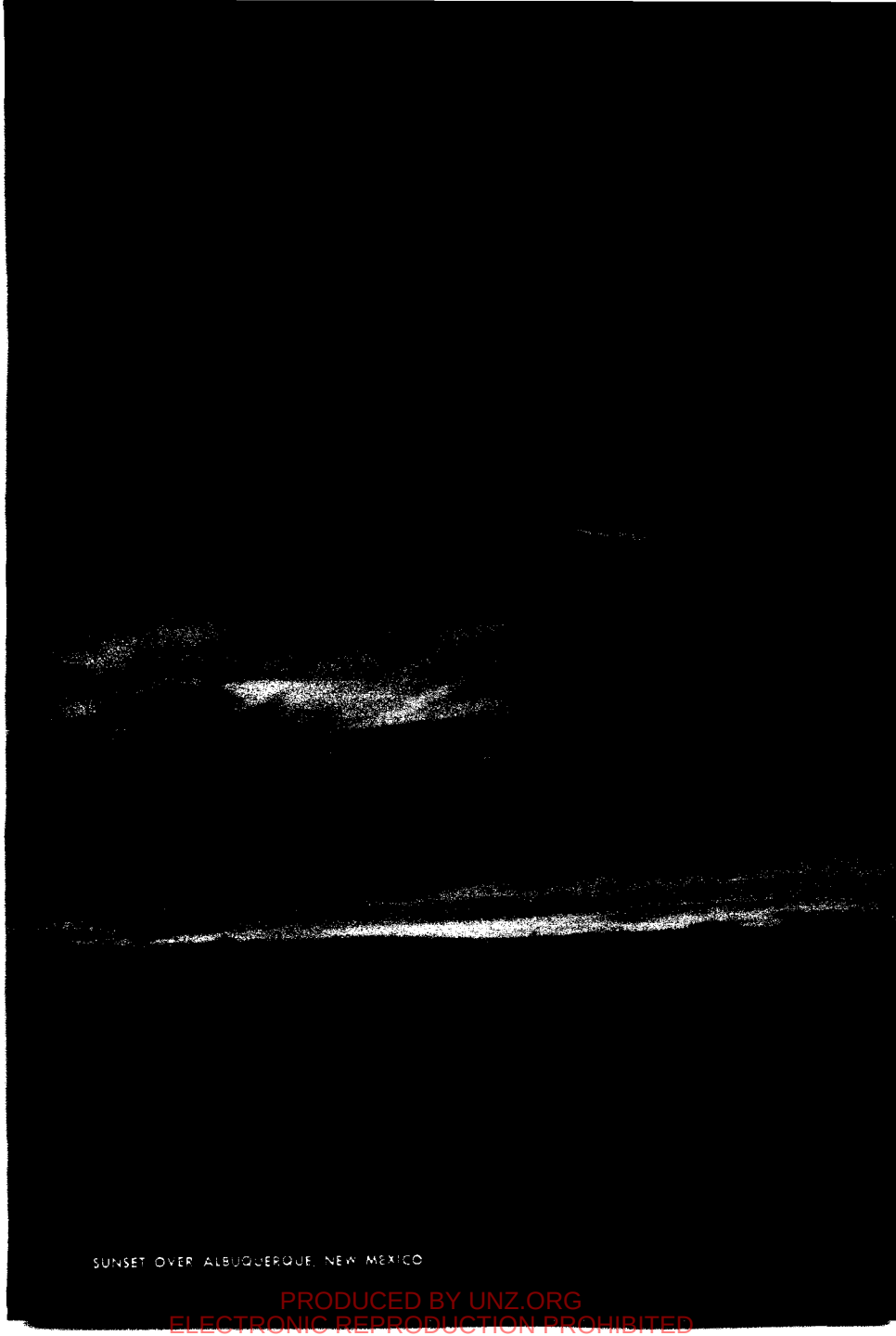

SUNSET OVER ALBUQUERQUE, NEW MEXICO

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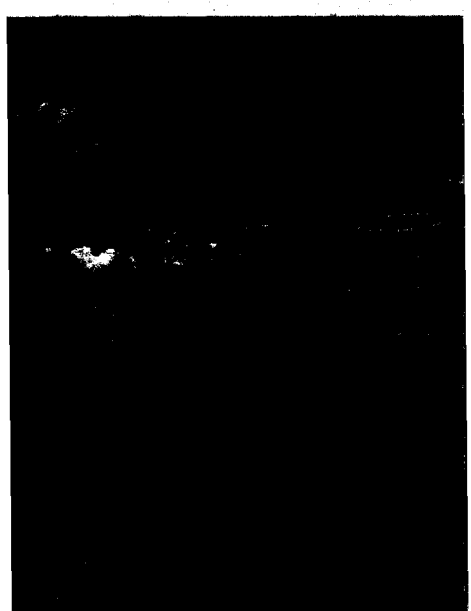

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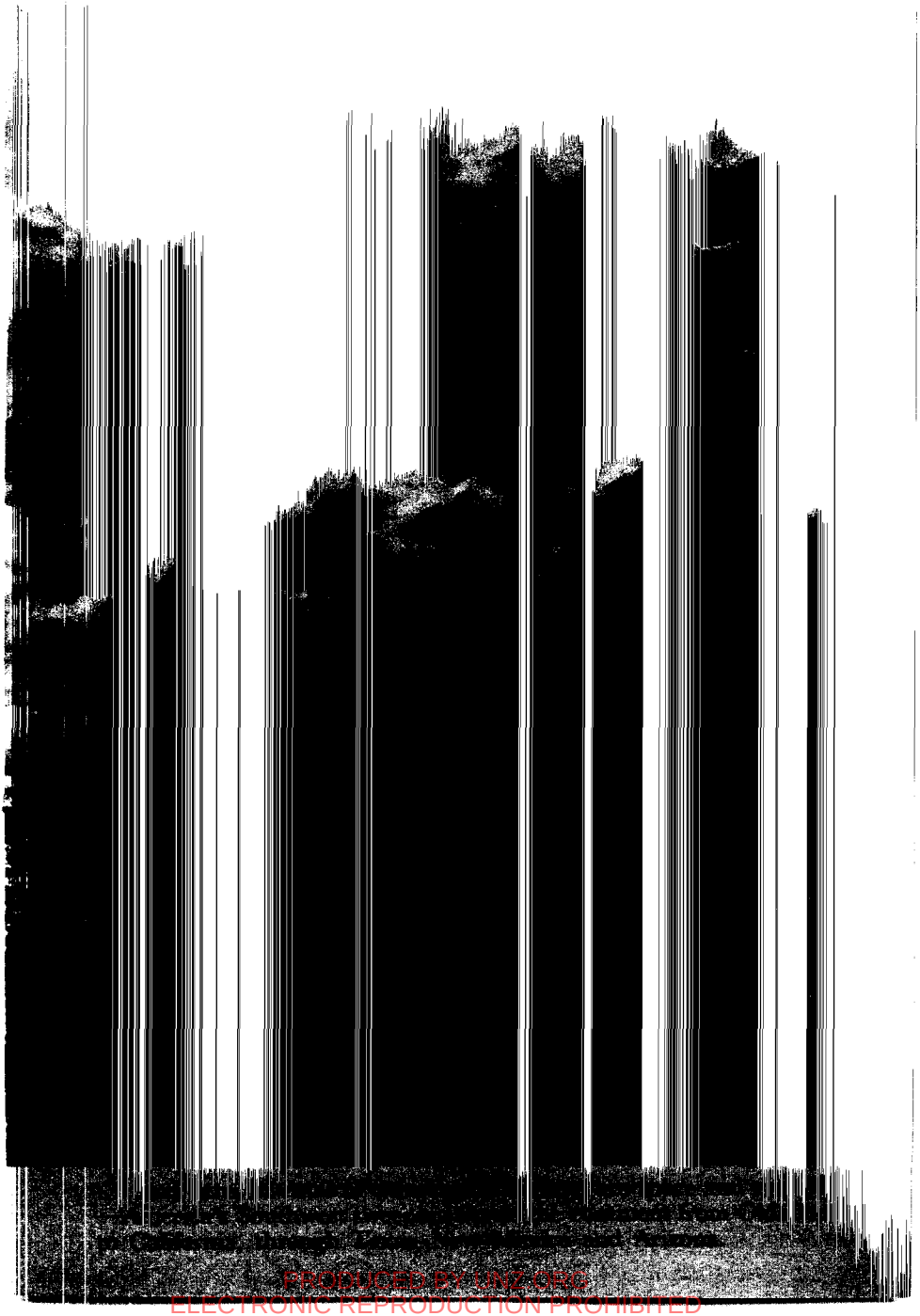

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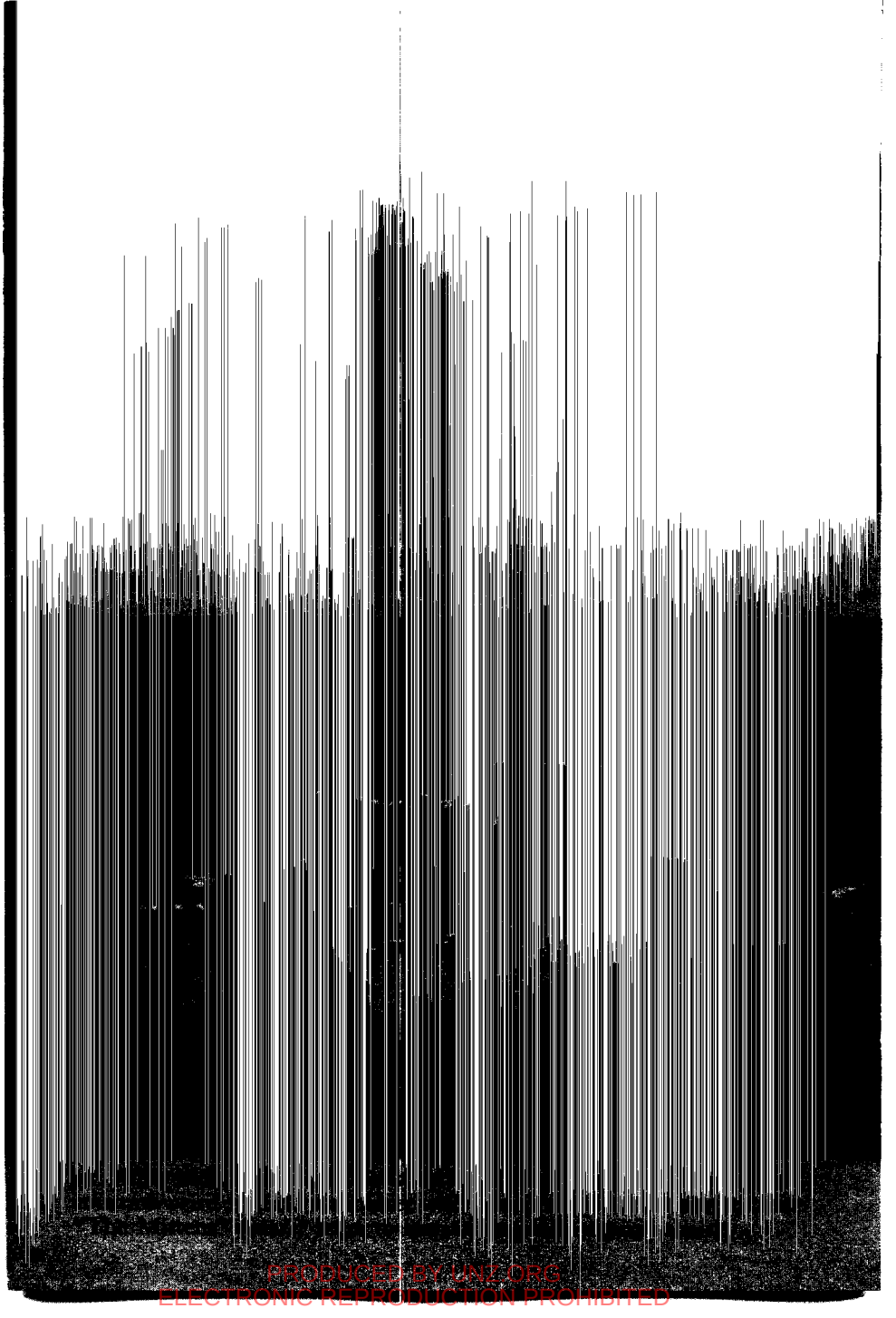

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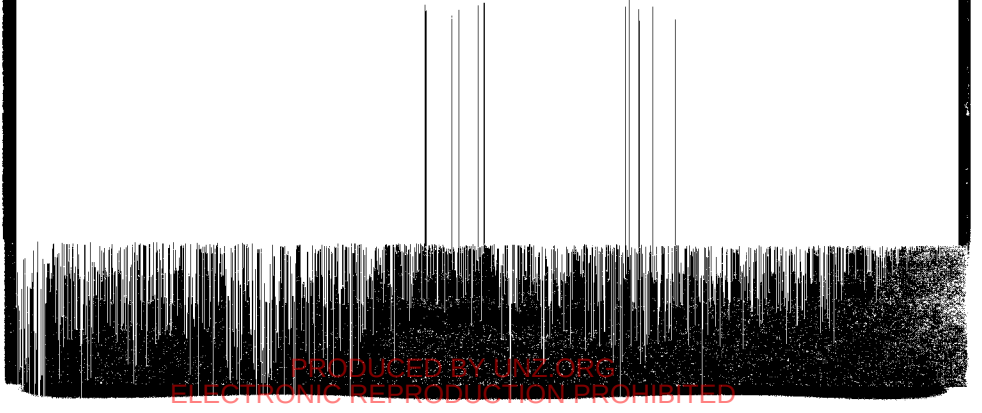

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Murdering THE KING'S ENGLISH*

Although you're not a criminal—in the legal sense of the word, at least—you have chances every day either to stab the King's English between its participles or grant it life and liberty. How often have you hesitated before you said: "I lay (or laid or layed or lied) down for a nap"? Below are 25 sentences, each with two choices of words. Some of the words even have similar sounds and spellings, but all have different meanings. Pick the correct or more appropriate word in each sentence. Then turn to page 90 and find out how many murders you have committed. Five or less will get you a plea for mercy.

---

1. Why does Betty Grable have such an (affect, effect) on you?
2. What with our high income taxes, I can't see the sense (in, of) trying to make an honest dollar.
3. The murderer was (hung, hanged).
4. Doris told us an (incredulous, incredible) story.
5. No one but (she, her) would possibly love such a man.
6. Harry Simon has a (stationery, stationary) store on North Avenue.
7. He gently (lay, laid) his hand on my shoulder.
8. Three quarters of the rent (is, are) due when you sign the lease.
9. (Who, whom) are you looking at?
10. He is shorter than (I, me).
11. I'm not very hungry; (beside, besides) I don't like fish.
12. Let (he, him) who is without sin cast the first stone.
13. Bea is a most naïve and (ingenious, ingenuous) person.
14. His (financée, fiancée) has beautiful red hair.
15. I'm (uninterested, disinterested) in hearing about your troubles.
16. You come up here twice a week; why do you make such (continuous, continual) demands on my time?
17. What (kind of, kind of a) fool do you think she is?
18. (Mother-in-laws, mothers-in-law) are often unpopular relatives.
19. "The Colonial Diner" is our (principle, principal) eating place.
20. Between you, (I, me), and the lamppost, he's making a fool of you.
21. He's very (childish, childlike) if he doesn't get his own way.
22. Did you (rob, steal) the money?
23. A number of cases (was, were) settled out of court.
24. I want to speak to (whoever, whomever) answers the phone.
25. We have (swam, swum) for over an hour.

*Adapted from the book, "How to Speak Better English", by Norman Lewis, published by Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York, N. Y.

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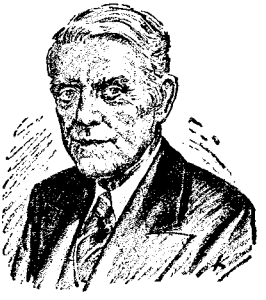
We Need a NATIONAL DIVORCE LAW

Here are the views of a veteran U. S. Senator on the evils of dealing with a nation-wide problem on a state-wide basis

IF YOU ARE THINKING of crossing a state line to get a divorce, the best advice your lawyer can give is "Don't do it!"

Yet hundreds of thousands *are* doing it. Our soaring divorce rate, alarming enough in itself, is causing a still more alarming breakdown in our legal system for handling it. Today, a man can actually be legally divorced in one state, legally remarried in another, and a bigamist in a third state. The children of his second marriage may be alternately legitimate and illegitimate as they travel across state lines.



by ARTHUR CAPPER
(U. S. Senator from Kansas)
with Morris Horton

Here is legal anarchy, and the country's lawyers are beginning to realize it. Meanwhile, the victims are asking: am I divorced or married, and if so, to whom? Is it safe for me to marry again? Am I in danger of being jailed for bigamy? Are my children legitimate? How may I dispose of property? Can I sell my house and give the buyer a clear title?

All too often, even lawyers can't answer these questions. They can only quote legal precedents and decisions, many of which are utterly confused and contradictory. Here are some of them. If they make sense to you, your powers of reasoning are considerably better than mine.

A classic precedent is a U.S. Supreme Court ruling which lawyers call the "Second Williams Decision." O. B. Williams and Lillie Shaver Hendrix lived in Pinola, North Carolina. They were both married, but not to each other. When they decided to remedy the situation, North Carolina would not grant them divorces. So they went to Las Vegas, Nevada, where they "resided" in an auto court for the required six weeks. Then they won their divorce decrees and were happily married.

Upon returning to North Carolina, however, they were charged with bigamy. They protested that they had acted in good faith: they believed their Nevada divorces were legal. But the state of North Carolina thought otherwise.

It charged that the divorce was

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illegal because neither spouse had been notified of the proceedings. Moreover, the state was out to get a conviction. The Williamses fought their case up to the U. S. Supreme Court, which reversed the findings and upheld the Nevada decrees.

Undaunted, North Carolina put the Williamses on trial again, second jeopardy or no. Once again the case wound its weary way to the Supreme Court, and this time the high tribunal upheld the conviction by a six-to-three vote. The second decision sent chills up the spines of more than 4,000,000 people just as guilty as the North Carolina couple but not yet in prison.

Now let me quote what Justice Frankfurter said after the second Williams trial: "All of the uncontested divorces that have been granted in the 48 states are as secure today as they were . . . before our previous decision in this case."

Sounds reassuring, doesn't it? But keep listening while Justice Frankfurter adds: "*Those divorces based on fraudulent domiciles are now, and always have been, subject later to re-examination with possible serious consequences.*"

Unfortunately, I can't tell you how this "re-examination" may be made, or what the "serious consequences" may be. But here is what Justice Black wrote in the dissenting opinion: O. B. Williams and Lillie Shaver Hendrix were "convicted under a statute so uncertain in its application that not even the most learned member of the bar could have advised them in advance as to whether their conduct would violate the law."

Many experts thought that the Second Williams Decision would slow down the divorce mills of Nevada, Idaho, Wyoming and Florida. But the mills are grinding faster than ever, still turning out highly questionable divorces and piling up legal and property-title problems which may plague people for years to come.

In view of the busy divorce mills, it would seem, then, that anybody who wants or deserves a decree would be able to get one. Yet this is not so. For example, take the New Jersey case of Osiel *vs.* Osiel:

When Annie Osiel sued her husband, Semah, for a divorce, she thought she had perfectly good grounds. He had left their home in Brooklyn, had made a bigamous marriage with another woman in New Jersey, and had been sentenced to four years for doing so. While he was in prison, Annie Osiel went to New Jersey and instituted divorce proceedings. The Jersey courts refused a decree on the grounds that she was not a resident of that state.

Generally speaking, a wife is considered to be a resident of the same state as her husband. And Annie's husband was indubitably residing in New Jersey State Prison at the time. Yet the court did not consider this to be a legal, personal "domicile." I do not believe that this constitutes equality of justice, especially when any woman with money enough to go to Reno for six weeks can get a divorce merely because her husband eats crackers in bed or fails to shine her shoes.

We should not have one set of divorce laws for the poor and another for the rich. Yet that is exactly what we have. The prosperous citizen can go to a distant state and stay there for six weeks without

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working. The poor, tied down to their homes, have no such recourse. They must take potluck with the divorce laws of their own states.

And it *is* potluck. There is not much agreement among the states as to what constitutes grounds for divorce. Thirty-eight states, for example, agree on habitual drunkenness. But in Colorado it is defined as "habitual drunkenness extending for one year," while in Illinois the errant husband must hit the bottle for two full years before his long-suffering wife can divorce him.

So far, those able to afford Reno divorces have been smug about it. But they needn't be, for as I have said, an out-of-state divorce is a questionable proposition. Consider, for instance, the Massachusetts case of Andrews *vs.* Andrews.

Charles was a citizen who wanted to divorce his wife, Kate, but Massachusetts would not grant a decree. So Andrews went to South Dakota for his divorce, Kate being represented by a lawyer. Then Charles returned to Massachusetts and married another woman.

So far as he ever knew, his divorce was perfectly good. But when he died, both Kate and the second wife claimed his estate. The courts gave it to Kate, the other woman being told that she had been no wife at all. According to Massachusetts law, she had been living in sin, and presumably might consider herself lucky to escape imprisonment.

The same thing is likely to occur in almost *any* out-of-state divorce, if either party wants to raise the issue. It may even happen years after the divorce. Or the problem may be raised by heirs, after both parties concerned are dead and buried.

It may even affect you if you have never been married, much less divorced. Suppose you buy a house from a person who has obtained an illegal divorce. Then suppose the spouse comes along and claims an interest. Thus we complicate not only our personal lives but our property titles as well.

THE BASIC TROUBLE, of course, is that we are trying to handle a *national* problem with state laws. By doing so, we remove our divorce problem from the pressure of public opinion. Public opinion on a national problem simply does not focus on 48 state capitols. Why bother about a law that you can beat just by crossing a state line?

The whole issue should be placed in the lap of Congress, where it belongs. Then we would have the *same* laws all over the U.S., with no more jurisdictional squabbles. Furthermore, we would have identical laws for rich and poor alike.

I have been fighting for national divorce laws for years. Every year since 1926, I have introduced in the Senate a proposed Constitutional amendment as follows: "*The Congress of the United States shall have the power to make laws, which shall be uniform throughout the United States, on marriage and divorce, the legitimization of children and the care and custody of children affected by the annulment of marriage or by divorce.*"

What I propose is not, in itself, a divorce law at all. It would merely give you, the people, the right to make your own divorce laws through your elected representatives in Congress. It would put the marriage and divorce problem in

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the national spotlight and make the laws sensitive to public opinion.

Public opinion clearly favors such a measure. I myself have received thousands of letters from all over the country, and the vast majority—about 90 per cent—have been favorable. The women's clubs of America have been polled time and again on the question of a national divorce law, and each time the vote has been favorable by an overwhelming majority.

Yet my bill, introduced every year since 1926, has never been reported out of committee. Why? Who opposes this bill?

First, there are commercial interests in the easy-divorce states. They are raking in millions of dollars from unhappy but paying guests every year, and they don't want to lose the bonanza. The "divorce lobby," representing strong backers, is not inactive in Washington.

On the other hand, there are sincere people who oppose the bill because they believe in "states' rights" and fear any infringements. In fact, I believe in "states' rights" too—when they are in the *interest of the public*. But today, it is virtually impossible for any state to protect its "right" to decide which divorce laws its citizens shall obey.

An impatient lady in New York can flout the "rights" of that state simply by catching a plane to Nevada, Florida, Idaho or Wyoming. Some states, like North Carolina, try to retain their "rights" by holding bigamy trials and sending people to prison. Other states, like Connecticut, merely dodge the issue and recognize divorces from all states. Meanwhile, the public is being victimized.

People ask me, "what kind of divorce law are *you* trying to pass? What do *you* think should be grounds for divorce?"

As I have explained, my proposed amendment is not a law at all. But I would suggest that the following might be made grounds for divorce: Adultery; cruel and inhuman treatment; abandonment or failure to provide for one year; habitual drunkenness; incurable insanity; and conviction of an infamous crime.

And if you ask: "But wouldn't these more liberal provisions cause more divorces in states like New York and South Carolina, which have strict divorce laws?"—my answer is: "I don't think so."

South Carolina forbids divorce entirely, yet plenty of divorced people live in that state. The New York divorce law, listing adultery as the only grounds for divorce, is a travesty. It has caused as much lying, perjury, collusion and fraud as any other law in our history.

The "old and reliable" way of evading it was to hire a detective agency to supply co-respondents and witnesses to order. But this had one great disadvantage. The "guilty" party was forbidden to remarry in New York during the lifetime of the other partner without permission of the court. And so the well-to-do preferred Reno. That is, until recently, when they began to realize how many out-of-state divorces were backfiring.

Today the favorite method of evading New York's divorce law is the annulment route. While there is only one ground for divorce, there are at least nine for annulment: fraud, force or duress, idiocy

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or insanity, impotence, being under age, concealment of previous marriage or divorce, previous marriage existing whether concealed or not, concealment of pregnancy, or misrepresentation of condition in life.

The hitch here is that one of these conditions must exist at the time of marriage. Yet that doesn't mean that the suit must be brought immediately after marriage. Hundreds of annulment cases are brought up years after the ceremony.

If the groom lies to his bride about the amount of money he has in the bank before marrying, that constitutes fraud, and has only to be proven in court to break the marriage tie. From there, it is only a short jump to collusion between two parties who want a divorce but can't get one under state law. Today, New York courts are so packed with such cases that there is hardly enough time to hear them, much less investigate them.

Offhand, the annulment route appears to have advantages. A Reno divorce may land you in jail on bigamy charges, but if you win an annulment, you are considered never to have been married at all, although you may have been married for several years. Your children will be considered legitimate; property settlements are easily made.

But if you are thinking of procuring an annulment by collusion, I say, "Watch out!" You may get away with a little perjury. Many people do. But suppose your former spouse changes her mind and decides that she didn't *really* want the annulment? Suppose she goes to court and challenges the statements you made there previously?

The fact is, nobody can define the legal pitfalls of the annulment route, since new legal precedents have not yet been set in light of the new trend. But you should understand that you are never in a sound legal position when you seek to evade the law. The only solution to the problem is to put our divorce legislation on a national basis. With uniform and dignified laws, we can make marriage a serious, respected institution—not merely a racket for the divorce mills.

It's Better than Nothing

THE FATHER TOOK his six year-old son to a nursery school to be enrolled, and the teacher brought out a long form and started asking questions.

"Does the boy have any older brothers?" she asked.

"No."

"Any younger brothers?"

"No."

"Younger sisters?"

"No."

"Older sisters?"

"No."

Young Johnny, who had been looking more and more unhappy during this dialogue, finally burst out wistfully, "But I've got friends!" —*Tales of Hoffman*

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Edited by IRVING HOFFMAN

THE TIRED STORE CLERK had pulled down blanket after blanket until only one was left on the shelf. Then the customer remarked: "I don't really want to buy today. I was only looking for a friend."

"Well, madam," said the clerk, "I'll take down the last one if you think he's in it." —*De Laval Monthly*

EVERYTHING WAS SET for the wedding ceremony, but the groom looked bothered. "What's the matter?" whispered the best man. "Don't tell me you've lost the ring?"

"No," the groom answered feebly, "but I seem to have lost my wild enthusiasm." —*Telestory*

A VERY OBSTREPEROUS WOMAN was in the witness chair in a robbery case. "I want a chance to tell this story in my own way," she declared, "exactly how it happened and without being interrupted at every other word by that foulmouthed shyster who—"

"Please, madam," interrupted the judge. "You must not use such language in court. What you mean is 'the counsel for the defense.' Now start over again."

She sighed. "All right. As I was saying, I want to tell this story in my own way—exactly how it happened and without being interrupted at every other word by that —"

She broke off suddenly, turned to the judge. "Beg pardon, what was that fancy name you called that foulmouthed shyster?"

—From *Isn't It a Crime?* published by Arco.

A BUILDER TOOK a prospect to see some inexpensive houses he had just erected. The prospect stood in one room, the builder in the next one, and the latter asked, "Can you hear me?" in a very low voice.

"Very faintly!"

"Can you see me?"

"No."

"Them's walls for you, ain't they?" —MARIAN PEHOWSKI

THE GOLFER HAD LOST his ball and, not unnaturally, was inclined to be annoyed with his caddie.

"Why the deuce didn't you watch where it went?" he asked angrily.

"Well, sir," said the boy, "it don't usually go anywhere and so it took me unprepared-like." —*Pearson's Weekly*

"HOW MUCH IS THE FARE to Lanesville?" asked the little old lady at the ticket window of a big city terminal.

"That's $2.65, madam," replied the ticket seller.

The little old lady turned to the girl at her side and said, "We may as well buy them here. I've asked at all these windows and they all charge the same." —NEAL O'HARA

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Famous Swindlers I Have Known

Here is the truth about the gentle art of grafting, told by one who brought many a "con man" to justice

by **ELMER L. IREY**
(former Chief of the Intelligence Unit, U. S. Treasury Department)
with William J. Slocum

IN MY OPINION, P. T. Barnum showed a woeful naïveté when he set so conservative an estimate on the sucker birth rate. From my contacts with itinerant vendors of gold bricks, oil wells and money-manufacturing machines, I believe that the world birth rate of suckers comes extremely close to the world birth rate. In fact, I have even known swindlers who swindled swindlers.

Any discussion of the gentle art of grafting must start with that peer of confidence men—urbane, larcenous "Count" Victor Lustig. Our sister Treasury agency, the Secret Service, eventually caught the "Count" because he abandoned the transatlantic card tables to get into the counterfeit-money game.

The "Count" came upon an unscrupulous engraver who turned out the best "queer" that ever competed with the Bureau of Engraving's product, and Lustig allegedly took over its distribution. We were never able to catch him. We finally convicted him for unlawful possession of plates for printing counterfeit money and for possessing the money itself. He was caught when Secret Service men found him in a depot opening a locker containing counterfeit bills. The engraver confessed manufacturing his masterpieces for Lustig, and that was enough to put the "Count" away for a spell.

We came across an example of the "Count's" genius when we were investigating "Billie" Scheible, who operated an ornate brothel in Pittsburgh. Billie's profits were so great that she paid $900 a week for police protection. Her girls attracted the greatest names in politics, business and the underworld, and she kept a record of every visitor. Some of these gentry were so stupid that they settled their bills with checks—signed in blank—so when they ceased visiting Billie, she could have been in a position to telephone to say that they had better return or she would tell their wives.

When she was arraigned on a tax-evasion charge, the District Attorney announced that he would introduce as evidence photos of

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checks Billie had cashed. She pleaded guilty and the sigh of relief could be heard from Maine to California, as well as in the hallowed halls of Congress.

Then there was William T. Frad, a Zanesville, Ohio, boy who made good by cheating rich men who didn't observe the rule of never playing cards with strangers. Willie was well past middle age when he hit pay dirt as a card sharp. Gray and austere, he didn't look as though he had ever spent a day in jail. But he had already served two terms before he learned that bankers, industrialists and brokers make wonderful targets for sharpshooting con men.

The town's leading factotum is highly reluctant to admit to judge, jury and press that he was taken in a card game, so he writes out his check and remains silent. In time we managed to get Willie taken off the transatlantic liners for two years in prison, less good behavior, but we did it because Willie banked large sums and paid almost no taxes, and not because any of his victims were willing to admit publicly that they had been gouged.

Willie's methods differed not a whit from those of most ocean-going sharps: he just was better at it. He would come aboard a luxury liner, usually with the victim picked. He always had a couple of distinguished-looking partners, one of whom was a good mixer. Willie never spoke to a stranger; he was always properly introduced by his gregarious associate.

Generally Willie was "Daniel Fulton" of the steamship Fultons, or "Edward Swift" of the meat-packing Swifts, or "Fred W. Gorham" of the jewelry family. Always he was a retired businessman, off for circumspect fun among the art galleries of Europe.

When Frad's accomplices had "steered" the victim to the master, there were two or three days of wine-sipping and serious talk about business. Then Willie and his accomplices would accept the victim's suggestion that they play a little bridge—quarter-of-a-cent-a-point stuff. The victim would win, and gracefully accede to a loser's request that the stakes be raised to a cent a point. The victim would win again. And now the stage was set.

The night before docking, there was another game and Frad would ask, "What stakes?"

The gregarious associate would grin in Rover-boy style and answer: "That good old one a point is good enough for me."

Now Frad would become invincible, except while the victim's partner. When play was done, Frad had swept the field. The gregarious accomplice would smile and say, "Will you accept my check?"

"Why, of course, sir. A pleasure."

As the accomplice made out his check, he would inquire absent-mindedly, "How much is it I owe, 4,700 points?"

Frad would correct him with a smile. "Not that bad. Only 3,700."

With a flourish the accomplice would hand over a check. "Here it is, sir—$3,700."

The real victim would glance up. Having lost by 12,560 points, he was scribbling a check for $125.60. "Weren't we playing for a penny a point?" he would ask.

Frad would look embarrassed. The accomplice would laugh and

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say, "Wish we were. But I set it at a dollar a point myself, fool that I am." The second accomplice would grin wryly too. "Yes, and I was stupid enough to second your motion."

Now the banker was on a spot. Almost invariably he would write a check for $12,560.

How men who run banks, factories and brokerage houses can be so stupid, I have no idea, but on June 26, 1929, a liner docked with Frad, who promptly deposited $20,000; on June 2, 1931, he banked $12,500; on June 21, 1933, $63,000; and on June 5, $96,000. Finally we estimated that Willie had made more than $1,000,000 in 49 sea trips. And this doesn't include the take of his accomplices....

I HAVE SPENT MY ADULT LIFE in man-hunting, and it's a fascinating business, except for one thing. It's rarely fun to put someone in jail. But there was one type of criminal whose conviction always made the day brighter. That was the man who sold worthless stock.

I had no admiration for the Capones and Gordons we convicted, but I must admit they were willing to gamble their lives for great stakes. The card sharps took away from people who could afford it. Even that archcriminal of my career, Bruno Richard Hauptmann, knew he was in danger of getting his brains blown out. But those widow-swindlers!

They ran to a pattern like bottles of Coca-Cola. The neck of the bottle consisted of a few rich men who had been led to destruction by covetousness, but the swelling middle was composed of widows, old men and frightened young husbands who were watching their savings disappear for shoes and milk for their children and were therefore easy prey for a man who promised to turn a bank balance of $874.26 into a fortune.

One super salesman of nonexistent stock was Guy Ballard, indicted in Chicago in 1927 for selling shares in a "lake of gold." He promptly became just another "lammister" hiding out in Los Angeles, under the name of Richard Gilbert. He spent his time there in libraries, reading up on the occult and attending seances, thus preparing for his big coup. For Ballard ultimately emerged as "The Great I Am," as vicious a swindler as ever lived.

In 1934, Ballard began traveling the country, lecturing on "The Great I Am" movement. Eventually he claimed 700,000 devoted followers.

Ballard's story was that in 1929 he had visited the top of Mt. Shasta in California, where a handsome, smiling young man had confronted him. It was St. Germain, patron saint of occultists, who is supposed to have been reincarnated as the Prophet Samuel, Christopher Columbus and Sir Francis Bacon, to name just a few. St. Germain had given Ballard a drink of creamy liquid and had then appointed the Chicago stock-swindler as his sole accredited messenger on earth. St. Germain had also given Ballard instructions about setting up a new government that would assure one and all that highly salable commodity—immortality.

The Great I Am promptly decreed that immortality was best secured by generous "love gifts,"

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which he described as jewelry, automobiles and U. S. currency. The St. Germain Press rolled out newspapers, magazines and books, and the faithful were ordered to buy them all. Also on sale were pins, rings, seals, pictures and phonograph records of Ballard's sermons.

Ballard dressed in a white suit, symbolizing light, and a pink necktie, symbolizing love. He spoke frequently of his Violet Consuming Ray which could destroy anything. Ballard casually mentioned from his pulpit that he had used the ray to destroy all German submarines within 1,000 miles of the U. S., which was a serious breach of international law as neither St. Germain nor America was at war with Germany at the time—1939.

The hundreds of thousands of I Ams obeyed when the Great I Am ordered them not to eat meat or touch onions. He also told them to get rid of their dogs, and the resulting desertion of domestic pets raised the ire of Los Angeles. Ballard also broke up hundreds of homes by advising his followers to secure divorces.

In 1939, the man who guaranteed a painless death died in dreadful agony—of cirrhosis of the liver. His wife had him cremated immediately; then she appeared before the flock to say that he had risen from the top of the Grand Tetons and was now enthroned as an Ascended Master.

The Great I Am's followers turned their love and cash to his widow, and for a time she made considerable money. We took a look at the Great I Am situation and collected $104,934.63 in back taxes and penalties. It was argued briefly that the government should not levy taxes on "love gifts like the Ballards'," but the subject was not fought out in court.

If Mr. I Am was prepared to peddle happiness after death, another of our clients was making $385,000 in six years, preying on young men who were seeking happiness in this world. He was New York Deputy City Clerk James J. McCormick, who was paid a salary of $8,500 a year for marrying people in civil ceremonies. As the standard New York fee for that act is $2, bridegrooms were always shocked when the ceremony was concluded and McCormick pointed to an open drawer filled with big bills and asked, "Well, what about it?"

If the poor bridegroom gave McCormick a $1 or $2 bill, the grafter would hold it up for all to see and scream, "Cheap skate!" He got four months, a fine of $15,000, and had to pay all back taxes and penalties, which just about emptied the 34 bank accounts he kept. . . .

New York City detectives wearily admit that the Brooklyn Bridge is still being offered for sale. And I can testify that the gold brick remains a prized part of the con man's repertoire. We got a couple of gold-brick salesmen for tax violation in 1940, and they would have drawn more than a two-year sentence, except that the 80-year-old victim refused to testify.

For 65 of her 68 years, the Widow Roberts of Big Spring, Texas, had been drearily fighting for existence, but in 1926, oil was discovered on her mortgage-laden ranch. By 1929 she had $3,000,000 and oil leases

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were producing more each day.

About that time a 35-year-old charmer, Henry Lee Forrest, approached her with an oil-drilling scheme, and was sent politely on his way. Three years later Forrest dropped by again to tell her of a visit to Mexico.

"I met a saintly old minister who showed me an ancient map," he said. "It marks where the early Spaniards hid gold and silver. And what do you think? Your own Signal Hill is on that map!"

This time the widow was interested. There had always been local talk of buried treasure. In fact, she herself had mentioned it to Forrest, back in 1929. So Forrest offered to contact the "Rev. J. B. Bryant," neglecting to mention that the "Reverend" was really James A. Akers, his uncle.

Soon the "Reverend" himself came calling and said he would go back to Mexico and try to gain possession of the map. But it would cost $1,600. Widow Roberts wrote a check.

Akers and Forrest went direct to San Antonio where they bought 40 brass bars from a foundry. After burning the bricks to make them look old, the two swindlers tunneled into Signal Hill and buried a few. Then they reappeared at the ranch, map in hand, ready for the treasure hunt.

Widow Roberts went along with a relative. They dug and there were whoops of joy when the bricks appeared. The "Reverend" brought them back to their senses by falling to his knees and reeling off a prayer of thanks. Then they carried the $100,000 in "gold" to the ranch.

Forrest and the "Reverend" were concerned about the ranch being overrun by treasure hunters, so it was decided to re-bury the gold and buy more maps. These maps cost $4,000, then $8,000, then $10,000. All of them led to treasure, because the foundry could turn out all the brass bricks the swindlers would buy.

About this time, the widow was beginning to get suspicious, so when they came across some silver bars, Forrest suggested she have an assay made. The report showed pure silver; which was no great surprise to the swindlers since they had bought $6,000 worth of the metal and had it cast into bricks. The widow was convinced and, in four years, she wrote checks totaling $272,000, for which she got three and a half tons of brass and $6,000 in silver.

In 1935, with the gold-hoarding laws in effect, the widow insisted that the gold somehow be sold, so Forrest and the "Reverend" conveniently located a "certain party" in Galveston. The widow bought a new truck for the move and she and a relative followed in their car. Somehow they became separated in San Antonio traffic and the next she heard was a frantic phone call from Forrest to her hotel.

"We've been beaten and robbed!" he cried. " 'Reverend Bryant' is in the hospital."

It was true. They had paid a couple of Mexicans to beat them up and the boys had done a too-thorough job on the "Reverend." But soon they all met again at the Roberts ranch, where "Bryant" sadly said they could not report the robbery to police because they would be charged with hoarding.

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The only thing to do, he added, was to buy more maps.

From Mexico, the "Reverend" phoned to say he could get a master map—at $50,000. "Too much," said Mrs. Roberts. After haggling, the price was set at $32,500 and the widow wrote a check.

Through a quarrel in Forrest's family, the Widow Roberts was finally notified about what had been going on. She then raised the usual wail of the shorn sucker. "I won't prosecute. Do you think I want everybody to know I've been such a fool?" But the banks could not keep us from finding out how much money she had given Forrest and the "Reverend." Neither had paid a dime in taxes, so once again the income-tax law prevented smart criminals from going free. Each of the gentlemen got two years on guilty pleas. . . .

IN 1908, HECLA JIM SMITH lay dying in Chicago. Behind him was a rich, colorful life, in which he had risen from carpenter to the largest stockholder in the fabulous Hecla (copper) Mining Company of Idaho. At his side was a Chicago public stenographer, some 50 years of age. She was being married to dying Hecla Jim; and soon the widow inherited $400,000 and large Chicago real-estate holdings.

Before long, she was dabbling in the Chicago grain market and real estate with such skill that she was known as the "Hetty Green of La Salle Street." Extremely eccentric, she was given to sewing $10,000 bills in her dresses and collecting male advisers of low repute.

After she divorced a second husband, George F. Scollard came a-calling. He swept the 68-year-old millionairess off her feet and their marriage was not long delayed.

Subsequently they traveled in South America and later were divorced in the United States. The figures of Mrs. Scollard's financial transactions mentioned at the trial were so staggering that the Intelligence Unit became interested. It appeared that the ancient Mrs. Scollard had made $10,000,000!

Somebody else became interested in the lady at the same time—one Reese Brown, a rich, unprincipled businessman in the state of Washington. He told Mrs. Smith-Scollard that he was an old pal of Hecla Jim's (which was a lie) and that he would become her financial adviser. By 1929, Brown owned Mrs. Smith-Scollard. In less than a year $255,000 was transferred from her account to Brown's.

When a banker felt bound to advise the old lady that she was in the hands of a charlatan, her answer was quick. She immediately withdrew $726,000 in cash from the banker's establishment. Another banker offered similar advice and she withdrew $495,000 in unregistered bonds. She got in a cab and took the money somewhere. Nobody knows exactly where, except that large sums were definitely traced to Brown.

We found that Brown had banked close to $1,000,000 and had paid a total of $94.68 in income taxes in his life, so we stepped in. In January, 1931, we talked to the old woman in a Hollywood hospital. She was nearly crazy and could only say that she trusted Brown and loved him. She left the hospital soon after and was never again

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seen alive by any of us, although we traced her to St. Louis, then to Kansas City and Chicago, where she vanished.

When we went after Brown for tax delinquencies, he brilliantly evaded us through the courts for three years. Then, just about the time we had him where we wanted, he crashed his car into a bridge and died. This happened in 1934, three years after Mrs. Smith-Scollard disappeared.

In June, 1934, there was a probate hearing on Brown's estate. After some wrangling about heirs, a witness dramatically held up an urn and said, "Here is Sara Smith-Scollard! She died in Montreal of pneumonia, July 24, 1932."

Montreal records showed this to be true, although they gave no hint as to how the helpless old woman had contracted pneumonia in July. We learned that Brown had taken her to Montreal, obviously to keep her away from our agents, and had left the 75-year-old eccentric alone. She had murmured his name in dying and Brown had been informed. After cremating the body, he had kept the ashes in his house for two years.

In 1936, a court battle was begun between the Brown heirs and the Smith-Scollard heirs, the latter accusing Brown of defrauding the woman of $5,250,000. The defense contended that the money had come to him as a gift. So at least there didn't seem to be much argument as to whether Brown got vast sums from the woman.

And now for the moral to my story. Several morals in fact—such as, "Don't give your money to people you don't know," or "Don't buy oil stocks from passing salesmen," or "Don't play cards with strangers," or "Don't—."

But what's the use? As I said at the beginning, Barnum was wrong!

Philosophy Footnotes

When you sit down to eat tonight, remember half the world's children are pressing their noses against the windowpane. —Billy Rose

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If you do not have the capacity for happiness with a little money, great wealth will not bring it to you. —*Swanson Newsette*

You shouldn't go through life looking for something soft—you might find it under your hat. —*Pups*

Aim high. Strive for it, live it, dream it, pray for it, wish for it, fight for it. And as sure as there are stars in heaven, you will attain it. —*Atlas Cheerio*

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THE WOMAN WITH A THOUSAND DAUGHTERS

by DERRIE FROST

A bright-eyed Fairy Godmother in New York is seeing to it that every young bride gets a beautiful wedding with all the trimmings—at a price she can afford to pay

IN NEW YORK, A YOUNG GIRL was complaining about her forthcoming marriage. "I don't know what to do," she said dejectedly to a friend. "I've always wanted a beautiful wedding with all the trimmings, but with prices the way they are today, I guess we'll have to settle for City Hall."

"Why don't you see Calla Caroé?" the friend asked. "She can arrange a beautiful wedding for about two-thirds of what it would cost if you tried it yourself."

The bride-to-be found that Calla Caroé was an attractive, sympathetic woman who listened understandingly as she explained what she wanted: a long white dress and veil that she could keep, wedding invitations and floral decorations, candid photographs of the wedding, a luncheon for 30, and a big cake complete with ornaments.

"But we can't possibly afford all *that*," the girl sighed.

Calla smiled, and told her that she could have everything she wanted for a total of $195.

That Calla can arrange every detail of a wedding from the bridal gown to the waiters' tips for as little as $195 is no small wonder. The secret, she says, is volume. When she orders a large number of wedding dresses from a manufacturer, she purchases at a great saving. She has facilities for receptions at six of the smaller though distinguished hotels in New York. She also has a working arrangement with one of the leading photographers in town.

The bride actually buys her en-

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tire wedding at wholesale prices from Calla, plus a small service charge. For this, Calla handles all details, even attending the reception as a behind-the-scenes hostess.

It began seven years ago when Calla Caroé was one of several hundred guests at a fashionable hotel wedding reception. As she watched the glamorous proceedings, a thought struck her. Why not give brides in less fortunate circumstances some of the same beauty and luxury?

Since then, about a thousand girls have walked to the altar under Calla's guidance. To her brides, Calla is often a second mother—and she feels all the excitement and responsibility of that relationship with every girl who comes to her New York apartment.

Many of her brides-to-be are girls from distant parts of the country who work in New York. Calla keeps their families informed of plans. When they come to New York before the wedding, Calla helps them get settled and makes sure that everything is satisfactory.

Other girls who come to her have no families at all, or are from broken homes. Calla, a small, bright-eyed woman whose manner inspires confidence, almost literally takes the place of the mothers these girls might have had. One girl, whose parents had been dead many years, had a special request.

"May I bring my fiancé to see you?" she asked. "I'd like you to do what my mother would have done—just tell me that you think it's all right for me to marry him."

Calla talked to the boy as any other mother would have talked. The girl was almost pathetically grateful. "You'll never know what you've done for me," she said.

From the start, most of Calla's business has come through word-of-mouth, and she is now planning weddings as far ahead as January. She averages about eight a week, but there have been times when she has arranged seven or eight in a day, and more than once she has completed plans almost overnight.

Although Calla has had numerous offers to arrange big society weddings, she prefers to confine herself to the girl with only a little to spend. "I've been budget-minded all my life," she explains, "and I find it a lot more challenging to stretch a dollar than to have more than I need."

Calla's scrapbooks are filled with letters of sincere gratitude from her brides, along with Christmas cards and a large number of baby announcements. One girl wrote her a compliment which she will never forget: "I shall always think of you as a Fairy Godmother."

There are a thousand other young wives who would agree in precisely the same words.

True Liberty

WE MUST KEEP in the forefront of our minds the fact that whenever we take away the liberties of those whom we hate, we are opening the way to loss of liberty for those we love.

—WENDELL L. WILLKIE

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BENNY MEYERS THINKS IT OVER *Thomas J. O'Halloran: © Harris & Ewing*

The Year's Best News Pictures

ON THESE PAGES Coronet presents its second annual selection of the best news pictures of the year. These 16 photographs, made by some of America's most sensitive news photographers, were especially selected from a group of 100 chosen as the nation's best in a competition sponsored by the University of Missouri School of Journalism and the Encyclopaedia Britannica Book of the Year. Here—through the eyes of men in unceasing pursuit of the drama of life—are humor and pathos, excitement and thrills, snatched out of fleeting moments and recorded for all time.

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Little Joe

THIS PHOTOGRAPH of Joe DiMaggio, Jr. in his Dad's dressing room at the Yankee Stadium was made by Arthur Sasse of International News Photos while getting human-interest material on the New York Yankees for the 1947 World Series. "When Joe DiMaggio, one of the Yanks' best ballplayers, showed up for a practice session, he had his six-year-old son with him," writes Mr. Sasse. "I made a few shots of him and the boy getting into their uniforms. After they left, little Joe came back for a sweater. He looked like the luckiest kid in the world. I like the picture because it puts on paper the dream of every youngster in the U. S."

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Here Comes a Parade

A GOOD NEWS PHOTOGRAPHER doesn't depend on luck for his best pictures. To get this photograph, which is symbolic of all small boys at a parade, Barney Cowherd of the Louisville (Kentucky) *Courier-Journal* deliberately placed his figures to tell a story. "I saw this boy," he says "and knew right away that he was my man. To make the composition and add interest I asked the soldier to stand behind the child. Then, when the boy leaned over, I made my shot. I always enjoy shooting crowds more than a parade itself. It's especially fascinating to watch a child give himself, body and soul, to the exciting adventure of a parade."

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Hold It, Mr. President

FOR THE SECOND YEAR in a row, Frank Cancellare of Acme Newspictures has submitted a prize-winning photograph of President Harry S. Truman. About this remarkably animated candid shot, Mr. Cancellare writes: "The picture was made on the lawn of the White House, last October 5, when more than 100 White House news photographers assembled to pose with the Chief Executive. The President calls us the 'One More Club' because we're never satisfied with just one picture.

"After the posing, we presented Mr. Truman with a small Speed Graphic still camera and this 16 mm movie camera, and he decided that his chance had finally come to turn the tables on us. For a change, he would be on the shooting end of the camera. I made my picture while the President was making his, and entered it in the contest because of the fine expression and the beautiful lighting. It strikes me as one of the best expression shots I have ever seen of Truman."

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Russian Target

MATCHING THE TENSE excitement in his photograph, cameraman Art Rickerby of Acme Newspictures contributes this eyewitness account of a crucial United Nations speech:

"Russia, through Deputy Foreign Minister Andrei Vishinsky, was accusing the United States of warmongering, at a meeting of the General Assembly of the United Nations. A few days before, the U. S. Secretary of State George C. Marshall had said the Soviet was hampering peace; and today—September 18, 1947—Vishinsky was making answer for the U. S.-S. R. Through our earphones we heard him in English translation. He was naming names. The other delegates turned to watch the U. S. representatives. Suddenly, Vishinsky was accusing John Foster Dulles of being one of the leading warmongers. This was a picture to me—a delegate of the U. S. in a world peace organization being accused by another nation of seeking war. This was true drama for film."

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Homestretch

AS THE FIELD of racing dogs came around the bend into the homestretch, Mike Ackerman, Acme Newspictures' Miami bureau manager, made this remarkable picture. Mr. Ackerman has covered hundreds of horse races, but this was his first try on a dog track. Though it was a new experience for him, he applied well-founded techniques. "To make the picture," he reports, "I stood on the track at the clubhouse turn, as I do when covering horse races. It was really exciting, for though I know what to expect of horses, I didn't know a thing about dogs galloping along at top speed. I do know I didn't fear the dogs as much as I fear horses. Horses look mountainous as they roar down toward you and, take it from me, dogs are much easier to face. This particular race was run at the West Flagler Dog Track, Miami, for the benefit of the March of Dimes. The winner was the animal on the outside—the one with its forefeet off the ground. His name was Smiling Jimmy."

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High Tension

BUSINESS CONFERENCES are usually not very fertile fields for newspaper photographers. But a cameraman with his wits about him knows how to get a dramatic, eye-catching photograph. Anthony Bernato of the New York *Daily Mirror* is that kind of photographer. Assigned to cover a wage-bargaining session between the Transport Workers Union and the New York City Board of Transportation, he made several routine shots. "Then," he says "I noticed that one of the Transport Workers men kept putting his fingers in his mouth. I watched him. When one of the Board of Transportation members got up to speak, I got ready to shoot. As the Board member climaxed his remarks the four Union men (left to right: Harry Sacher, Douglas MacMahon, Austin Hogan, Michael Quill) grew tense, and Mr. Hogan came through with his fingers-in-the-mouth gesture. It's a wonderful shot illustrating the change of mood of men engaged in argument."

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Knockout

CONCERNING HIS vivid photograph of an angry man, Maurice Lanigan of Acme Newspictures tells this story: "I was assigned to the arraignment of Floyd Wilson (*center*) who was being brought before the U.S. Commissioner for a hold-up slaying in which he was involved. Gus Chinn (*against wall*) of the Washington *Star* and I waited for Wilson to be brought into a narrow hallway. When Wilson came out, handcuffed to a detective (*left*), he didn't seem particularly belligerent. But as Chinn made his picture, Wilson came up with a left uppercut that knocked the photographer out. This shot was made as Chinn slid to the floor.

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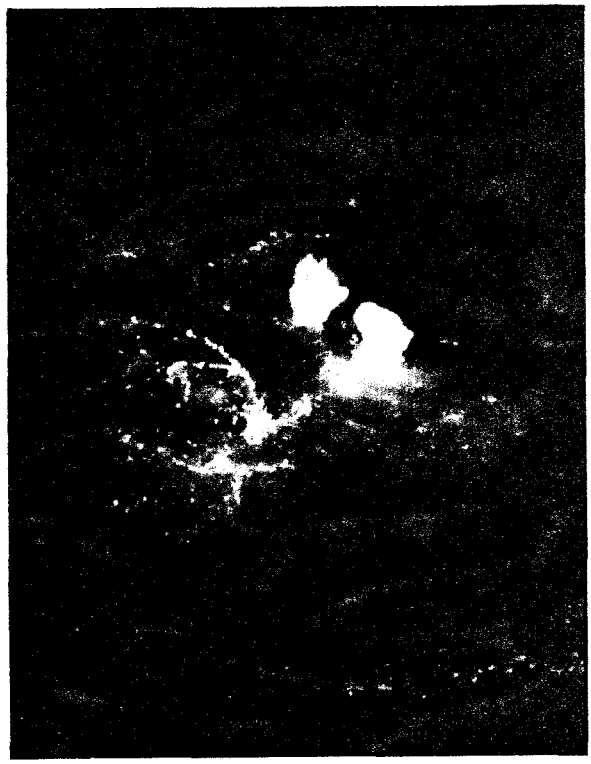

Rescue

"ONE NIGHT, WHILE cruising around the city in my car, listening to the police radio," writes Bob Laird of the New York *Journal-American*, "I heard the word 'woman' and an address—125th Street and East River. I stepped on the gas, but columnists Walter Winchell and Billy Rose, who had been out cruising, too, beat me to the scene. We saw this woman floating about 30 feet offshore and thought she was dead. As the bulb flashed for my first shot, the body came to life. Almost at the same time, a police harbor boat drew up and Patrolman Fred Von Tschammer dived in. I made this thrilling picture as he started his rescue."

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Second Place

THOUGH ELAINE MARY Campbell (*second from left*) finished second in Atlantic City's Miss America Beauty Pageant last year, she made a better picture-subject for photographer Maurice Johnson of International News Photos than the winner herself. Mr. Johnson writes: "This is a study in contrasting emotions. Miss Minnesota (Elaine Campbell) could not control herself any longer and her feelings overflowed in a stream of tears when she found she hadn't received the title of Miss America. She was one of the nicest girls in the Pageant and soon some of the other contestants and even the audience were weeping with her."

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The Bride Wore a Wink

ED WAGNER of the Chicago *Herald-American* says: "If I live to be 100, I'll never get another picture like this one. As any news photographer knows, all weddings are about the same, so when I went to photograph the nuptials of Emile Barron and John T. Jarecki, now Collector of Internal Revenue for the Chicago District, I wasn't looking for much. Then as the couple came up the aisle, I saw the new Mrs. Jarecki wink at one of her girl friends. I was pretty sick that I hadn't caught it. But suddenly it occurred to me that she had plenty of other girl friends lining the aisle, and that she might do it again. She did. My hunch paid off."

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I Believe in You

About this one of the most poignant pictures of the year, photographer William Brunk of the Los Angeles *Examiner* reports: "When the Black Dahlia murder suspect, Robert Manley, was exonerated of any implication in the killing and freed, all newspapers were on hand for his departure. His wife was there to meet him. I knew the picture I wanted as soon as she came in, and waited for the other photographers to leave before I cornered Manley and his wife. Seeing my flash, an Associated Press man dashed into the room to grab a quick one before they broke up. I'll never forget the penetrating look of trust and love on Mrs. Manley's face."

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A Dog's Best Friend

"WITHOUT ANY DOUBT, getting this picture was the luckiest thing that has ever happened to me," says Peter Marcus of the Minneapolis *Tribune*. "I was en route to another assignment when I spotted smoke coming from this building. I pulled over, and made several quick exposures. There was a dull explosion. Great flames roared up the front of the building. I raised the camera to shoot. At that instant a woman appeared in the doorway. My camera clicked as she casually closed the door behind her, one dog under her arm, the other jumping over a cloud of smoke at her feet. I was dumbfounded by the woman's amazing calm."

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Smash Hit

ACCORDING TO Mathew Zimmerman of the Associated Press, "Photographers who cover boxing matches take a terrific mental beating trying for that one split-second jab that makes an outstanding fight picture. This shot was made during the semifinals of the Eastern United States Golden Gloves Tournament at Madison Square Garden, March 5, 1947. I caught John Izzo (*right*) of the Newark *News* team just as he hung a short hard right on the chin of Jerome Richardson of the New York *Daily News* group, in the third round of a scheduled three-rounder in the 160-pound class. You can almost feel the power in Izzo's punch. It must have shaken Richardson to the soles of his feet. Believe me, it was no love tap. Although Richardson seems to be taking a beating here, he won the decision. I've taken hundreds of fight pictures, but this one sums up the whole sport—note the faces and bodies of the two men, both power-packed with a drive to win. These men live on victory."

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Diaper Service

THIS IS ONE of those charming photographs that are used so effectively to dress up the picture sections of American newspapers. It combines information with a liveliness of interest that is inescapable. Of all the monkeys and their relatives the chimpanzee has perhaps the most "human" personality. Up to a certain age it can be trained to do almost anything a child can do. And there is always a news story in the attempts of keepers to bring up baby "chimps." This bawling baby was born April 7, 1947, in the Philadelphia Zoo. Its name is Pandora and it had its own crib, bottles, nipples and other paraphernalia. Says cameraman Maurice Johnson of International News Photos: "Every time I look at this print I'm struck by the remarkable human quality of the baby. Not only does it look almost human, but it was treated like a real infant at the Zoo. Keeper John Reagan fed it with a bottle and mothered it with exceptional tenderness. He diapered it, too."

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At the Races

HANS MARX made this intriguing portrait on a regular assignment for the Baltimore *Sunday Sun*. "I've worked such a story before," Mr. Marx says, "and was well aware of the wealth of material that a race track affords. In three hours I got fair material but still needed a key picture for my race-track feature. I stalked my subjects trying to keep my camera inconspicuous. But everyone seemed to see me coming. I was just about to pack up when I saw this gentleman. I took a deep breath, and suddenly let my shutter clatter. I expected almost anything to happen, but the chap didn't blink an eye. What a study in complete absorption!"

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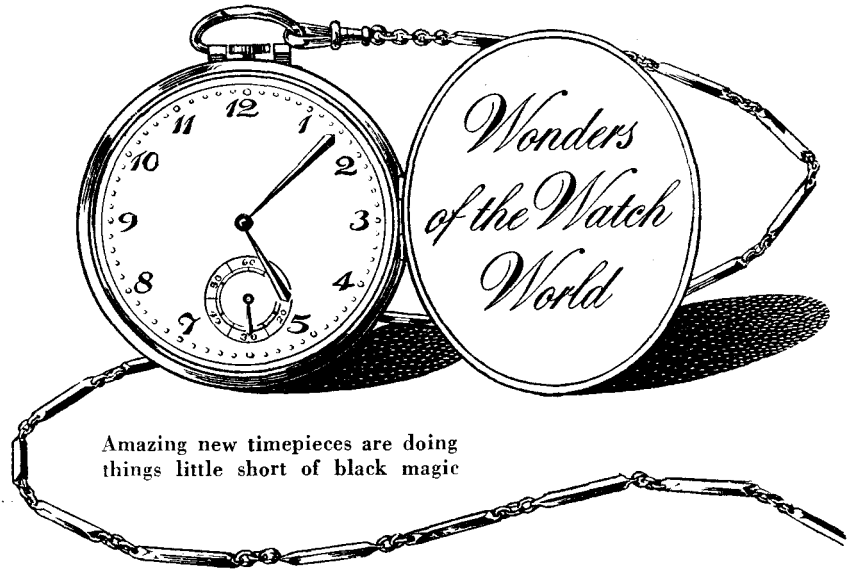

Amazing new timepieces are doing things little short of black magic

by DEAN JENNINGS

ONE DAY TOWARD THE END of the war, a fighter plane burst into flames over Italy, and horrified observers saw the helpless pilot plummet to earth, apparently unable to pull the rip cord of his parachute. When a distant hill cut off the sight of his falling body, his 'chute still had not opened. The pilot was found an hour later, unconscious but alive, with an open parachute beside him.

The flier was saved, his rescuers learned, by a remarkable instrument which, fastened to his 'chute, released it automatically. This ingenious mechanism is only one of many new marvels in the Lilliputian world of the watch industry.

Today, in the laboratories of Switzerland, center of the modern watch world, inventors and engineers are busy finding surprising new uses for the familiar little instruments most people associate only with telling time. Already, as their contribution to the mechanical age, the Swiss have perfected amazing watches which can locate a hidden gunman, save a life, count golf strokes, forecast the weather, solve a mathematical problem, or ring an alarm on your wrist.

Such mechanical miracles are the result of the Swiss workman's natural love of craftsmanship. In a country snowbound half of the year and with limited natural resources, the Swiss answers the challenge at his work bench. Thus there are complicated Swiss watches performing their magic all over the world, and more are being developed every day.

When Joe Louis shuffles into the ring, a special boxing watch clicks off the breathless seconds. When the announcer at a football game

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says, "Only 39 seconds to go," chances are that he has a watch which computes "time out" with one hand and the quarters with another. If Princess Elizabeth wants to know the time, she will likely consult the smallest watch in the world, about half the size of a one-cent piece—a wedding gift from the Swiss Government.

The speed cop who chases your car may carry a watch that computes your exact speed (and don't try to argue with science). A plane pilot drops bombs with a watch that runs backward, and a policeman in a gun duel can compute the distance between himself and the bandit with a telemeter watch that uses gun flash and sound to establish distance. In factories everywhere there are production timers to measure a man's output; and at yacht races, boats are started with a watch whose face has red disks which disappear at one-minute intervals.

SOME SWISS WORKMEN, knowing that gadget-loving Americans are their best customers, attempt impossible feats—and often succeed. Not long ago one of them phoned a consular official. "Is there any law," he asked, "against cutting up a $5 gold piece?"

"Why?"

"I want to put a watch inside it."

"That's impossible," the consular official said.

But the watchmaker did it, an achievement of such microscopic precision that the finished work cannot be distinguished from any other gold piece. "I had to do it," he explained. "I made a bet with another watchmaker — and the stake was the $5 gold piece." Now he makes these incredible watches for tourists at $500 and up, using almost any coin they provide.

Every Swiss factory has one of these watch fanatics, most of whom are over 70 and spend all their spare time tinkering with intriguing variations in watchmaking. One keen-eyed patriarch made the thinnest watch in the world, worth $5,000 if it were for sale. Another veteran, having lunch one day, wondered if he could make a watch almost as small as the hole in a piece of spaghetti. His friends said he was crazy, but he finished the job in six years—a watch movement half an inch long and an eighth of an inch thick, aptly called the "spaghetti" watch.

While these diminutive masterpieces are frequently impractical and usually reach only museums or collectors, there are others with more useful qualities. One, recently announced, was inspired by a watchmaker who played golf for small stakes with a friend. He never won, the story goes, and one day discovered with a shock that his friend couldn't count over ten.

Piqued, the watchmaker disappeared into his shop and emerged six months later with a watch that counts golf strokes. The clever device has 18 small windows on its face, one for each hole, with a push button that visibly records every stroke and shows the total score.

One of the first intricate watches on record, made by Jean Jacques Rousseau's grandfather, was a movement set into a tiny silver skull whose jaws opened to reveal the dial. Napoleon used to shop around for such unusual watches in Ge-

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neva, and his wife, the Empress Josephine, hired a Swiss to make a bracelet containing a watch. Subsequently, when the Swiss watchmakers made other improvements, including pocket watches with chimes, they became public idols—besieged for autographs, courted by the rich and subsidized by kings.

The original chime watches, incidentally, have reached such mechanical perfection today that they ring the hours, quarter-hours and minutes, automatically show the moon phases, the time in different cities around the world, the month and day of the week, and have a dial that reminds the owners when to wind them. They even tell the right time. One of these, which weighed more than half a pound, was recently bought for $3,000 by young King Farouk of Egypt.

Almost any day in Geneva or Bienne or some other Swiss watchmaking town, you may see Michael, former King of Rumania, the Aga Khan, Winston Churchill or Emperor Haile Selassie browsing around for something new. The Prince of Iraq recently telephoned a Geneva manufacturer from London. "I've just been listening to the Westminster chimes," he said. "Could I have a watch made which would ring just like them?"

"You don't need to have it made," the watch man said blandly. "We already have it."

Another Eastern potentate, the Nizam of Hiderabad, has his complex watches made to order. He bought two a few months ago, studded with jewels and special effects, for $50,000 each—the most expensive watches ever made.

Naturally, such priceless watches aren't sold every day, and the Swiss inventors are more concerned with ingenious but useful instruments for the average man. One scientist, Hans Wilsdorf, directed a research crew that worked from 1910 until World War II to make a waterproof, shockproof and self-winding watch. The first test took place one foggy morning on the French seacoast, when Wilsdorf tied a new kind of hermetically sealed watch around the neck of Mercedes Gleitze, first English girl to attempt the Channel swim. Ten and a half hours later, when Miss Gleitze was pulled out of the water, the watch was examined and found intact.

"It was quite simple," Wilsdorf explained to surprised experts. "We got the idea from the oyster."

Later Wilsdorf found a solution to the self-winding problem with a small rotor that winds the spring with each motion of the wrist, and his antishock mechanism is a miniature of the shock absorbers used in today's motor cars.

IN THE PAST TWO YEARS Swiss watch scientists have been busy resuming research interrupted by the war, when they switched to bomb timers, flight recorders and other instruments which they made for U.S. planes until Switzerland was surrounded. Now almost every plant has reconverted to its specialty, and buyers from all over the world recently poured into Basel to see the industry's postwar display.

In addition to the inventions already mentioned, the Swiss presented watches fitted into lipsticks, earrings, compacts, cigarette lighters and even finger rings. There's a new wrist watch out with a built-in

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slide rule, and another which flips over on its back at a touch and becomes a wrist ornament.

Sports enthusiasts were particularly intrigued by the newest Swiss triumph—the photoelectric timer—which will be used in London this summer at Olympic games. The machine contains from four to eight stop watches, all set in motion when athletes flash past a light-ray at the start or finish of a race. Accurate to the thousandth of a second, the new timer will replace the men who formerly sat in tiers at Olympic events and timed races by hand.

The photoelectric-cell principle has been employed in another engineering marvel — the talking clock. Perhaps the most supernatural of all watch wonders, this complex machine is used by the Swiss telephone company to furnish the right time day or night. When a subscriber dials 16, he hears a deep voice, like a friendly ghost, saying: "It is now exactly 10 minutes and 13 seconds after 4 o'clock."

The voice speaks in three languages, depending on the subscriber's location in Switzerland, and will continue giving the time as long as the receiver is off. The secret lies in revolving aluminum cylinders, mounted with strips of voice film, one for each hour, minute and second of the day. The time impulse comes by wire from the Geneva Observatory, and the sound film is amplified by photo-electric-cell control.

The talking clock was the sensation of the land when it was introduced by the government-owned phone company, but the canny watchmakers themselves were not far behind. Knowing the thrifty habits of the Swiss, they soon were marketing a wrist stop watch with a special feature for phone users. It checks off the time in three-minute periods.

Indeed, the Swiss inventors have been stumped only once. An African chief wanted a watch installed in a big gold front tooth, but gave up the idea when he was told that he'd have to stick around Geneva for a couple of years while the work was being done.

History Repeats Itself

MANY OF THE FUNNY things Will Rogers said, back in the early '20s are a little dated now and have lost much of that fresh early flavor that amused the millions. But some of them ring with a more timely note.

Here's one from an old recording made more than a quarter of a century ago.

"I see," drawls Will, "where some woman is suing her ex-husband for more alimony. She claims $50,000 a year is not enough for the support of their little girl."

There is a short pause. Then Will says, "That woman is feeding that child *meat*." —CLIFF MACKAY

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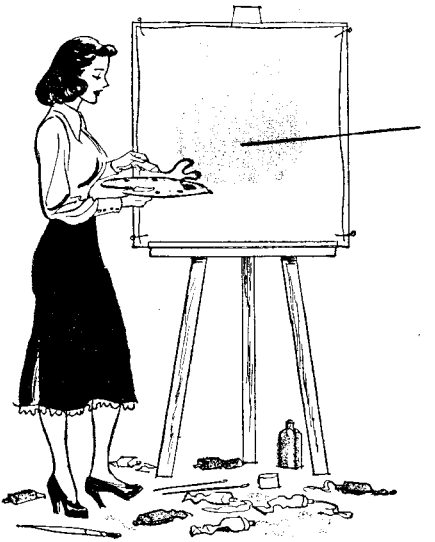

What Color Is It?

Just how well do you know colors of objects you either see every day or have read about? Watch your color-memory fail you when you tackle the following list of items. Your answer doesn't have to include fancy pastel shades. Simple reds, blues, blacks, whites and greens will do. Count two points for each correct answer. A score of 54 or over is fair; 64 or over is good; anything over 74 is excellent. Answers on page 90.

1. F sharp piano key?
2. Tongue of chow dog?
3. Chalk for billiard cue?
4. Five dollar bill (reverse side)?
5. Five-cent airmail stamp?
6. Tie worn with tailcoat?
7. Kentucky grass?
8. Frederick Barbarossa's beard?
9. Unused meerschaum pipe?
10. Moby Dick?
11. Artichoke?
12. Skates won by Hans Brinker?
13. Yale University's color?
14. Stokowski's hair?
15. Western Union blank?
16. Chalk used by bowlers?
17. New Air Force uniform?
18. Patina on bronze?
19. First prize ribbon?
20. Second prize ribbon?
21. Othello's skin?
22. Dress of Whistler's Mother?
23. Clara Bow's hair?
24. French flag?
25. Cheddar cheese?
26. An admiral's star?
27. Chinese mourning?
28. Al Smith's derby?
29. Bromo Seltzer bottle?
30. Taj Mahal?
31. Dartmouth's color?
32. Classified telephone directory page?
33. Plaster of Paris?
34. Topmost stripe of American flag?
35. Arsenic?
36. U. S. Union Jack?
37. Barber pole?
38. Pupil of an eye?
39. Vodka?
40. The President's dwelling?
41. Flag of Surrender?
42. An Albino's hair?
43. A hockey puck?
44. Port light on a boat?
45. Starboard light on a boat?
46. Paul Bunyan's ox?
47. Paprika?
48. Coconut meat?
49. Robin's egg?
50. Royal blood?

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by HENRY LEE

NEW YORK'S HOUSE OF TREASURE

FOR MORE THAN 20 YEARS, William Christian Paul led a strange double life. By day, he worked as a modestly paid insurance clerk. Nights and week ends, in a shabby little Manhattan apartment, he enjoyed the beauty of rare Manchu ceremonial robes and antique Chinese textiles.

The Metropolitan Museum of Art has made the world's great masterpieces available to millions

Paul had hundreds of them, some dating back to the 1600s, stored in steel-studded trunks which crowded his two rooms. Unknown to the art world, he patiently and lovingly amassed the greatest such collection outside the old Imperial Palace in Peking.

When this retiring little bachelor died, he left no stocks or cash. His only legacy was beauty, and he wanted everyone to enjoy it as he had. So he willed his rich collection to the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York, where it can be seen today. His unexpected gifts helped make the Museum's Far East Department one of the most extensive in this country.

Thanks to thousands of supporters—the Pauls as well as the Morgans, Astors and Vanderbilts, who often contribute $1,000,000 at a time—the Museum is the biggest, finest and richest of its kind in the Western Hemisphere. In all the world, the great limestone building extending for four blocks along Fifth Avenue has only half a dozen peers, including the Louvre and the Vatican.

Here are 600 of the world's masterpieces in painting, including 28 Rembrandts; the best Egyptian antiquities outside Cairo; the greatest Cypriote collection except in Cyprus itself; the only authenticated Viking relics permitted out of Norway by its government; the

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first Islamic paintings discovered in Persia; a Cellini cup; Revere silver; Gobelin tapestries; Rodin statues. In fact, the Museum has burgeoned so swiftly in three-quarters of a century that even the director, youngish Francis Henry Taylor, sometimes pinches himself in wonder.

"The founders had no collections, no endowments, no buildings and no land," he says. "In three generations, they and their successors have created one of the world's great treasure houses, covering nearly 14 acres of floor space and containing 1,000,000 items ranging through 5,000 years of history."

Nobody knows the money value of all the old masters, sculptures, antiquities, *objets d'art*, pottery, glassware, carved paneling, medieval jewelry, ancient gold and silver ornaments, fine fabrics, costumes and irreplaceable historical items. As nearly as you can put a cash price on the cream of a dozen civilizations, the total might reach $1,000,000,000.

As you walk through gallery after gallery—each dustless, spacious and bright—you forget you're in a museum. Daylight diffused through skylights illuminates the collections; the walls are done in warm pastels; there are places where you can smoke, lunch and lounge. With discreet showmanship, the Met imparts to you the romance and grandeur of past days.

From the massive façade of Pery-Neb's tomb, blazing under electric lights to simulate the glare of the Nile sun, you go into Old Egypt, and find doll-like models of weapons, utensils, tools, textiles, barns, bakeries, gardens and boats. They look as though they belong in a toy store, but Egyptian craftsmen made them for the dead 4,000 years ago. The Met's archaeologists found them in a secret tomb in Thebes.

The very names in the Met have the ring of far-off places. In the Great Hall hangs the Anhalt carpet, woven at the Safavid shahs' manufactury in about 1525, seized as war booty after the Turks lost the Battle of Vienna in 1683, later owned by the Dukes of Anhalt at Dessau. Also on display is an 11-foot Persian *mihrab* (prayer niche) of the 14th century, decorated in turquoise, cobalt blue and golden yellow. It comes from a theological school in Isfahan.

On more familiar ground in the American Wing, you can walk through furnished rooms taken bodily from homes, mansions and taverns of early America. You will see the bare-beamed parlor of an Ipswich Puritan home, the painted paneling from "Marmion" in Virginia, the elegant Verplanck drawing room of pre-Revolutionary New York. All the rooms are furnished so authentically that you half expect the owners to come forward and greet you.

THE MET NEVER EXPECTS to draw like Radio City Music Hall, but it does enjoy an attendance of about 2,000,000 yearly, double that of ten years ago. Many are ex-GIs, copyists, an occasional businessman, invalids in wheel chairs provided by the Museum, tourists, art students, housewives and children. The latter have their own Junior Museum where they enjoy quizzes, treasure hunts, movies and other unorthodox activities.

Forty underground storerooms

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groan with treasures which the Met lacks room to display. So, for those who cannot come to New York, loan exhibits go all over the country. Last year 29 old masters were sent to Dallas for the Texas State Fair; and the Met appropriately added Rosa Bonheur's "Horse Fair," eight feet high by 16 feet wide. It was the only time in 60 years that it had left New York.

Would you like your town to display a dozen 17th-century Dutch originals or ten 19th-century French landscapes, including Corots and Courbets? A six-week loan will cost only $50, plus express charges. The sole reservation is that the borrowers have proper facilities to safeguard the art.

For $25 to $35, you may also "hire" original Japanese prints, bronze dancers by Degas, Hogarth-Turner-Constable prints, and half a dozen other exhibits. Through these circulating exhibitions and special loans, the Met has showered its treasures on almost every state and museum from New England to the West Coast. Carrying coals to Newcastle, it has even loaned paintings *to* the Louvre.

Some of America's great dress designers, like Adrian and Nettie Rosenstein, have found new ideas in the Metropolitan's ancient displays. Fabric designers make use of its collection of thousands of textiles, including rare old Italian brocades. From all over the country, fashion experts come to study the 8,000 articles of dress in its Costume Institute.

An aggressive spirit of culture on the offensive characterizes the Met. Through inexpensive catalogues, guides, post cards and color prints, it widely distributes reproductions of its treasures. In the holiday season, it sells 150,000 of its distinctive Christmas cards; its 15-cent color copies of especially beloved works have gone to 250,000 persons. Most of these were first displayed in subway cars, and the response of the straphangers was prompt.

Recently, the Museum has been experimenting with "Metropolitan Miniatures," perforated sheets of 24 stamp-like color reproductions of favorites ranging from a glazed Egyptian hippopotamus of 1950 B.C. to Renoir's "By the Seashore." The stickers, priced at $1 a set, can be placed in albums, given to children, pasted on walls as motifs or used for greeting cards.

Offhand, the Armor Department would scarcely seem dynamic, but during the war the Army obtained from its medieval experts the designs for fliers' helmets and infantry armor. The helmet of a French warrior of the 1600s proved ideal for Air Force Helmet M5. Leonard Heinrich, Museum armorer, hammered the original designs with ancient tools and the Army took it from there for mass production.

On only one problem does the Met seem stumped. This is a modest collection of canvases and sculptures pressed on the Museum in its more innocent days, which have now turned out to be trash. The items are kept safely hidden in basement storage.

The exiles once included "Washington Crossing the Delaware," a giant canvas which the Met considered neither good art nor accurate history. After a wave of protest by patriotic societies and editorial writers, the Met solved the problem

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by hanging Washington in the Junior Museum.

Today, the Met spurns gifts unless the donors will abide by *its* rules. Once, it turned down a $3,000,000 collection from a U. S. Senator because his will stipulated that all paintings, sculptures, rugs and tapestries be kept in galleries bearing his name.

Many times, however, the Met has received enough art in single lots to start a new museum. A few years ago, Jules S. Bache made a gift of his $12,500,000 collection. Frank A. Munsey, newspaper publisher, left the Met $10,000,000, and million-dollar bequests are rather common. But the Met is proud, too, that school children send in their pennies. In all, the Museum has some 8,000 members, who pay dues ranging from $10 for an annual listing to $5,000 for a permanent fellowship.

The Met can tell many stories of generosity on the grand scale. George Grey Barnard gave his life to art as sculptor, teacher, collector. Though by no means wealthy, he spent 20 years rescuing French Romanesque and Gothic works from the stone walls, pigsties and outbuildings where French peasants had thriftily put them to work. Barnard would scout farm neighborhoods for miles, saving the slab of some Crusader's tomb here, a forgotten altar statue there. He brought his 700 medieval works to this country before the French banned such exports, and installed them uptown in New York in his own museum.

Eventually, Barnard had to dispose of his collection, and though he could have realized a fortune by selling the pieces separately, he didn't want to break them up. One of his frequent visitors came forward and gave the Met $600,000 to keep the collection together. Later, he also gave Manhattan acreage to house the statues and even purchased land across the Hudson River, so the view wouldn't be spoiled. His name was John D. Rockefeller, Jr.

Today, at Fort Tryon Park, high above the Hudson, you can visit the former Barnard collection, now greatly enlarged and known as The Cloisters, and find peace in its recreation of medieval chapels and gardens, complete with boxed orange trees. Almost 500,000 people go there yearly.

LIKE SCHOLARLY DETECTIVES, the Met's curators and technicians often solve mysteries where the scent is cold by centuries. Once, they were perplexed by the fragment of a statue which apparently had been carved about the time of the Parthenon. It showed traces of Greek and Roman craftsmanship. Finally, the Met worked out a solution. The statue, it decided, had been carved in Greece. Later, it was damaged and then reworked by a Roman sculptor.

Sometimes, the clues are the catalogues of auctions. In 1922, the Met noted that William Randolph Hearst bought the helmet and a gauntlet of a Bavarian suit of armor. The fact did not seem exciting then; but four years later the Museum was given a suit with these two pieces missing. Biding its time, the Museum finally got a chance to purchase the helmet and gauntlet from the Hearst collection in 1938;

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after hundreds of years the full suit was joined together again.

Always the Museum must guard against fraud. Last year, Dutch authorities finally jailed the fabulous Hans Van Meegeren who had swindled collectors in his own country of $2,500,000 by selling them fake "old masters." While in Europe nine years previously, Margaretta Salinger, the Met's senior research fellow in painting, had suspected that Van Meegeren's "Disciples of Emmaus," a supposed Vermeer, was counterfeit.

Another time, the Museum received supposed Stone Age Indian implements, fetishes and idols. For 40 years, they were withheld from display while the Met traced their origin. At last, it got the answer. They were volcanic stone fakes made by a modern Arizona tribe with a keen business sense.

Now and then, though, the experts are surprised. Once they explored a huge Roman sarcophagus 18 centuries old. With hand winches the heavy lid was lifted—and inside, the experts found hundreds of cigarette butts slipped through the apertures by several generations of furtive Museum smokers.

The war, of course, hampered many of the Met's plans for the future. For more than two years, 15,000 of its rarest treasures were hidden in the 150-room Stotesbury mansion near Philadelphia. Ninety vanloads of art—each insured for $1,000,000, the maximum allowed by the underwriters — made the trips to and from Philadelphia without loss, theft or breakage.

Where its treasures are at stake, the Met is eminently practical. Day and night, armed guards unostentatiously patrol the galleries, and downstairs there is a practice shooting range for them. In all the Museum's history, there have been only a few trifling thefts.

With the war over and the days of the great private collectors past, the Met foresees a new era in art appreciation, broader and more democratic. It welcomes the trend, and has an ambitious program that looks forward to color television, plus a breath-taking expansion of Museum facilities. Thus, in the not-distant future, the Met's treasures will be brought into your home, where you, along with millions of other Americans, may enjoy the beauty of the world's greatest art.

Every Child Should Have One

NILA MACK, THE WRITER, director and producer of a radio show for children, said that the nicest fan letter she ever received was written by a listener of about six. In a scrawl so round and childish that it sprawled over the four sides of a folded sheet of stationery, the note read, "Dear Miss Mack, please send me free a Fairy."

—Tales of Hoffman

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MONICKER MASQUERADE

Here's some basic name-English for you to translate back to its original form — if you can. Taking a clue from the monicker of the immortal Chief Rain-in-the-Face, we have disguised the last names of twenty-five famous people by substituting more picturesque last names for them. Thus, when we give out with Henry W. Tallboy, for example, you should come back, after only a moment's hesitation, with Henry W. Longfellow. Count four points for each correct answer, and don't be satisfied with a score of less than 72. Answers on page 90.

1. Thomas Ache
2. Herbert George Waterholes
3. Andrew Cantaloupe
4. John Imbibefluid
5. Alexander G. Carillon
6. Gertrude Beermug
7. Oscar Ferocious
8. Veronica Lagoon
9. W. Chapelmound
10. Nicholas M. Manservant
11. James F. Barrelmaker
12. Harry S. Honestfellow
13. Anthony Paradise
14. Carter Windowpane
15. Henry Crosstream
16. Alfred Thumb-a-ride-rooster
17. Herbert Vacuumcleaner
18. Cary Bestow
19. Lewis E. Ordinances
20. Jimmy Stroller
21. Charles Youngsheep
22. William Quill
23. Molly Waterjug
24. William Cartridge
25. Grover Splitsoil

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by NORMAN and AMELIA LOBSENZ

Uncle Sam's

Whether the subject is baseball or world affairs, the county agricultural agent is supposed to know all the answers; his job is a 12-hour grind, but he loves it

THE UMPIRE LEANED into the dust swirling around home plate, jerked his thumb up and cried, "Out!" Then, while the teams changed sides, an overalled man scrambled from the wooden grandstand onto the field.

"Hello, John," he said.

The umpire took off his mask. "Hello, Grady."

"Say, I got a problem here." Grady Ferguson pulled a bunch of short grass from his pocket. "Stuff's growing in my north pasture. I never saw any like it. You know what it is?"

The umpire looked. "Not offhand I don't," he said. "But I'll send it in for identification. Meanwhile, Grady, keep your cows away from it, just in case."

Worrying about a new kind of grass between innings of a Sunday ball game is no new experience for John S. Jones, agricultural agent in Colorado's Lincoln County. Like all his breed, Jones considers it a dull day when he doesn't get scores of phone calls and visits asking help with some new farm problem, plus extracurricular assignments like umpiring, poll-watching at an election or addressing a women's club.

Jones is typical of the 2,980 county agents who serve America's farm communities through the Extension Service, U. S. Department of Agriculture. For his relatively low salary—agents average under $60 a week—John must have the wisdom of Solomon on weather,

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crops, baseball, bugs, international affairs, prairie dogs, furniture arrangement, beef cattle, alfalfa weevils and stud poker. His is a 12-hour day, seven-day-week grind of answering questions, visiting farms, distributing pamphlets, making speeches, dictating letters and attending meetings.

Unlike county agents in the eastern U. S., Jones works where the counties come big. Lincoln is 72 miles long and 48 wide. In one summer it grows 100,000 acres of wheat. Jones travels an average of 1,800 miles a month on the job.

"Once I drove 90 miles just to see a 4-H youngster's cow," Jones says. "It's a grind, this job, but I love it."

Spend a morning with John in his basement office in the county courthouse of Hugo, one-street village of 850 which serves as county seat. Jones, in blue shirt, corduroy trousers and heavy shoes, works at a littered rolltop desk.

A little after 8—farmers get up early—Burle Maple drops in, carrying a jar of wriggling worms. "Found them in my potatoes, John," he says. "Got something that'll do for 'em?"

Jones takes the jar and inspects it. "Looks like cutworm, Burle. Got any zinc arsenate left?"

"About 20 pounds."

"Good. Mix it one pound to 20 gallons of water and soak the ground with it. That ought to get rid of them."

The phone rings. It's Bill Carter at Arriba, 30 miles east. His chicks are dying of pneumonia.

"Sounds like it might be the ventilating system in your brooder house," says the agent. "I'll be out this afternoon and take a look."

Jones turns to the stack of mail. Here's a letter from a man whose elms are blighted. Another wants DDT to spray his farm. A woman requests building plans for a new chicken house.

There's barely time to answer these before Earl Davis drops in, carrying an ear from one of his cows. "Look at that, John! Cow died yesterday. Think it's blackleg?"

Blackleg, an infectious disease, is a dread word in cow country. Jones examines the ear. "I don't think it's anything dangerous," he says, "but I'll send it to the bacteriologist in Denver. We'll get a report tomorrow. I'll call you."

The phone rings again. It's the Hugo bank, asking about a farm loan on a bean crop. "Well, it takes about 60 days to harvest beans," says Jones, "and the frost comes early in September. It'll be close; too close to calculate on a good harvest. Can't we figure out some other security for that man? . . . Okay, I'll drop in tomorrow."

Blackleg or bank loan, Lincoln County is a tough assignment for a farm agent. Jones' predecessor did not succeed in getting the farmers' full cooperation, so when John arrived his first job was to build increased respect for the office. For two years he made purchases and deliveries for isolated farmers, arranged loans, handled sales, filled out tax forms, did all sorts of odd community tasks. Today, the folks of Lincoln County swear by, rather than at, the county agent. When the extension service gave Jones a smaller pay increase last year than it gave some other agents, Lincoln farmers raised a howl.

"We've got the best extension

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service and the most conscientious agent in the state!" they said.

Jones, born on a Pennsylvania farm and a graduate of Colorado A. & M., didn't stop when he won his fight to convince Lincoln farmers of his sincerity. His next move was to set up a county agricultural advisory committee, composed of farmers, and to form leadership groups for handling problems in various fields.

"That is the real function of a county agent," says Jones, "to teach people to help themselves."

For county agents are, in effect, teachers. They teach by action rather than word, in wheat fields instead of classrooms. Their courses range from soil conservation to clothes mending. They bring to the farmer new developments from experimental laboratories; to farm wives, the latest aids in homemaking and family raising. They help farm youth to be better citizens as well as better farmers. They make rural America more efficient and more prosperous, rural Americans more understanding and capable.

Last year extension workers served 7,500,000 families and saved billions of dollars' worth of crops and livestock by parasite control and conservation practices.

IN LINCOLN COUNTY TODAY, in addition to all the natural ills a county agent confronts, Jones is faced with a man-made disease: a way of farming that is breaking traditional patterns of living. To make a quick killing in high-priced wheat, some people not rooted in the country bought up tremendous areas, farmed them ruthlessly and vanished with huge profits when the destroyed crop land began to blow away.

Jones can see the trend in the figures he compiles. Small farmers are squeezed out, schools closed, roads ruined, communities killed, youths forced to the cities. Today, Lincoln County has 763 farms, 71 fewer than in 1940. The result is that many districts are becoming depopulated; many others can no longer afford to keep up roads and schools. Hence, Jones' big job is to maintain the organizations and activities that keep community life going. In this role, his work is dramatized by few heroics.

The county agent is also Home Service Chairman for the Red Cross, president of the Lions Club, leader of a church choir and caller for Hugo's square-dance club. Meanwhile his wife, Rowena, heads the Hugo women's groups, works for the Ladies' Aid, the church committee and home-demonstration club, and accompanies John to many of his night meetings.

When a Bangs disease-control program was under way, Jones held 14 consecutive night meetings. Said one farmer: "He must enjoy those sessions, or he'd lose his mind!"

Recently he called a county-wide meeting to figure a way to fight bindweed, a noxious growth that absorbs moisture in the soil. Similarly, Jones has organized an "insect and rodent" committee, which utilizes various poisons in the endless battle to keep crop destroyers under control.

But above all, a county agent has to be versatile. When the local home-demonstration agent quit her job, Jones took on the duties of instructing farm wives in the prepara-

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tion of one-dish meals, home beautification, pressure cookery and other chores. And last summer he directed a one-act play with a cast of women from the county's demonstration clubs.

Youngsters, too, are part of the agent's work. Jones trains 4-H leaders and organizes young people's clubs. Each year he takes a group of champion 4-H-ers on a camping trip in the Rockies.

"As far as I'm concerned," he says, "4-H work is the most important part of my job. These youngsters learn by doing to be good farmers and good farm wives. You won't find them deserting the fields for the big cities."

Most folks think things in Lincoln County are pretty well in hand. But not John Jones. "There's still plenty of work to be done," he tells you. "Take this new state law requiring all milk to be pasteurized. There's not a dairy farmer in the county who produces enough milk to make it worth while for him to buy all the necessary equipment.

"So what I'd like to see is a cooperative pasteurizing plant, set up by all the farmers, and maybe some wholesalers. That way we could . . ."

The phone rings. "Hello?" says Jones. "Oh, hello Harry. On that milk plant? Yes, there's a few ideas I'd like to talk over. Tonight? . . . Well, I've got a meeting at Genoa at seven. But I could be over at your place by nine. Okay? . . . Good, see you then."

"Isn't the grind pretty tough?" you ask.

"You bet it is," smiles Agent Jones. "But I wouldn't miss it for the world!"

True Greatness

INSTRUCTING STUDENT pilots to fly accustoms one very quickly to the unexpected, but something happened on the ground the other day that took my breath away. I had the privilege of coming face to face with greatness, and it happened in a crosstown bus.

I had just followed the bus driver's command, "step to the rear," taking my place among the "standees," when suddenly a young man tapped me on the shoulder and offered me his seat. This wasn't unusual—it happens often if I'm looking pretty and feeling helpless, but on those days when I feel I could conquer the world I always have to stand.

Well, the bus rolled on, and a little later, when the seat on my left was vacant, the young man who had been so kind sat down. As he did, the lady on my right leaned across me and, addressing my cavalier, said, "I'm glad to see you've found a seat at last. You've been constantly up and down giving your seat to someone."

The blessed young man very casually replied, "Oh, I don't like to see women stand. You see, my legs can't get tired, they are both artificial." —RUTH BIGELOW

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GODDESSES IN GIRDLES

The Story of the Model Business

American advertising struck pay dirt when it discovered the super salesgirls whose irresistible allure will sell anything from a bar of soap to a seagoing yacht

by ROBERT SELLMER

A SECTION OF MIDTOWN New York not more than twenty blocks long and five blocks wide holds in its stony bosom 1,000 of the most photogenic and graceful girls in America, plus 500 of the most temperamental photographers in the world. These 1,500 specialists devote themselves with grim intensity to a singular task—selling the products of American industry by appealing with terrible skill to all our softest and most basic emotional needs.

The importance of the role played by these glittering cogs in our economy was stressed by John McPartland when he discussed modern advertising in his recent best-seller.* "Always," he says, "there was the secret whisper of sex. For women it was, 'Be lovely, be loved, don't grow old, be exciting, be dangerous, be loved!' For men it was, 'Be successful, make everybody know that you're successful—how can you get women if you don't look successful?'

"This was done in color by the best artists money could buy; it was worded by poets and by cynics; it

**Sex in Our Changing World*, published at $2.75 by Rinehart & Company, Inc., New York, N. Y.; condensed in Coronet, August, 1947.

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was a parade of breast and leg, of the smiles of women and the eyes of men. It was sleek, shining, new, expensive, rare, mellow, lovely, priceless, exciting and exclusive—and it could all be yours!"

These "smiles of women" are turned on with mechanical regularity and heart-warming effect by the thousand young ladies, some of whom are paid $35 an hour for their ability. The "best artists money can buy" are the temperamental photographers, some of whom get $1,000 for a single shot of a lovely girl making ardent love to a refrigerator. Without them, advertising might be very dull indeed. With them, it is able to commercialize our tender yearnings in a manner no less efficient and spectacular than that in which a massive dam channels the turbulent forces of a roaring river.

Now that the modeling business has become a well-organized $15,000,000-a-year industry, it is increasingly hard to remember that it owes its very existence to anything as primitive and frivolous as emotion. It is also hard to see a direct connection between a well-photographed sweater and the corresponding curves of a sales chart. Yet the very fact that the top models command such respectable sums for their services shows that they wield a power over our wills and wants that strikes hard and deep. Anyone doubting the effectiveness of these lissome lasses as super salesgirls need only talk to the officials of a large New York brewery.

These gentlemen, after depending for years on goats, stalwart steelworkers, and large elderly gentlemen as advertising themes, switched about nine years ago to a straightforward, unabashed use of pretty girls as the keynote of all sales efforts. If this had been done by a company producing lipstick, bathing suits or historical novels, the switch would not have been even faintly startling. But as beer had always seemed so far removed from sex, many an advertising man shook his head over the innovation.

Nevertheless, the tremendous force latent in the haunting faces and sinuous bodies of America's models proved its strength: Rheingold Beer, by displaying the vivid loveliness of each year's "Miss Rheingold" in magazine, newspaper, billboard and subway space, has stepped up from fifth to first in the sale of packaged beers in Metropolitan New York in the brief time that it has relied on beauty rather than brawn as a beer-buying lure.

FORGING MAN'S SOFTEST feelings into a steady stream of hard cash is not the only way in which the model shapes the American scene. Millions of times a day, in magazines and movies, on car cards and billboards, in fashion shows and department-store aisles, she impresses on her fellow-American women the secrets and standards and techniques of desirability.

Venerated as the essence of all that is attractive and exciting, she is anxiously imitated by millions of women who choose their clothes, fix their hair, make up their faces and change the very way they walk in the hope of exuding at least half the allure that they believe is in the very blood of every model.

However much or little they succeed, their efforts help wonderfully

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to relieve the drabness of our surroundings. When the housewife in Iowa and the waitress in Texas and the farm girl in Wisconsin have this stimulating example set before them day after day, it is inevitable that some of this sparkle of sexual magnetism will blossom in every corner of the land. No single example is needed to prove the magic of this transmutation: the homes and streets and stores of America glimmer with a million verifications.

And yet, the average model would be flattered, amused and perhaps insulted if she were told that her chief function in life was to seduce, with flagrant femininity, reluctant dollars in tight-buttoned pockets, and that her greatest attribute was her ability to teach glamour to her less-fortunate sisters. "Why, it's very simple," one of them said recently, in all seriousness, when asked why she thought an hour of her time before the camera was worth $25. "People just like to look at pictures of pretty girls."

Perhaps models might be more aware of the implications of their profession if the excitement of their own lives were not in inverse proportion to that which they arouse. Half of New York's models are married, and half of these already have one or more children. Meanwhile, the unmarried ones are so bent on proving that models are nice girls that they live in great commercial convents called Hotels for Women, protest loudly that they abhor night clubs, and have at their fingertips the world's most comprehensive set of excuses for saying good night at elevator doors.

There are, naturally, notorious exceptions to this rule, but these are mostly hearty girls for whom modeling is too strenuous, and who find that a career of steady partying is more fun, less work and better pay. The real models lead absurdly austere lives, because they are constantly worrying about circles under their eyes, 9:30 A.M. appointments, and their reputations. As a result they have a lot less plain, uninhibited fun than do career girls in other fields, but unless they are out-and-out failures they seldom quit modeling until senile decay forces them into retirement around the age of 30.

"Even those of us who are married," one ancient veteran of 25 remarked, "or who have gone on to better jobs, still like to come back and have a crack at modeling every now and then. In the first place, it's good to be the center of attraction in a studio again, but most of all you get such a kick out of seeing yourself in the papers and magazines once more."

Models are also willing to put up with the petty tyrannies of their profession because they look upon it only as a step on the road to less demanding and more exciting fields. Some of them want to use their experience and contacts to step into jobs in fashion and advertising. Most of them, however, have a goal which they are loath to discuss, but which embittered photographers have all figured out.

"There are three reasons why girls take up modeling," one of the more gentle camera artists insists. "First, they hope that the bare fact of being a model will lead to a wealthy marriage; second, they hope modeling will give them the publicity that will lead to a wealthy

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marriage; third, they hope to make enough money and dress well until they can make a wealthy marriage."

If he is correct, the girls are pretty much on the right track. Models are used so consistently to convey the idea of sexual attractiveness that a certain amount of this aura naturally carries over into their private lives. All this free advertising means that the model who sets her sights for an Argentine meat millionaire or the latest café-society playboy has a better-than-average chance of bringing down her quarry. Yet her profession is afflicted with a rash of paradoxes: success is only the beginning of her troubles.

If she is to maintain a good weekly average of assignments, a model must keep her name and face constantly in the minds of possible clients by being seen and talked about in all the right places. At the same time she must at every hour of the day appear fresh, clear-eyed and glowing. She is also expected to trudge from office to studio to office, keeping up contacts with advertising men, photographers and fashion editors, only to discover that if her face becomes too familiar, they will not use her because they are afraid the public is tired of seeing her.

Even the seasons gang up to plague her, for fashions work on a very contrary schedule. In the dead of winter she is hauled to a snowless patch in the park to pose bleakly in a skimpy bathing suit for a summer catalogue. And on the hottest August day she will stand in an airless studio, under blazing lights, modeling fur coats for the fall magazines. Fussy photographers will scream at her for being five minutes late, then keep her in one pose until she drops.

Even the impressive-looking fees lose a little of their bloom if examined closely. A successful model has heavy expenses that take a healthy bite of her income. She has to spend $300 to $500 a year on hair and make-up, and another $500 on taxis because she can't risk getting mussed up in a subway or bus. But far and away the greatest expense is her wardrobe.

It is a popular superstition that models get all the latest creations for a few dollars, if not for free, but actually, the majority spend a good $1,200 a year on clothes. Even when modeling a specific dress, the model usually is expected to furnish all the accessories; and sometimes she is required to turn up in whatever costume suits the client's fancy. This means ski suits, riding habits, evening clothes, bathing suits or blue jeans—and they all must be perfectly in style and up to the minute.

One model, who began her career with the clothes she stood in, spent $3,000 dressing herself her first year, only to run head-on into the New Look and find that her entire collection was barely worth the postage to send it to Europe's needy.

ON THE PSYCHOLOGICAL SIDE, only patient, persevering girls can stand the sheer strain that goes into the taking of an advertising photograph. When an important picture is being shot, a studio is usually stuffed to bursting with all sorts of geniuses, and it is the model who bears the brunt of the impact.

If she comes to the studio with

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her hair up, the photographer is sure to want it down; if her dress sticks out in the rear, there will be somebody from the agency to pull it and stuff it full of tissue paper until it sticks out in front. A friend of the client's who has owned a Leica for two years will be full of ideas about how she should hold her hands, while a make-up man will wear the skin off her face trying to fulfill everybody's notions on just how she should look.

After all those present have had a chance to prove that they are earning their salaries, the model will look about the way she did when she came in, the actual picture will be taken in a matter of minutes, and she will be free to scurry frantically to her next appointment or to grab a lettuce-and-tomato-on-whole-wheat at the nearest drugstore.

Somehow, out of this combination of madness and drudgery, come pictures so infinitely disturbing and exciting that the model must be credited as being one of the most effective weapons known in the war being constantly waged on the sales resistance of a sex-conscious public.

Oddly enough, this type of warfare is relatively new. Though models were used by photographers as far back as 1858, and appeared in ads as soon as the half-tone engraving was invented in 1878, they remained a decorous and inconsequential adjunct of advertising until the middle 1920s.

The great assault on what were then our more sacred emotions was given its first big impetus when a mail-order house, preparing a spring catalogue, was hit by an artists' strike. Harassed company officials rounded up office help, called theatrical agencies, and somehow managed to garner enough personable women to illustrate the catalogue with photographs.

When customers approved mightily, several eyes were opened to the financial possibilities of furnishing models to advertisers. More significantly, it convinced advertisers that a close tie-up between their product and a good-looking girl was a potent sales weapon. Soon a young actor named John Robert Powers was furnishing photographers with the names of beautiful young ladies available for advertising purposes.

"The girls we used then, though," an old-time model agency man recalls, "weren't the type we've got now. They were mostly small-time actresses, night-club dancers, out-of-work chorus girls and the like. Strangely, the guy who changed it all was Hitler.

"Up to 1933, advertising photography was pretty standardized, but around that time a lot of refugee photographers fled to this country. They got the fashion-magazine editors all excited with trick lighting and arty angles. What's more important, they insisted on using the tall, bony, aristocratic type of model that is still a magazine favorite. Before we knew it, the chorus girl was out."

Other factors soon started working. The sudden growth of magazines for teen-agers created a demand for young, healthy, natural-looking models. Advertisers began to ask for girls who, while remaining tantalizing, looked enough like ordinary women so that the Ameri-

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can housewife could identify herself with the model. Out of this came what is called the "well-scrubbed American look," which glows alike from magazine cover and washing-machine ad.

First to take advantage of this shift was a shrewd young man of Irish descent named Harry Conover, himself a former Powers model. By ardently promoting the fresh, casual, college-girl type, he has in eight short years made his agency the largest in the country, handling models whose fees total some $2,000,000 a year.

As part of his burning faith in freshness he discarded the term "model" and called his charges "Cover Girls"—on the questionable assumption that all of them appeared on magazine covers. Now he is tired of this; if you engage a Conover model today you get a "Conover Career Girl," so called in the pious belief that modeling should be only a steppingstone to better things.

THE MODEL AGENCY is itself a wondrous institution. The New York state law looks upon it as an employment agency, constantly finding jobs for girls who are hired and fired several times a day. It regards itself as a sort of fond parent, protecting and educating its flock of helpless girls, and only incidentally remembering to collect ten per cent of their fees.

Actually it is first and foremost a clearing house, finding the right girl for the right client, taking assignments and arranging schedules for the girls, keeping track of their whereabouts at any given time, and serving as a billing and bill-collecting service. It gives advice on clothes and make-up, helps arrange and maintain contacts, and promotes the institution of modeling with all its might.

The same legal fiction that makes a model agency an employment agency makes the models employees of photographers, rather than independent contractors. This turns bookkeeping into a madhouse, as withholding taxes and social security have to be calculated each time a girl poses. As a result, a busy model at the end of the year has a stack of forms that nearly crowds her wardrobe from the closet.

Partly for this reason, the connection between model and agency has until recently been a tenuous one. Now, Conover has introduced a lengthy contract in which the model appoints him as her agent for every possible activity in which she might take part. In return, the agency promises to cancel the contract if it does not provide her with a specified minimum of fees.

This impressive document is an overdue recognition of the fact that a model's ability to arouse our tenderest passions is a valuable commercial asset. Yet this is not the only way in which tribute is paid. An eavesdropper in some of our largest corporations would be intrigued at the seriousness with which highly paid executives discuss the exact amount of clothing to be worn by models in their next advertising campaign.

One end of the sleek conference table, presided over by an advertising account executive, is decorated with pictures of models in a dozen different degrees of dress and undress. There are fresh, robust,

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rosy girls; gaunt, limp, aristocratic girls; blondes, brunettes and redheads, eager smiles and seductive glances. Thousands of dollars' worth of executives' time will be spent in thrashing out exactly which type has exactly the right fascination to transmute a subconscious yearning into a practical desire to buy goods.

BECAUSE OF THE GROWING importance attached to modeling, more and more girls try to crash the field; nearly 4,000 come to New York every year to try their luck. Ten per cent of them make the grade, and they owe their success to two factors—the photogenic features and poise they were born with, and a bottomless well of persistence. With amazingly few exceptions, they all get started in exactly the same fashion—by making the ceaseless, daily rounds of photographers and model agencies until their natural attributes finally catch somebody's eye.

Two or three weeks of trying will not tell the story. Three to six months is the length of time veteran models and agency people advise girls to keep making the rounds before they follow the example of other discouraged aspirants and wind up as dancing teachers and secretaries, or go back home to Indiana.

Most of these girls come to New York with their eyes open to the odds against them. Some, however, have been victimized by dubious "model schools" and by deceptive correspondence courses. These doubtful enterprises will take hundreds of dollars from a girl who obviously couldn't model strait jackets; give her some phony but impressive instructions; and then send her on to Manhattan equipped with nothing but a glowing promise, a useless diploma and all the makings of a badly broken heart.

There are, of course, legitimate schools which, in order to retain their state licenses, must place a certain percentage of graduates in adequate jobs. But it should be noted that they place nearly all their girls as "live" models with dress manufacturers and wholesalers. This is a perfectly honest and important sector of the modeling industry, employing nearly 8,000 girls in New York alone, but it pays a straight salary of $50 to $60 a week, and is *not* what the pretty high-school graduate from Iowa was dreaming of when her friends told her that she would make a perfect model.

In recent years the legitimate schools have been struck by a curious fact. Thousands of girls are taking courses in modeling who have no intention of ever becoming models. They are taking the courses for a reason they vaguely call "self-improvement"—which is another way of saying that they feel that if they learn to walk and dress and make up like models, they will have learned the secret of enchantment that is the heart of a model's power. No greater or more touching tribute to the influence of the model on the American woman could be imagined, or even asked.

The exalted niche occupied by the model has another, and typically American, significance, according to a photographer who came here from Europe before the war. "Class distinctions abroad," he

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says, "are still so rigid that a beautifully dressed, glamorous woman seems so unobtainable to the average man that a picture of her has only academic interest. But the American way of life is such that every man here believes he is capable of winning any woman, no matter how glamorous she may be.

"In Europe, advertisers use pretty girls but only the way you did 40 years ago—for decoration. Here you sell auto tires with pictures of goddesses, and it works because you really don't think that goddesses are beyond your reach."

There is something equally American in the way these goddesses are subdivided into groups of specialists. There are girls with very ordinary faces and figures (and one with crippled legs)—whose hands are so lovely that they are photographed again and again, flaunting nail polish, fondling gloves and caressing furs. There are three models in New York with legs so luscious that they split between them nearly all the shoe and stocking clients in the country. And there are too-short or too-thin girls whose heads and faces are so perfectly proportioned that they make a good living modeling nothing but hats.

But the happiest specialists are those of the small, determined group who concentrate on "objectionables." The ordinary model, who tends to be overcautious, oversensitive and slightly overrefined, pales at the thought of posing for deodorants, depilatories and other reminders of human frailty; refuses to be photographed in girdles; and would prefer death to being displayed in a magazine waving one dainty leg from the depths of a bubble bath. (This, mind you, is the same girl who will all but break her neck to get a beach picture of herself, clad in two wet handkerchiefs, onto a magazine cover.)

Taking full advantage of this bias, a band of more realistic girls devotes itself to supplying the steady market in "objectionables." They have a big, profitable field all to themselves, make excellent money and insist that they suffer none of the ill effects which other models fear will pursue them if their friends see them portrayed as victims of halitosis.

But whether she is posing discreetly nude for a water-softener or flagrantly dressed for a soft drink, the American photographic model is essentially a girl who thinks she is pretty lucky to be doing what she is doing, and is grateful that she was born with those little extras of bone and flesh and poise that mean the difference between success and failure in the tough career she has chosen for herself.

Her dream picture of Heaven bears a suspicious resemblance to the cover of *Life*, but she is level-headed enough so that, when her modeling days are over, and if she isn't married, she has made use of her invaluable opportunity to land a good job in some related field.

It hasn't really been the round of rosy fun she pictured when she set out for New York. But there have been compensations. Models are extremely well-paid, avidly sought after by all manner of eligible males, and showered with gratifying publicity. They justify these compensations by working hard, by putting up with innumerable petty irritations and by sacrificing

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a great deal of personal freedom.

What is infinitely more important to the country at large, they justify their good fortune by setting standards for appearance, charm and captivating exuberance that have raised the level of feminine enchantment. All over America, women wear their clothes with a more unself-conscious flair, walk with a bit more poise and sit with a shade more grace, because the models have set an insistent example.

Instinctively, America's women have adopted the subtle little tricks of sexual attraction that have become a science in the model industry; and thus life has become just that much more exciting for their dates and their husbands. For instilling this excitement, the models deserve our thanks—as do the businessmen who belatedly discovered that sex is a supersalesman.

Answers to Coronet Quick Quizzes

Murdering the King's English

(Quiz on page 35.)

1. effect; 2. in; 3. hanged; 4. incredible; 5. her; 6. stationery; 7. laid; 8. is; 9. whom; 10. I; 11. besides; 12. him; 13. ingenuous; 14. fiancée; 15. uninterested; 16. continual; 17. kind of; 18. mothers-in-law; 19. principal; 20. me; 21. childish; 22. steal; 23. were; 24. whoever; 25. swum.

How's Your Eye-Q?

(Quiz on page 71.)

1. Black; 2. Black; 3. Blue; 4. Green; 5. Red; 6. White; 7. Green; 8. Red; 9. White; 10. White; 11. Green; 12. Silver; 13. Blue; 14. White; 15. Yellow; 16. White; 17. Blue; 18. Green; 19. Blue; 20. Red; 21. Black; 22. Black; 23. Red; 24. Blue, White, Red; 25. Yellow; 26. White; 27. White; 28. Brown; 29. Blue; 30. White; 31. Green; 32. Yellow; 33. White; 34. Red; 35. Green; 36. Blue & White; 37. Red & White; 38. Black; 39. Colorless; 40. White; 41. White; 42. White; 43. Black; 44. Red; 45. Green; 46. Blue; 47. Red; 48. White; 49. Blue; 50. Red.

Monicker Masquerade

(Quiz on page 77.)

1. Thomas Paine; 2. H. G. Wells; 3. Andrew Mellon; 4. John Drinkwater; 5. Alexander Graham Bell; 6. Gertrude Stein; 7. Oscar Wilde; 8. Veronica Lake; 9. Winston Churchill; 10. Nicholas Murray Butler; 11. James Fenimore Cooper; 12. Harry S. Truman; 13. Anthony Eden; 14. Carter Glass; 15. Henry Ford; 16. Alfred Hitchcock; 17. Herbert Hoover; 18. Cary Grant; 19. Lewis E. Lawes; 20. Jimmy Walker; 21. Charles Lamb; 22. William Penn; 23. Molly Pitcher; 24. William Bullitt; 25. Grover Cleveland.

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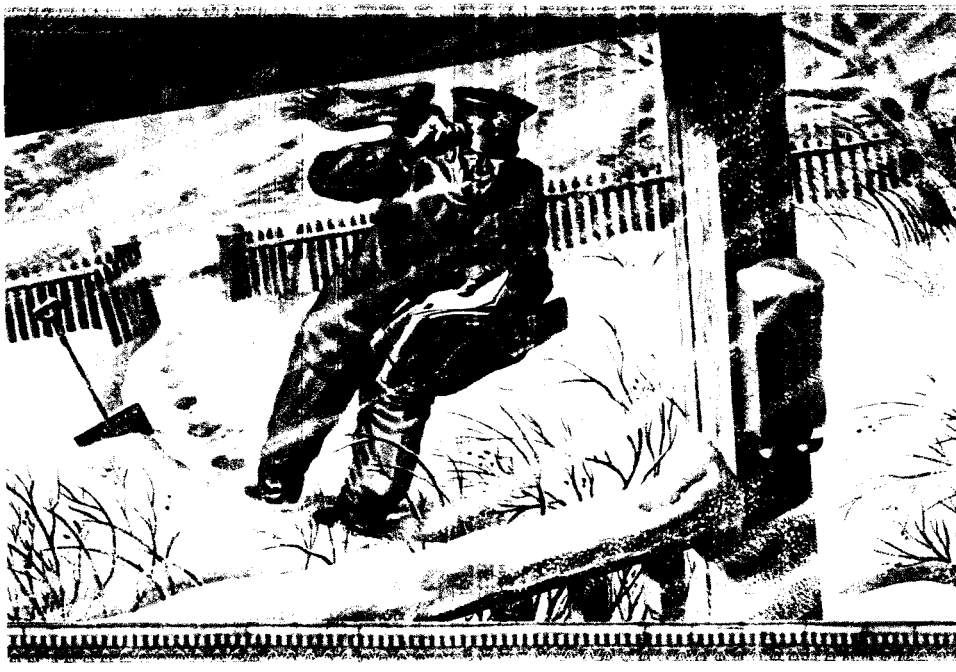

THE MAIL COMES and goes like clockwork, every day without pause or hesitation, moved by plain, hard-working men in gray—the footsloggers over the nation—who carry the mail over 103,442 routes to our doorsteps. Storm and blast, epidemic and disaster may fill the town, but the postman comes through—with a magazine, a bill, a letter from a friend. Few public servitors face greater perils in their work, none have a more profound sense of duty. Take the fabulous postmen who carry mail over the toughest routes in the U. S.—the Star Routes—to our outpost communities and isolated families, where no public transportation is provided, where no railroads run. The wilderness is their thoroughfare and their common challenge, because they serve a nation that assures freedom of communication to all its people. Often death and danger block their paths, and their names are left on the honor roll of duty—like Reinhold Dreahn who froze to death in South Dakota, or the Idaho carrier who vanished under a snowslide, or the Hitchcock brothers in Ohio, who were wedged in ice yet lived to tell of a miraculous rescue and of the clothing that was hacked off them like chunks of armor. Heroes—all of them. Nobody sings the praises of a postman. Gray is his color. It doesn't attract attention.

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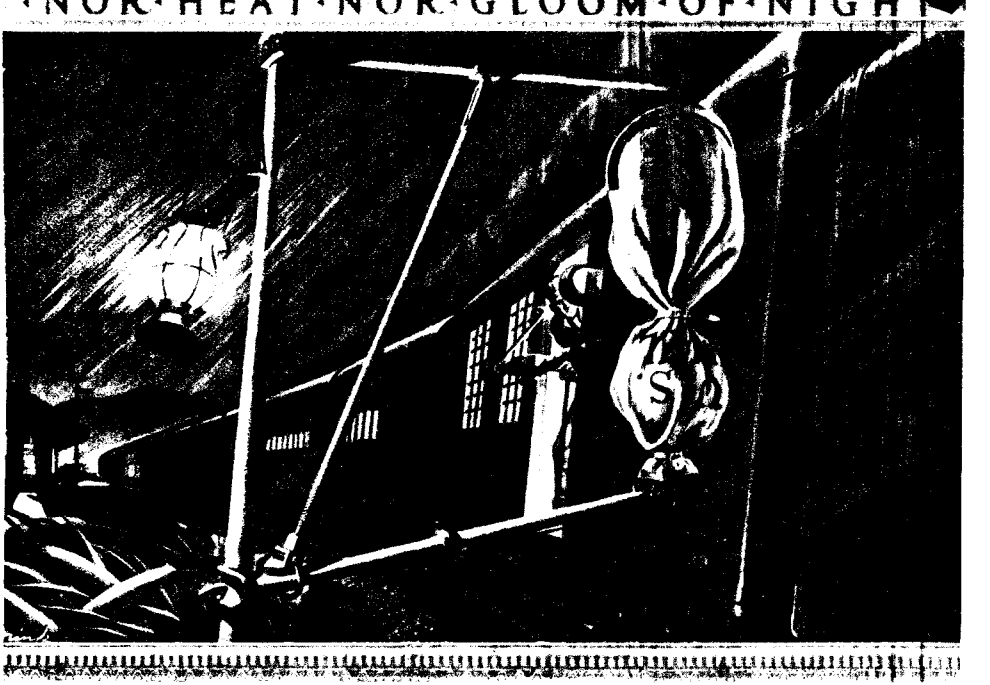

BEFORE THE RAILROADS opened America's West, the Pony Express, with men like Buffalo Bill Cody and Wild Bill Hickok, pushed the mails across the open plains past hostile Indians and prairie pirates. When the stagecoach followed the Pony Express into oblivion, the Iron Horse took over. Today American railroads are the backbone of the greatest transportation system in the world, a giant web of 227,000 miles of track—and virtually every inch carries the mails. Night and day the heavy gray sacks are dumped, hauled and sorted by railway postmen. Officially, Uncle Sam calls them clerks—mail clerks, men like Boothman and O'Hern of the Chicago and New Orleans road. Their job was just routine, until the morning two men swung into their mail car with guns in their hands, demanding an Army payroll pouch. The postmen stood their ground, but when one of the gunmen slammed O'Hern with a pistol butt, Boothman opened fire. Dodging shots and still bleeding, O'Hern slipped out of the mail car and climbed along the moving train, in an attempt to reach the engineer. By now the bandits were desperate. Pulling the emergency air brake, they jammed the train to a stop. One got away, but the other was so seriously wounded that he was unable to move. The clerks, Boothman and O'Hern, had done their job.

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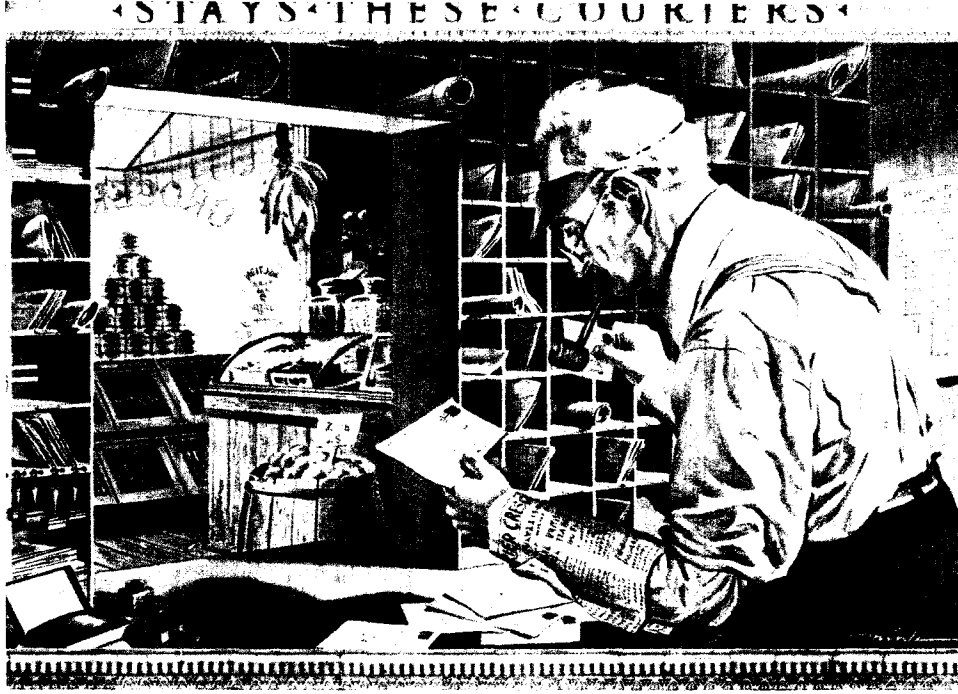

THE UNITED STATES POST OFFICE is one of the largest business enterprises in the world; yet its bosses are everyday men and women—42,000 of them in this land of ours, running 42,000 post offices. In many cities and towns they rank as big officials, holding sway in great stone edifices. In country places they're often the village grocer doubling as postmaster in a rustic cubicle. But they're all doing the same job. Americans pass endlessly before their windows. Buying stamps—20,000,000,000 stamps a year. Money orders; parcel post; special delivery; registered mail; insured mail. Air mail to China, Chile, Cairo, Vladivostok. Canned food for a friend in London. Books to a cousin in St. Louis. There's a special low rate for books—we like to see books get around in America. All this adds up. The Post Office takes in around $1,250,000,000 a year, but it spends more. And postmasters inherit a proud tradition. Ben Franklin was Postmaster General during the Revolution. The Post Office was a branch of the Treasury until 1823. In 1829 Andrew Jackson made the Postmaster General a Cabinet member. And maybe this isn't much history, but in 1833 a tall, plain-looking young man about 24 years old gave up his grocery job to become the village postmaster for New Salem, Illinois. It gave him the start he wanted. His name was Abe Lincoln.

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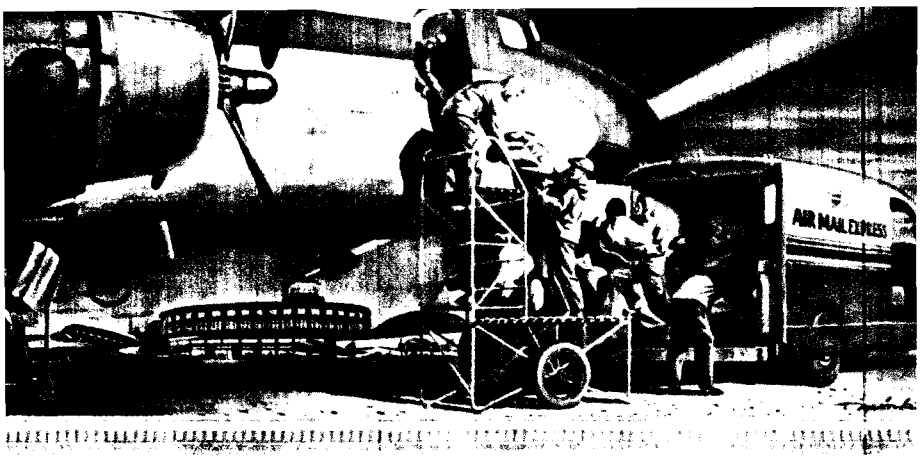

EVERYTHING CARRIES THE MAILS. Boats, dog teams, bicycles, jalopies—whatever man invents to keep things moving. Airplanes were still a radical surprise over the Western Front in 1918, when here at home the government tried a daredevil air-mail run between Washington and New York. Yet Americans condition themselves quickly to their marvels, and within a decade air-mail service was already a familiar, unglamorous fact. Today 28 air lines handle the mails over the Continental U. S., carrying as high as 35,000,000 ton-miles a year. Pilots work for private companies, not for Uncle Sam, but the mail sack wields a curious magic. It swells the heart with duty and the kind of courage that merits the Air Mail Flier's Medal of Honor. The men who earn this bit of metal and ribbon are heroes—real heroes of peace like Roy Warner. One night on a routine flight out of Boise, Idaho, Roy developed engine trouble. As he headed for an emergency landing, the plane suddenly burst into flames. Roy's clothing caught fire. He gripped the stick desperately. The plane went into a spin, landed on one wing, bounced up and came down again right-side-up. Roy jumped out. Then he did a crazy, fearless thing. He rushed back to the burning ship, got the mail sacks and threw them clear, just before a gas-tank explosion ripped his plane to pieces.

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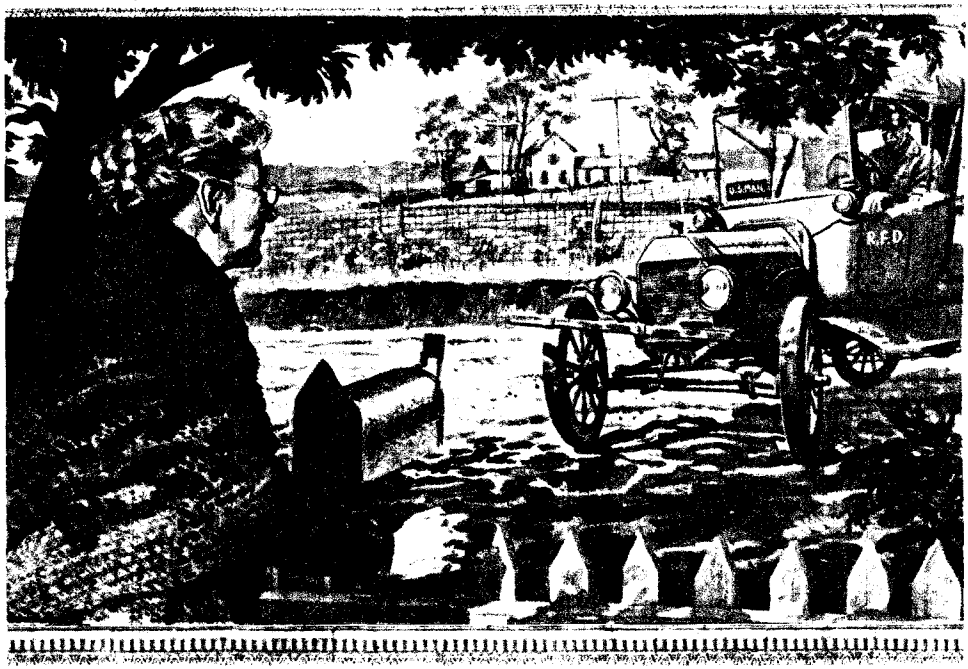

CHARLIE TRUMP is an Oklahoma legend In days when it amounted to small disaster to get a flat tire on a Model T Ford, Charlie got one. He still had 35 miles to go with undelivered mail. He thought of all the folks expecting him that day, and of one or two anxious ones waiting at the mailbox. So, according to Post Office records, resourceful Charlie Trump got out a fresh one-cent stamp, slapped it on for a tube patch and covered his route.

Rural carriers are close to the people. Their day-to-day journey from box to box is a chain of neighborly calls, with time for a word of sympathy or cheer, a bit of gossip or talk of family and farm affairs. They know when a letter is important, when it's a pension check or a bill or a vital message—and they share the hopes and tensions of many a heart along their routes. Sometimes they reach into an R. F. D. box and find a piece of pie or a fresh cut of bacon, sometimes a scrawled, worried message calling for an errand of mercy. They take care of pets, deliver things like baby chicks and hives of buzzing bees. About 8,000,000 American families rely on their R.F.D. postmen who cover a third of the nation's mail routes. The distance they travel a year is enough to encircle the earth five times. "These people I serve are my friends," says one old-timer, "I'd rather have this job than be President of the United States."

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What Do You Know About *Your Heart?*

The most vital organ in the human body is still surrounded by many myths and popular misconceptions; here are facts, not theories, to help you understand how the heart performs its remarkable function of keeping you alive and healthy

by SUSAN VOIGHT

1. *How big is your heart?*

If normal, about the size of your doubled-up fist. The average weight of the heart of a man over 20 is 10.59 ounces. Doctors calculate an increase of about one ounce for every 22 pounds of weight added to your body.

2. *What makes your heart beat?*

Medical men believe that your heart has an ignition system something like that of an automobile engine. Seventy-two times a minute the energy-giving material in millions of tiny muscle "cylinders" is exploded by an electrical impulse.

This impulse starts in a small knot of tissue in the right auricle, called the *sinus node*. In a fraction of a second the impulse speeds through muscular cords that are the equivalent of electrical wires.

3. *How many times does your heart beat in a lifetime?*

If you have an average heartbeat of 72 a minute, your heart will beat about 2,500,000,000 times in a lifetime—or 100,000 times a day.

4. *How does exercise affect heart action?*

When you are resting, blood is forced through your arteries at the rate of 55 feet a minute. When you run very fast, this is stepped up to as much as 450 feet. To accomplish this, your heart may have to increase its normal 72 beats to as many as 200 a minute.

5. *How much work does your heart actually do?*

You have only about five quarts of blood in your body, yet every day more than 9,000 quarts are pumped through your heart, which is capable of pumping the entire amount of blood in your body through in just 53 beats. At top speed it can pump more than 16 quarts a minute. Your heart, however, gets more rest than other parts of the body, because it rests between beats.

6. *When the heart stops beating, does death always result?*

No. Action can be stopped for three to five minutes without fatal results. If a heart stops beating during an operation, drugs usually stimulate it back into action.

An even more remarkable method is now on record. The surgeon makes a swift incision over the heart, then reaches in and gently takes the heart in his hand, pushing it rhythmically against the chest wall in order to imitate normal heart action. After a few minutes of this massage, the heart will usually resume its own beating.

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THE FLAG THAT INSPIRED "THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER" PAINTING BY ROBERT GEISSMANN

The Story Behind "The Star-Spangled Banner"

by NEIL H. SWANSON

THE PRESIDENT of the United States was a fugitive, wandering the country roads on horseback. Behind him, Washington was burning. Fire was licking through the windows of the presidential palace. The halls of Congress were in flames. The north end of the Potomac River bridge was burning. The new warships in the Navy Yard were burning. The Treasury, the

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War Department and the arsenal were burning.

Through the summer night — hot, stifling, black with thunderheads—the American Army also wandered the back roads. That afternoon—the afternoon of August 24, 1814—it had met an invading British enemy, inferior in numbers, near the little town of Bladensburg in Maryland. There the American Army had been beaten. Now it was nothing but fragments.

In Baltimore, 40 miles away, people stood in the streets or climbed to the rooftops to watch the glare that pulsed in the Southern sky. Baltimore liked fires. It liked the noise and commotion that went with them, the jostling, hollering excitement. For Baltimore was a lusty, rambunctious upstart of a town.

Here is the little-known story of Sam Smith, a man most historians overlook in retelling the glorious saga of America's struggle for liberty. Yet it was he who saved embattled Baltimore when the life of our nation was in peril; it was his valiant defense that kept our flag flying to inspire Francis Scott Key to write our national anthem.

But Baltimore was not noisy, that night of August 24, 1814. The people in the streets talked, but in low tones of apprehension. Even the householders trading their opinions from one dormer window to another kept their voices as calm as anxiety would let them. The town was not excited. Its emotions had passed beyond excitement.

All that the town knew, for certain, that night was that Maryland had been invaded—that the overwhelming hostile fleet in Chesapeake Bay had been powerfully reinforced, that it had entered the Patuxent River, that it had put ashore an army somewhere near the town of Benedict.

Nobody knew how big that army was. Five thousand, one story had it. But another made it 20,000. Rumors ran wild. The invading troops were marching northward; they had passed Nottingham; they were going to plunder Baltimore and burn it, wipe it out completely.

That night, nobody doubted that the town was doomed. The only way to save the city seemed surrender. But "citizens in town meeting" wasted no time in reaching a decision. Their decision: fight! But who was to lead the fight? Why Sam Smith, of course. So supreme command was offered to a 62-year-old militiaman.

Sam Smith was a good oak beam of a man. But he was more than a man: he was part of a gallant legend. He was part of that thunderous roll call of battles—Long Island, Harlem, White Plains, Fort Mifflin, the Brandywine, Monmouth. He was part of the old despair, the defeats, the long retreat through the Jerseys; of Morristown, Valley Forge; of the old heartaches, the starving, the freezing, the feet wrapped in rags, the bloody tracks in the snow. He was one of the first Maryland regulars to go in the Revolution.

Sam Smith had a house of his own. He had a wife. He had a son. He had ships at sea. He had helped to found a bank. He was honored, respected, elected to Congress. And time had touched Sam Smith only a little. He was still a military figure, solid and strong; he was dignified, ample and gracious.

Now Sam Smith knew that Balti-

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more was at stake. There were many who believed the life of the nation itself was in danger; that this war was only a continuation of the War for Independence; that if it should be lost, independence would be lost. The danger seemed real, the future dark.

Sam Smith had few illusions. He hadn't been chosen for this new task only because he had been a soldier. The town needed someone it could trust, someone it knew. If Baltimore thought Sam Smith was that man . . . well, he would do what he could.

But he couldn't think only in terms of guns and troops, of so many pounds of rations and so many pounds of powder and shot. He had to consider the town: what kind of town it was and what it could do in a pinch.

NO ONE KNEW WHEN the blow would come, or where, or from what direction. Sam Smith had neither time nor means to prepare against every possible combination of assaults. If attack was coming, it was likely to come quickly. To fortify the whole perimeter of Baltimore would take months. He could hope to defend one point, or two, or three; he could not defend all. But which points? *Which?*

The British might try a land attack, but Sam Smith doubted it. Their fleet was too good: their minds were tied to ships. There was something else, too — Fort McHenry. To a military mind, there's something fascinating about forts. They're like a snake's eyes to a bird. That was half the value of a fort: to draw the enemy on to attack you at your strongest point. Maybe the British would feel honor-bound to attack Fort McHenry.

There was still another reason for thinking the British would come by water; they'd been there before. But they hadn't attacked. Why? What did they have now that they hadn't had before? An army!

They'd come both by land and by water; they'd use both their troops and their fleet. They could use the fleet for two things — to cover the troops and to try to knock out Fort McHenry. The only place they could do both those things at once was North Point.

North Point wasn't the best place for a land attack. It was too narrow. There wasn't room to maneuver. So long as the fort held out, the British couldn't land men within range of its guns; so long as the Americans held out on land, the enemy could not get around the fort and attack from the rear. But if Sam Smith picked a position where he could cover the fort from a land attack and the fort could protect his flanks from a boat attack, the other flank would be out in the open. Well, he couldn't have everything. . . .

He thought it out, half-soldier and half-businessman. He thought of the coming campaign as a business deal: one way to settle a deal was to make the other man sick of the haggling.

Now Sam Smith believed in his men. Given time, they'd make soldiers as tough and steady as any. But he couldn't give them that. He would have to use them as they were. Well then, Baltimore would play fox. *The town was going to dig.*

Sam Smith gave Baltimore no high-sounding sentiments; he did not dress up the job as a "call to

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arms." He issued a call for picks and shovels and asked the town to provide them. Top-hatted gentlemen began to dig. Bankers and stevedores, merchants and hostlers, lawyers and slaves and free Negroes and harness-makers and coopers and wheelwrights and soft-handed shop clerks began to dig.

What Sam Smith needed desperately was more mobile artillery . . . field batteries . . . horse artillery that could be sent at a gallop to any threatened point. Surely the War Department, if it could do nothing else, could find him a few more field guns. But the War Department had a better idea. It decided to take away some of the guns he had. Checking its records, it discovered that Baltimore was preparing to defend itself with 19 field guns that were the property of the Federal Government. The War Department ordered Maj. Gen. Smith to return them at once.

Sam Smith did not refuse to surrender the guns. He explained that the *barrels* of the guns were, indeed, the property of the Federal Government, but that the *carriages* were the property of the city of Baltimore. There would be some difficulty about moving the guns without their wheels. For the time being, therefore, he would be obliged to keep them.

Neil H. Swanson, executive editor of the *Sun* papers in Baltimore, is the author of several books based on neglected aspects of American history. Among them are *The Judas Tree*, *The Flag is Still There* and *The Silent Drum*. This article is taken from one of his newest books, *The Perilous Fight*, published at $3.50 by Farrar & Rinehart, Inc., New York City.

In three weeks Sam Smith had concentrated some 12,000 troops and somehow sheltered them and fed them. He had found muskets, blankets, mess kits for militia levies who came empty-handed. He had found shoes for men who came barefooted. He had somehow filled their cartridge boxes — or their pockets—with 36 rounds. He had turned them into something that at least resembled a "grand army" and the low hills into "heights" which looked "naturally strong" and had been "rendered doubly so" by his entrenchments.

In the American lines, some of Sam Smith's brigade commanders were urging him to make a night attack, to annihilate the enemy. He heard them out. "Yes," he said, "it would be a fine thing." Then he added earnestly: "But when you fight our citizens against British regulars, you're staking dollars against cents."

That was the philosophy on which his whole plan of defense was based. His mission was to keep the enemy from getting Baltimore. He had undertaken to fulfill the mission by convincing the invaders that the price would be too high to pay.

When he sent the City Brigade out to meet superior numbers, he was risking some lives to save many. To the British, it seemed reckless and unnecessary. To Sam Smith, it seemed the best way to give them "an earnest" of what they might expect to pay if they attacked his field works. But he would not spend one life to buy a few cents' worth of glory by attacking when he did not have to attack.

In the end, the British were defeated because Sam Smith had read

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their minds and outguessed them. They had failed to see the weakness of Baltimore, the south and southwest sides unfortified and lacking natural defenses. They had committed themselves to a landing on North Point for an offensive that could be supported by their fleet at the strongest, not the weakest, places. When weeks of naval bombardment failed to shatter the city's defenses, failed to bring Baltimore to its knees, the enemy withdrew, exactly as Sam Smith had intended they should.

Actually, the British army was not beaten. It was driven from the field by one man. It was defeated by the habit of thought on which Sam Smith had based his whole defense—the British habit of believing in the fleet.

The significant, dignified books can't be bothered with Sam Smith. Some of them find room for a grudging line about Francis Scott Key and the verses he wrote during the bombardment of Fort McHenry. Others can't be bothered even with the National Anthem: it has no social significance. As for Sam Smith . . . *Smith?* Who is he? They know all about Andrew Jackson: he saved New Orleans, an important city. But they never heard of Sam Smith.

It doesn't occur to historians that these men marching in Baltimore may have had something to do with the course of a nation's life or with the song of a people, *The Star-Spangled Banner*. They never find out that the flag quite probably would not have been there for Key to write his verses about if Sam Smith, merchant, had not read the enemy's plan of battle—and read it correctly—three weeks before the plan was prepared.

Life Begins at 40 Plus

Dame May Whitty, veteran English actress, is learning to ride a bicycle at the age of 82.

Charles Hill, 86, has worked for 75 years in the same stocking factory in Hinckley, England, without once being late for work.

Dr. Lewis Bremerman celebrated his 70th birthday at Santa Monica, California, by bowling 70 games.

Mrs. Margaret Leonard, frail, tiny and 82, captured an intruder in her New York apartment by swatting him with a sashweight.

Aaron W. Buch, 80, of Lancaster, Pa., walked 23 miles to pick berries.

—HAROLD HELFER

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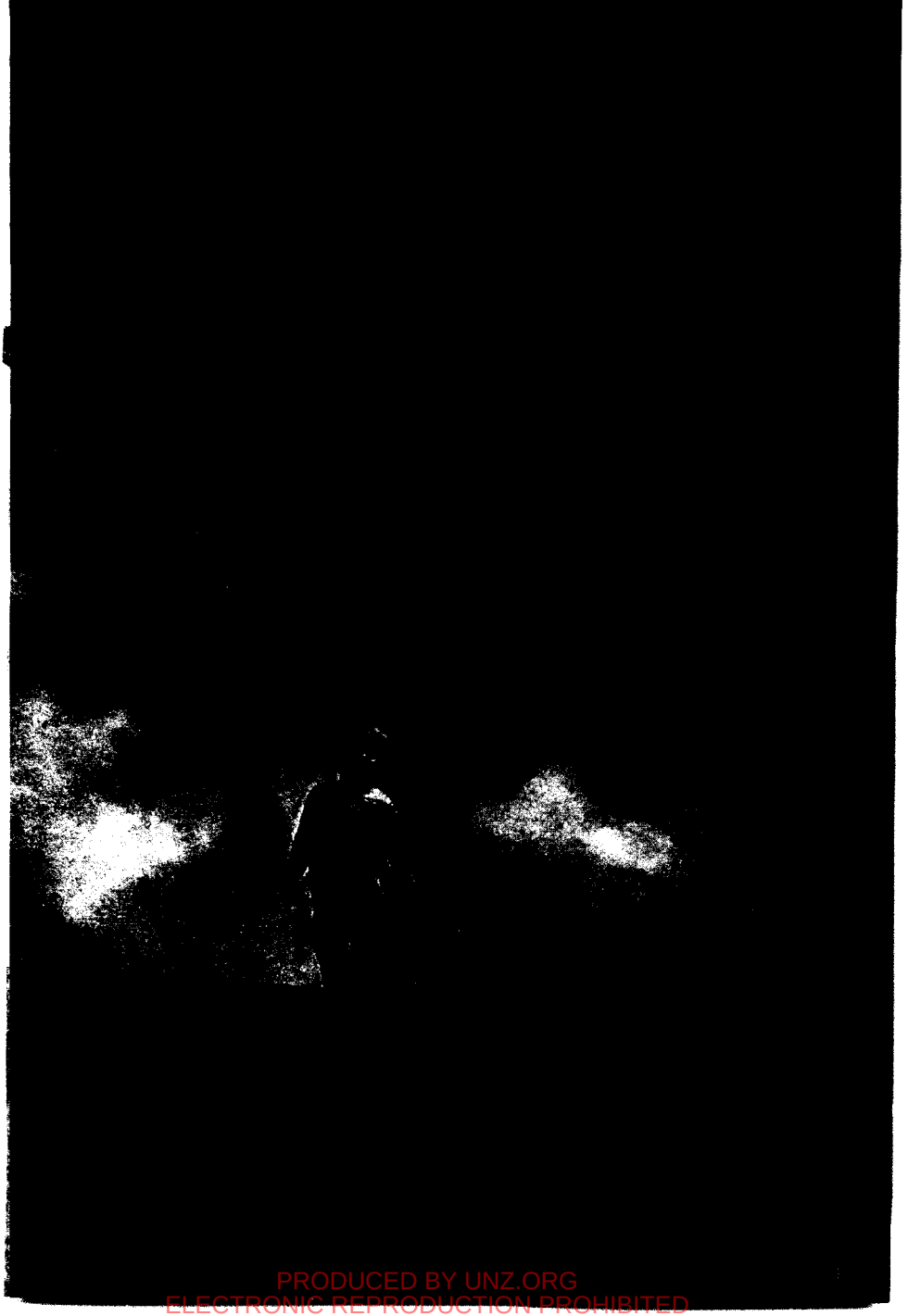

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"Catch me, if you can . . ." Wallace Litwin; New York, N. Y.

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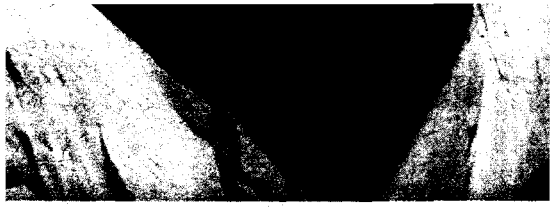

nberg; Long Island City, N. Y.

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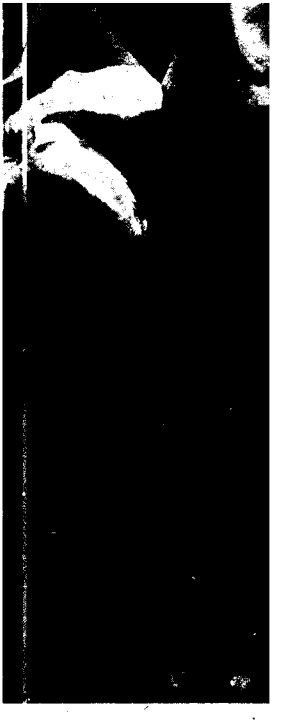

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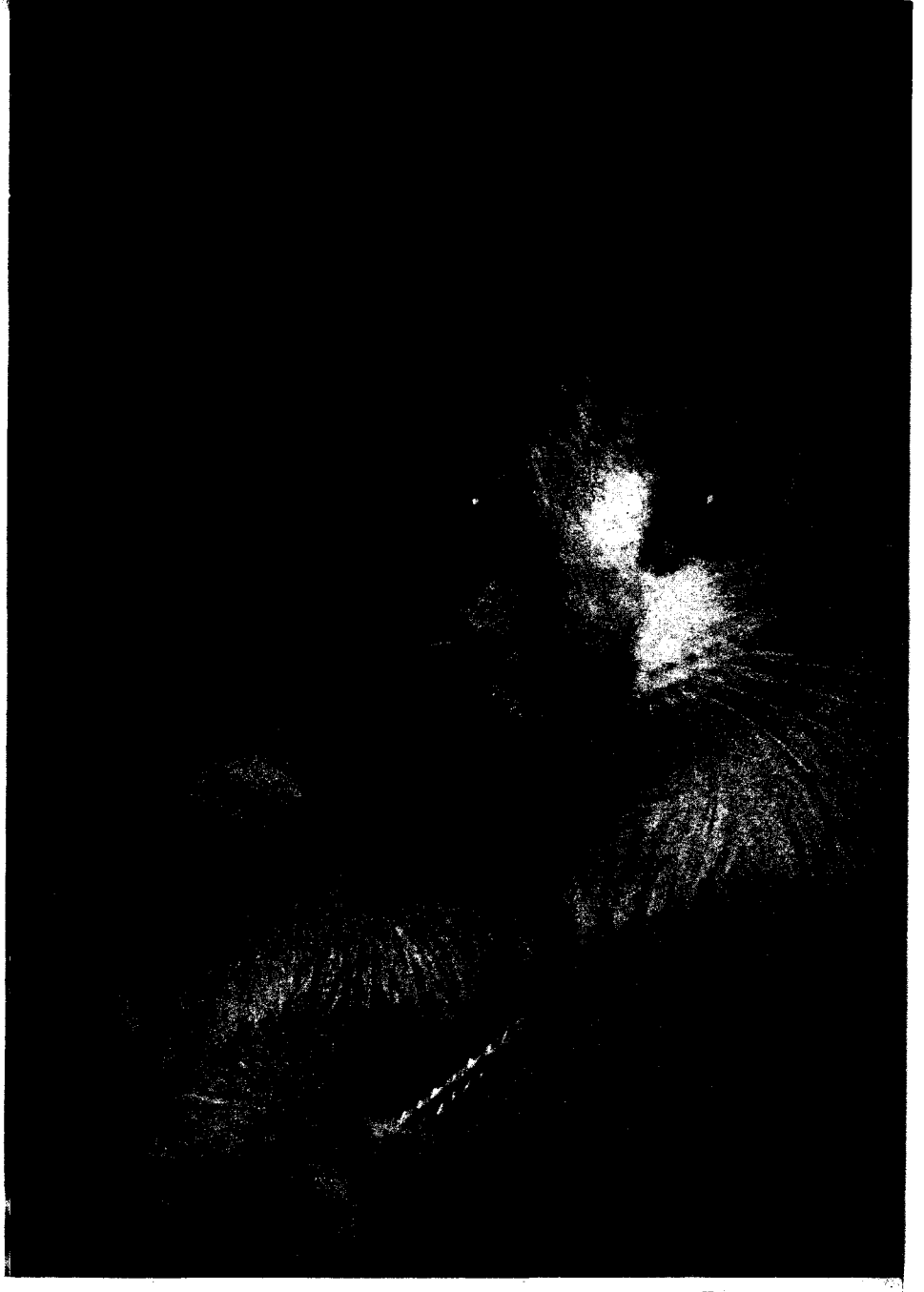

Kay Simmon; New York, N. Y.

Daydream

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Richard B. Ho

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Theodore R. Castle; Santa Barbara, Calif.

Good Companion

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Young David

Dr. John Benus; Philadelphia, Pa.

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Stealing with a Smile

by E. C. ALBRIGHT

TWO TOUGH-LOOKING gunmen drew their pistols and pushed into a Manhattan tavern. One pointed his gun at the bartender and herded the seven customers to one end of the bar. The other rushed to the cash register, shoved the contents into his pocket and then, with a courtly bow, inquired: "May I prepare refreshments for you, gentlemen?"

Under prodding from the firearms, the customers placed their orders. One gunman broke into a sentimental song as he mixed the drinks while the other climbed atop the bar and performed a tap dance. Then the gunmen, blending their voices in duet, made a tuneful exit.

This unusual combination of conviviality and criminality was another incident in a trend—a trend that results from the apparent fact that a strange assortment of unconventional lawbreakers has been on the loose recently, introducing the bizarre, the unexpected, the weird and even the wacky into their operations.

When the manager of a Brooklyn grocery super market arrived for work one morning, he discovered his safe open and $240 gone. But what caught his eye was the huge sign inside the store reading, "Serve Yourself." The burglar had printed some additional words beneath: "Thank you, I did."

A mobile thief pulled up to a gas station near Richmond, Virginia, took $34 from the attendant, then went to the phone and dialed a number. "I've got enough to take you out now, honey," he said.

A Kansas City burglar who broke into homes at night spread thumbtacks on the floors so that barefooted victims he awakened could not pursue him.

Two Tulsa motorists arguing about a minor traffic accident were confronted by two policemen and ordered to appear in court. There they were fined $65. Later they discovered the policemen, the court and the judge were bogus.

Despite the ingenuity displayed by unorthodox practitioners of crime, they, too, have discovered that "crime does not pay."

A thief in Portland, Oregon, noticing a woman in distress, offered to hold her shopping bag while he escorted her across the street. In the midst of a traffic jam he raced off. In the bag: one dead dog.

And the last laugh was surely on the thief who jimmied open a doctor's car in Denver and took 20 phonograph discs. The loot consisted entirely of recordings of the beats of diseased hearts.

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How a Southerner Licked Intolerance

by ERNEST CONINE

Here is the frank confession of a normal Southerner whose lifelong ideas about Negroes were shattered during the war

THREE YEARS ago I angrily left a crowded Army theater because a Negro soldier had taken a seat beside me.

Last week I was one of 20 guests in a minister's home. Eight were Negroes. I had no feeling of discomfort, no awareness of difference in color. We were just American citizens discussing common problems. And this gathering took place not in the North, but in Dallas, Texas, deep in the land of Jim Crow.

How did a Southern white, reared in the common tradition, escape the shackles of intolerance? My initiation into human decency came after passing through two stages: first, acquisition of the *desire* to learn the truth about Negroes; and second, finding an *opportunity* to do so. It is my opinion that the so-called "Negro problem" would cease to exist if every Southern white experienced these steps in development.

I say this because I consider myself a normal Southerner, not one set aside as "different." Too often those who criticize us tend to forget that ideas absorbed from the cradle onward are not easily laid aside.

As a child, and later as an adolescent, my life was the usual one of church every Sunday, school during the week and a movie Saturday afternoon. Until I entered the Army, there was no "race problem" for me because I had simply never thought about it.

To me, Negroes were people unfortunate enough to have been born black. They mowed lawns, "took in washing," shined shoes, did all the menial jobs. Perhaps I felt sorry for them, but I didn't dream of questioning the social order. After all, hadn't God made men black and white?

I entered the Army Air Forces in 1944, and for the first few months I encountered nothing to change my views. All my buddies were Texans and the training camps at which I was stationed practiced racial segregation.

Only one observation haunted

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my mind. While I was stationed at Ellensburg, Washington, I noticed that, although a Negro family in this town of 6,000 was not considered inferior, any Chinese who happened to pass through received a cold welcome.

This attitude was the opposite of that in Texas, where one of my close friends in high school was a Chinese. Though indignant, I still failed to perceive the historic and economic factors underlying these different attitudes.

The first real shock came when I was sent to radio communications school at Scott Field, 30 miles from St. Louis. With a friend from Birmingham, I entered the mess hall. No sooner were we seated than a big, grinning Negro soldier sat down across from us.

Promptly we moved to another table. But it did no good, since we discovered that not only must we eat with Negroes but that 100 of them would be our classmates in radio school. Segregation was observed only in sleeping quarters.

It didn't take long to become accustomed to eating with Negroes and sitting beside them in classroom, lecture hall and movie theater, but we Southerners (and most of those from the North) refrained from personal conversations.

Then something strange happened. When our class was graduated, the honor student was Howard Wilcox, a quiet Negro boy from Brooklyn.

I found this hard to swallow. As I had been an honor student in Dallas, I failed to understand how a Negro boy could have solved the complexities of radio better than I. Obviously, something was wrong. Ideas instilled in me early in life were being challenged.

Thus I cleared the first hurdle: I determined to learn the truth about Negroes. Was Howard Wilcox an exception among his race, as had been Booker T. Washington and George Washington Carver, or was I wrong in my lifelong belief that Negroes were just naturally "dumb" and lazy?

Through inquiry, I discovered that the Negro students were almost entirely from the North and East. Most, including Wilcox, were high-school graduates and a few had attended college. But I wasn't ready to yield to logic. I told myself that, although perhaps a Negro *could* learn as much as a white man, the fact that so few take the trouble to become educated proves the shiftlessness of the race.

Nevertheless, I conceded in my mind that Negroes should have better schools in Texas. Secretly I was ashamed that these colored soldiers from the North were so much more intelligent than any I had met in my native state. But I wanted these improvements *within* Jim Crow. I wasn't yet prepared to part with Southern tradition.

FOR SOME TIME AFTER leaving Scott Field I had no occasion to think more about the race question. Then, in November 1945, I reported to the separation center at Fort Sheridan, Illinois, near Chicago, where as an occupational counselor, I interviewed hundreds of men about to re-enter civilian life. There were white men, colored men, yellow men, red men. I talked to illiterates and I talked to Ph.D's.

Some were nervous combat vet-

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erans whose records read like headlines — Salerno, Kwajalein, Iwo, Normandy. Others had seen nothing more perilous than KP duty in a state-side mess hall. It was more than a parade of human behavior —it was a parade of America.

This marked my second step toward tolerance—the opportunity to meet and understand the Negro. I learned a lot, but the most important single fact was that all men are basically alike, with common aspirations, fears and problems.

As I shook hands with intelligent young Negro veterans, men eagerly looking foward to the "opportunities" of civilian life, I began wondering what kind of life they could carve for themselves in an America in which colored college graduates work as porters, street sweepers and floor polishers.

A few weeks later I was on a train, bound for Dallas and a furlough. When the train crossed into Arkansas, the conductor asked a well-dressed Negro and his wife and son to move to the Jim Crow car. As I watched the look of humiliation on the faces of this small family, I realized that I had permanently discarded my Southern heritage.

I was discharged from the Army in 1946 and have since been attending Southern Methodist University. Perhaps common experiences breed common views, but I have found that many veterans—native Southerners—share my belief that Jim Crow laws are a violation of human dignity. We also believe that the South is jeopardizing its welfare by maintaining a caste system that brings economic and social ills to the entire population, whites included.

Recently, my discussion group had several Negroes as guests. As an experiment, I took along a friend who champions white supremacy. For the first time in his life he met educated Negroes. And for the first time in his life, he addressed Negroes as Mr. and Mrs.

That friend of mine is still a supporter of the Jim Crow system, but a doubt has been planted in his mind. Now he is thinking. When he becomes convinced that there *is* something wrong in the setup, he will be well on his way to tolerance in race relations. And then he will tell others.

In this process of telling others what he has learned, and finally convincing them, lies the secret of abandoning intolerance for a profound belief in the human decency of all our fellow men.

The Radio Influence

GROUCHO MARX was dining in a Hollywood restaurant when the bus boy, carrying a huge tray of glasses, stubbed his toe. He went down in a deafening crash and splinter of glass. The restaurant was, for a moment, stunned to silence. Then Groucho rose to the occasion.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he announced, "that was Johnny you just heard—stepping out of thousands of store windows all over the country." —HARRIET VAN HORNE

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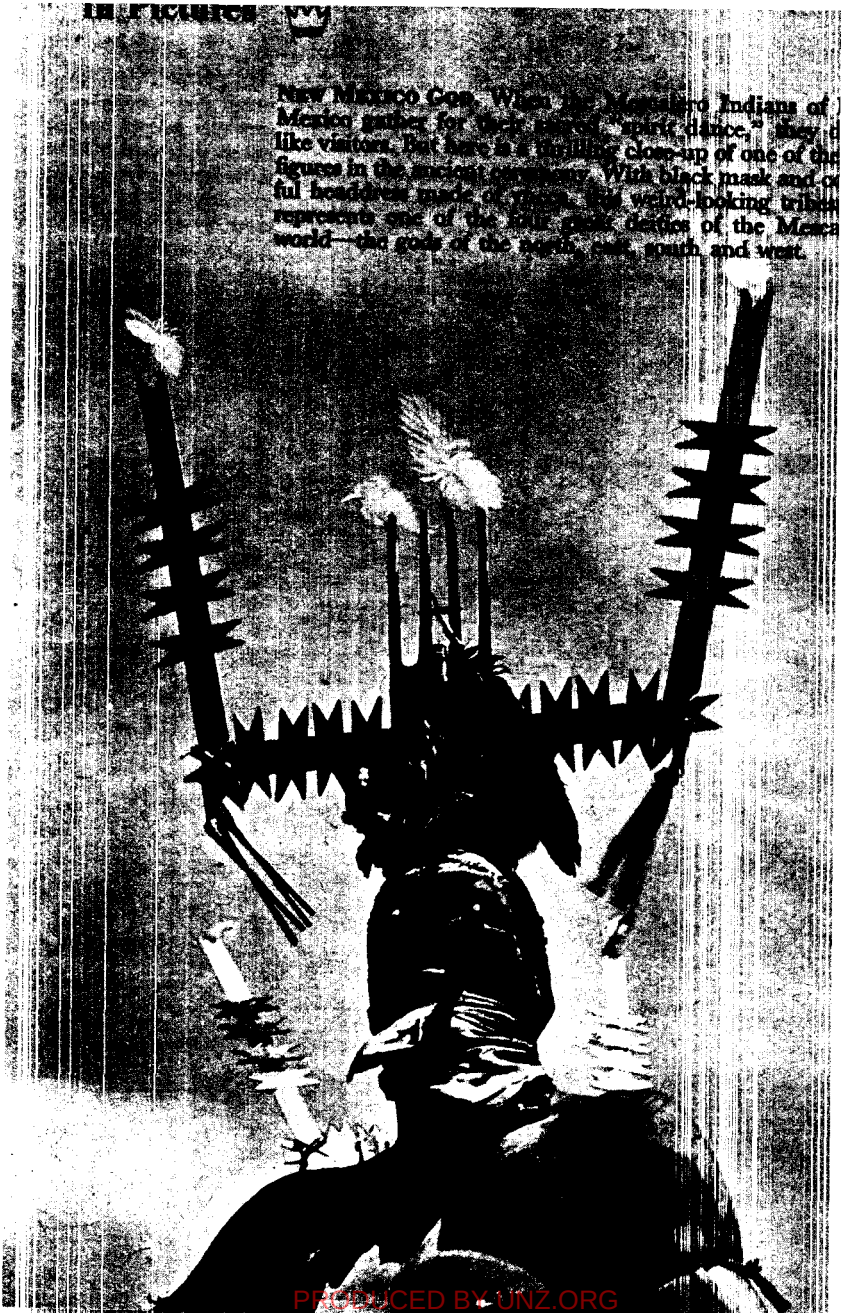
New Mexico Corn. When the Mescalero Indians of
Mexico gather for their annual "sports dance," they
like visitors. But here is a thrilling close-up of one of the
figures in the ancient ceremony. With black mask and
ful headdress made of
represents one of the
world—the gods of the north, east, south and west.



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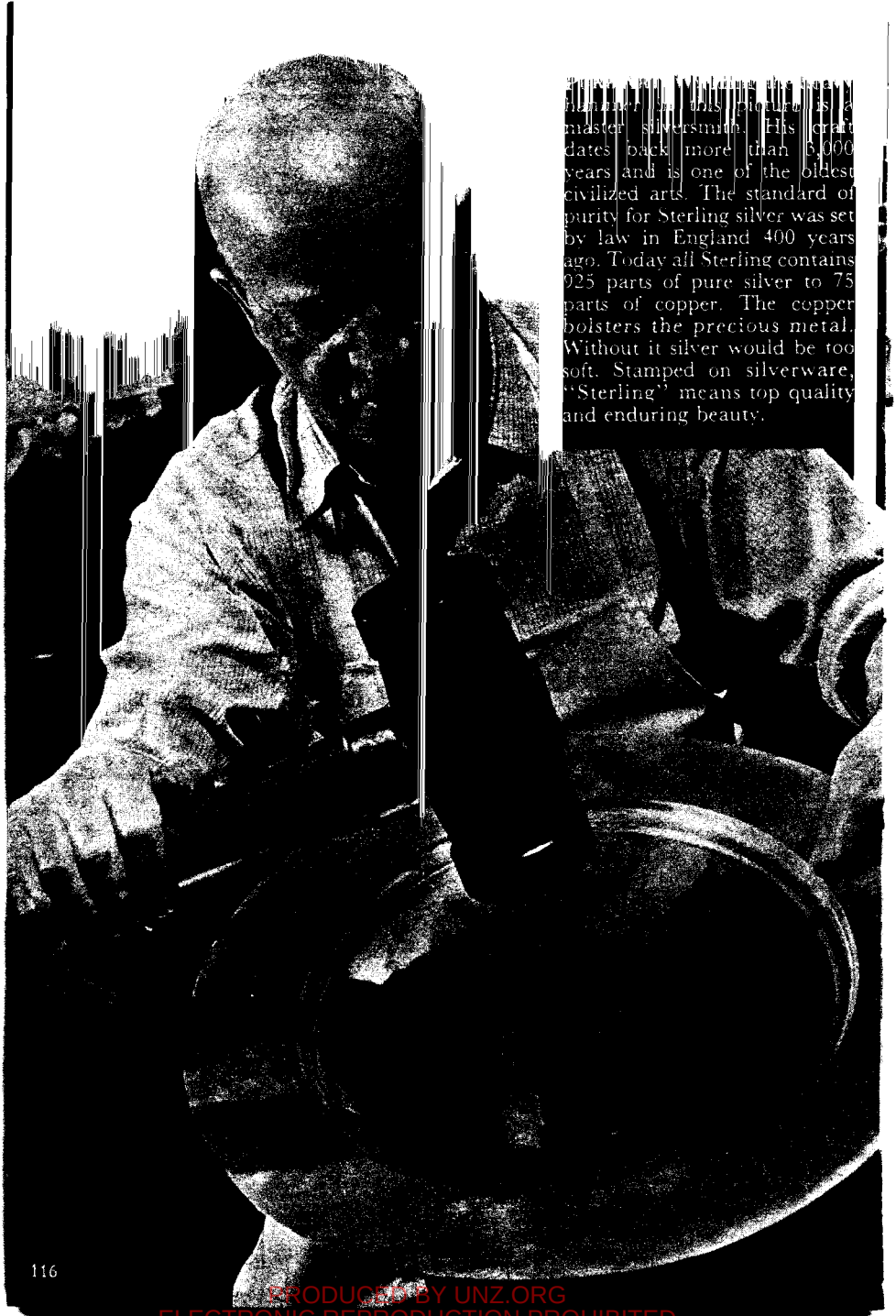

Hannah Flint, this picture's master silversmith. His craft dates back more than 6,000 years and is one of the oldest civilized arts. The standard of purity for Sterling silver was set by law in England 400 years ago. Today all Sterling contains 925 parts of pure silver to 75 parts of copper. The copper bolsters the precious metal. Without it silver would be too soft. Stamped on silverware, "Sterling" means top quality and enduring beauty.

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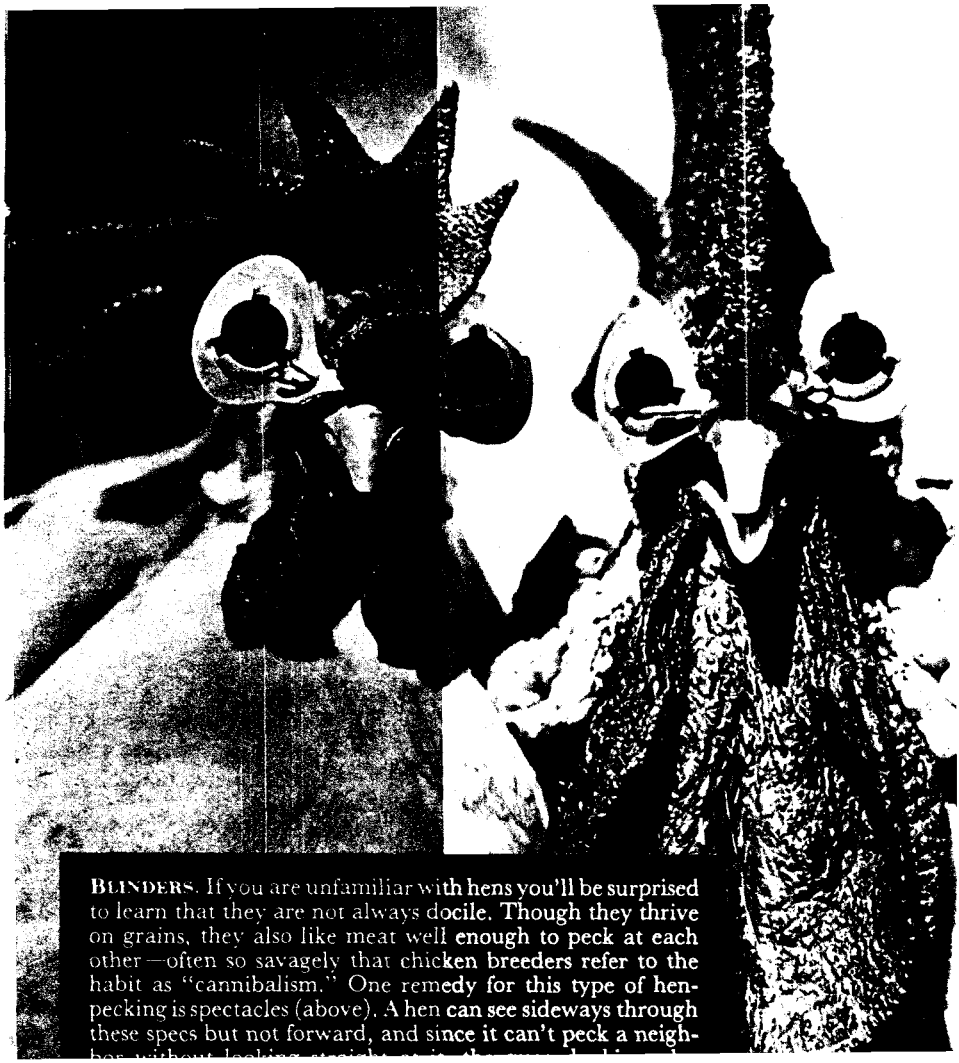

BLINDERS. If you are unfamiliar with hens you'll be surprised to learn that they are not always docile. Though they thrive on grains, they also like meat well enough to peck at each other—often so savagely that chicken breeders refer to the habit as "cannibalism." One remedy for this type of hen-pecking is spectacles (above). A hen can see sideways through these specs but not forward, and since it can't peck a neigh-

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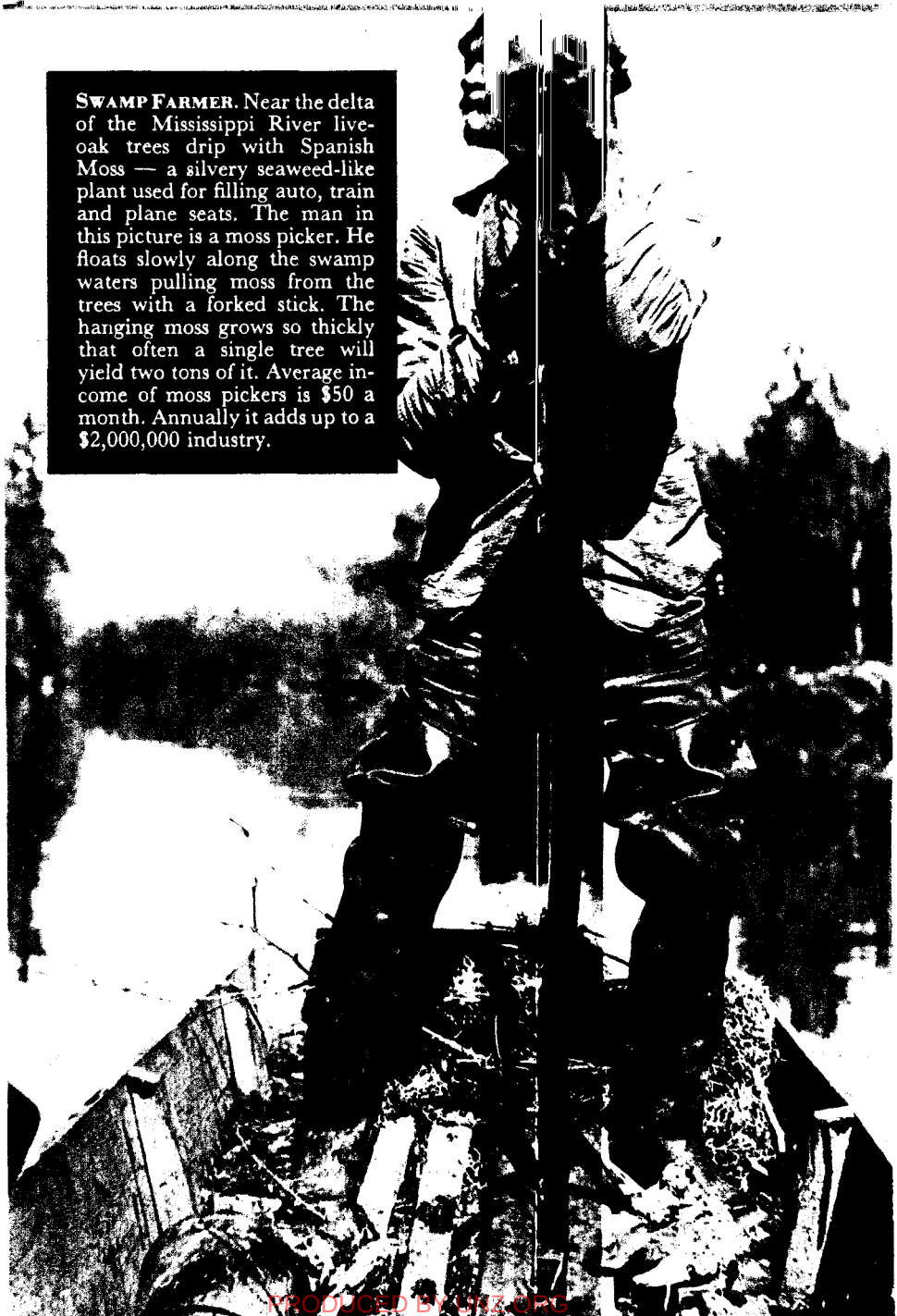

SWAMP FARMER. Near the delta of the Mississippi River live-oak trees drip with Spanish Moss — a silvery seaweed-like plant used for filling auto, train and plane seats. The man in this picture is a moss picker. He floats slowly along the swamp waters pulling moss from the trees with a forked stick. The hanging moss grows so thickly that often a single tree will yield two tons of it. Average income of moss pickers is $50 a month. Annually it adds up to a $2,000,000 industry.

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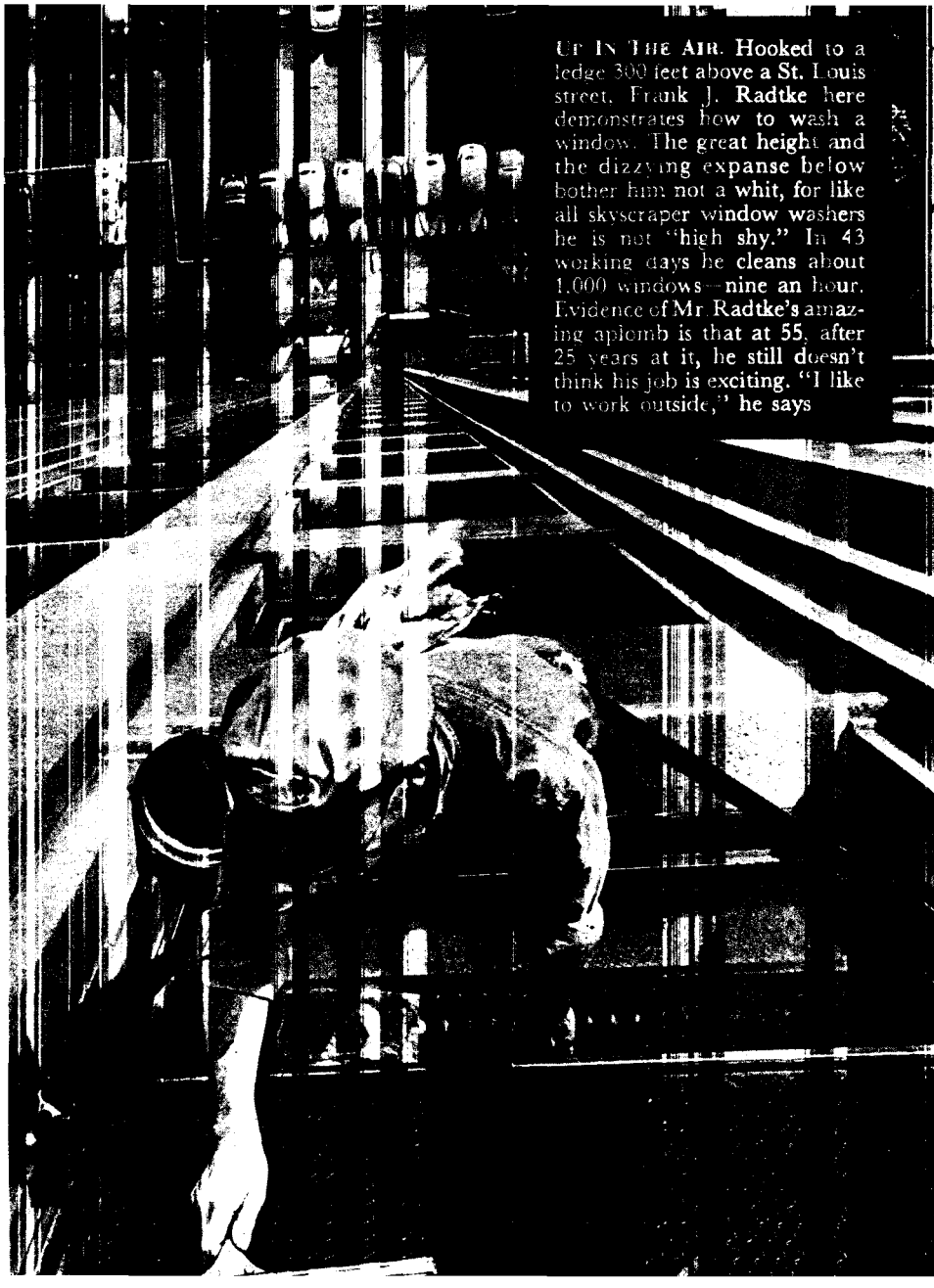

UP IN THE AIR. Hooked to a ledge 300 feet above a St. Louis street, Frank J. Radtke here demonstrates how to wash a window. The great height and the dizzying expanse below bother him not a whit, for like all skyscraper window washers he is not "high shy." In 43 working days he cleans about 1,000 windows—nine an hour. Evidence of Mr. Radtke's amazing aplomb is that at 55, after 25 years at it, he still doesn't think his job is exciting. "I like to work outside," he says

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LUNT and FONTANNE

First Family of the Theater

by LAWRENCE LADER

A scintillating husband-and-wife team are already stage immortals, yet they still worry about giving a good performance and admit they get the jitters on opening nights

ALFRED LUNT AND Lynn Fontanne, most famous acting team in the world today, are not only the last great stars in the glittering theater tradition that once saw the King of England sitting at the feet of Lillie Langtry and Diamond Jim Brady drinking champagne from Lillian Russell's slipper: they are also its greatest paradox.

At the opening of their most recent success, *O Mistress Mine*, the most ermine-draped, bejeweled audience that New York had seen in years crowded into the Empire Theater. Hollywood stars flew in from the Coast. Local socialites fought for a pair of tickets. After the final curtain, Miss Fontanne's dressing room was so filled with flowers that she couldn't close the door. Then, when the last well-wishers had left their dressing room, the Lunts quietly slipped into a taxi and went home to enjoy—two heaping bowls of cornflakes.

Why the Lunts ate cornflakes by themselves, instead of caviar and champagne at the lavish parties to which they were invited, is as much a part of the paradox as why they still go through the same agony at each performance as they did 24 years ago. Friends of Lunt's who rush to congratulate him after a performance often find him sitting with head in hands, groaning: "It was awful, awful. I never should have been an actor!"

If he hears a whisper in the audi-

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ence during a scene, he has been known to stay up half the night, worrying about what he did wrong. If a snowstorm is raging outside and two seats are empty, he may run to the company manager, crying: "The show's a flop. We've got to close!" But the Lunts are gripped by the worst fear of all before the first-act curtain goes up.

"We both dread it," Lunt groans. "Each time, we hope to God we can get through all right."

Since their appearance together in *The Guardsman* in 1924, the Lunts have worried themselves into a staggering succession of 20 hits. Two of these, *Idiot's Delight* and *There Shall Be No Night*, have been awarded Pulitzer prizes. At least six others, including *Reunion in Vienna*, *Elizabeth the Queen* and *Amphitryon 38*, ranked among the "Ten Best" of the year. In fact, any play the Lunts appear in soon becomes a national institution.

In the matter of box-office receipts, the Lunts also have no peers. Other stars like Katharine Hepburn and Tallulah Bankhead may have outdrawn them at various times, but for 24 years the Lunts have been the biggest moneymakers in theater history. Their income is more than $200,000 a year, and if they had wanted to make Hollywood pictures, they could have doubled the figure without trouble. Their box-office draw is so great that they have kept their present vehicle, *O Mistress Mine*, generally described as "slight" and "flimsy," playing to capacity audiences for more than three years.

When Robert Sherwood was asked his secret for being a successful playwright, his only suggestion was: "Write plays for the Lunts." And Lewis Nichols, critic of the New York *Times*, once remarked that the Lunts could even give readings of the telephone directory and sell out the theater at $6 a head.

The Lunts today are more than stars—they are a theater tradition. When they tour small cities throughout the country, it is as big an event as the arrival of the circus. Every local dignitary turns out to greet them. The audience is filled with farmers, who often drive hundreds of miles to the theater. People follow them into restaurants, anxious to see what dish Lunt orders or what hat Miss Fontanne is wearing.

"Wherever they go," scenic designer Robert Edmond Jones observed, "they bring with them all the excitement of the theater. It radiates from them. It glitters like a Christmas tree. The whole town is at their feet."

It has been said that more Americans have seen the Lunts than any other actors on the American stage. In one season of touring a few years back, they played to 500,000 people in 60 cities. Altogether they have appeared before audiences totaling at least 10,000,000. And they still love to take their plays to every section of the country. The excitement of one-night stands is in their blood.

Arriving at Little Rock, Arkansas, on one tour, they had six hours to convert the high-school gymnasium into a theater. Scenery, props and costume trunks had to be carried up three flights of stairs. The stage was under basketball nets. Canvas dressing rooms were installed on the floor of the gym for the women, while the men were as-

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signed to the "Visiting Team's" quarters.

Often, the Lunts go to bed at 2 A.M. in one town and are up at 6 to catch a train to the next. Even on a few hours sleep, Miss Fontanne invariably shows up looking like a teen-ager who has just stepped from a bandbox. On one tour, the company included three dwarfs and an assortment of acrobats.

"We were a weird collection," one actor recalls. "At Amarillo, Texas, we got to the station at 6 A.M. only to find that the train was hours late. We just stood there, shivering and bedraggled. Then Miss Fontanne started collecting wood and soon had a roaring bonfire going beside the tracks. In a few minutes she had organized games, and railroad men watched in amazement while this motley crew of actors, dwarfs and acrobats played tag and leapfrog."

ALTHOUGH THE LUNTS' personal and professional lives have been inextricably linked for years, they are fiercely individualistic. He has always insisted that his wife be called Miss Fontanne, and he himself always calls her that instead of "my wife" or "Mrs. Lunt."

Lunt is the more temperamental of the two, occasionally flying into rages when some member of the cast fails to reach the high standards he demands. But his anger passes quickly, and then he worries for hours that he has hurt someone's feelings. In his periods of stress, Miss Fontanne rushes to the rescue. "Now, Alfred," she says, "calm yourself, darling. Life's too short."

She has a cool, silvery voice that could quiet Mt. Aetna, and only once, during a last-minute rehearsal before the opening of *Marco Millions*, did it fail to do the job. Lunt was trying on a costume that he had never seen before. Suddenly he burst out of the dressing room, tearing off the costume as he ran, shouting: "It's awful, simply awful! I can't wear it."

"Now, Alfred," cautioned Miss Fontanne, putting a warning hand on his arm. But he was still intent on ripping off the hated costume, and in the process his wife went sprawling into the orchestra pit.

If the occasion calls for it, Lunt has a ready wit. Noel Coward, one of his intimates, often spends hours pouring out new plans in his ear because Lunt is a remarkably patient listener. In the midst of hearing one such plan, which as usual was aimed at bringing Coward much new success and even more money, Lunt interrupted: "There you go again, Noel! Dreaming with your feet in the clouds and your head in the box office."

Lunt is a remarkably handsome man with a high forehead and bushy eyebrows. His hair is now gray, and contrasted with the pinstripe suits he likes to wear, would easily qualify him as an elder statesman. But his most striking characteristic is his voice, strong and rich and rolling.

Although tall and with broad shoulders, he has never been physically robust. As a boy he had peritonitis, and has never since been allowed to take heavy exercise. Following a serious operation a year back, he now must follow a strict diet, which rules out liquor and too much coffee. However, since his diet consists mainly of

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starches, his weight is beginning to worry him. Even worse, Lunt is a brilliant chef and now cannot eat many of his own specialties.

When they are in New York, the Lunts give small parties, attended by a few close friends like Thornton Wilder, S. N. Behrman, Robert Sherwood and Theresa Helburn. On those occasions, Lunt puts on a chef's hat and concocts exotic dishes with names like "And Now The Priest Fainted," a blend of eggplant, garlic, onions and celery. And when they are vacationing at their farm in Genesee Depot, Wisconsin, the gleaming modern kitchen is Lunt's special pride.

Genesee Depot, in fact, is the mecca to which the Lunts turn for rest and escape at every possible moment. The main house is a Swedish manor with a large court and five huge chimneys. The walls are red-brown, the trimmings blue; and there is also a small studio where his mother lives, a swimming pool, barns and stables.

In summer, Lunt likes to get up at 6 A.M. and work in the fields. Recently, he installed large windows in the chicken house so that his hens could see what was going on outside, and now he swears that egg production has doubled. In addition to 200 chickens, he has four cows, two pigs and a horse named "Franklin."

Lunt's only other hobby is collecting toy theaters—miniatures of the real thing with stages, lights, props, backdrops and cardboard cutouts of actors and actresses. Many of his best ones were picked up in musty shops abroad while he and his wife were playing there during the war. When he came home, the Museum of the City of New York asked him to prepare an exhibit, and for weeks he worked in overalls with hammer and glue, preparing a display. On opening day, he was more excited about the 500 people who came to see his models than about the thousands who jammed the Empire Theater to see him on the stage.

IN FAMILY AFFAIRS, the Lunts trade responsibilities. He leaves all practical problems to her: she insists that he select her clothes at the shops. This is the supreme compliment to Lunt's taste, for Miss Fontanne is known as one of the best-dressed women in the theater. Her clothes come from the most expensive of dressmakers, but she takes greater pride in the dresses she makes herself.

Miss Fontanne confesses to a series of contradictions. Although she has created some of the most sophisticated roles in the theater, she can be painfully shy. It is said that during her first few meetings with Lunt, both were so tongue-tied that their conversation consisted of short sentences divided by long pauses.

People who accept the cynical axiom that an actress' beauty is two-thirds make-up are amazed to find that Miss Fontanne is even more beautiful at close range than on the stage. Her skin has the strange whiteness of Wedgwood china, and makes a striking contrast with her dark hair, combed back sharply from her forehead.

Always about her is a sense of excitement. It comes from her voice: it comes also from her movements. Even when she enters a room, it is

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as dramatic as though she had stepped onto the center of a stage. She never seems to be walking or running. She glides, she undulates.

Walter Winchell, who once called her "the Fontanne of youth," never coined a better bon mot. The amazing thing is that she seems to get younger and more beautiful each year. Oddly enough, in her early days on the stage, she was once described as "that scraggly, gawky girl with the raucous laugh." As a result she spent years teaching herself to be beautiful.

Lunt's part in this transformation was undoubtedly large, but the real source of her beauty comes from inside. It seems to bubble out inexhaustibly, expressing itself in a dozen ways, such as the saucy tilt of her chin or the way she shows off a new gown like a schoolgirl.

"Of course, Lynn is a beautiful woman," an intimate friend of hers has said, "but she's a great deal more than that. She's like a magnificent young butterfly, just bursting from a cocoon."

PEOPLE NEVER GET TIRED of analyzing the secret of success of great stars in the theater. In the case of the Lunts, this is no easy matter for they are complex individuals who belong to a special tradition. In a very real sense, their lives are dedicated to the theater: they live it, sleep it and eat it. Nothing else is allowed to interfere.

For 24 years, their daily schedule has been strict and inflexible. They get at least eight hours sleep a night, eat a light breakfast around 1 P.M., and take their large meal at 5. Nothing they do the rest of the day, whether it's shopping, walking or visiting, is allowed to tire them or to interfere with their performance that evening.

They reach the theater promptly at 7, at least an hour before the rest of the cast, and leave almost immediately after the show. They never go to parties. In their whole career, they have probably been to night clubs not more than half a dozen times.

This complete concentration on the theater reached its peak on matinee days during the run of *O Mistress Mine* in New York. Rather than risk tiring themselves by a 20-minute taxi trip home for dinner, they simply went down to the furnace room, where food had been stored earlier in the day, and quietly cooked their evening meal over the furnace.

Always they are haunted by dreams of perfection. They are never satisfied that the play, as they are acting it, is the best that they can do. They are tormented by the idea that a little more rehearsal, or the change of inflection in a speech, or perhaps a new bit of "business" on the stage will bring a scene to new grandeur.

This ceaseless drive for perfection begins the day a play goes into rehearsal. The Lunts rehearse over the breakfast table, rehearse in a cab going to the theater, and are still rehearsing at dinner that evening. If one of them wakes up in the night with a new idea, they get up and start rehearsing all over again.

"I've seen them do a scene over 20 times," producer John C. Wilson, who has been associated with them for years, said recently. "Each time I think it couldn't be done better. And then Alfred or Lynn will say:

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'No, darling, that just isn't right. Let's try it again.' And then the whole process starts over."

Even when a hit show has been running for months, they are constantly changing. The night before the closing of *Design for Living*, Miss Fontanne announced that she had an exciting idea. In one scene, where she had to pull a letter from her handbag, she had discovered that the audience laughed if the letter came out quickly. Now, determined to make the laugh a certainty, she suggested having a spring attachment designed to snap the letter from the bag.

"But we close tomorrow night," someone protested, thinking of the mechanical headaches involved in securing one extra laugh.

"What of it?" Miss Fontanne retorted. "We've still got two more performances!"

The Lunts demand the same perfection from every member of their cast as they demand from themselves. Noel Coward once laughingly remarked that every young actor wants to get into the Lunt company, only to discover afterward that he has landed in the hands of the Gestapo. Such training, however, has produced new stars like Richard Whorf, Thelma Schnee and Uta Hagen.

The Lunts are tremendously generous, often giving large gifts to members of the cast or redistributing their profits in a play. Miss Fontanne holds regular auditions for young actors and actresses, and sends promising talent to producers with notes of recommendation. In Chicago a few years ago, she was responsible for placing Phyllis Thaxter, then a minor member of the company, in the lead role of the road company of *Claudia*.

As a result of the strong bonds of loyalty between the Lunts and their company, stars like Dudley Digges, Ernest Cossart, Earle Larimore, Sydney Greenstreet and Edward G. Robinson insisted on staying with them for years. Even their present stage manager, secretary, valet and maid have been with them for at least a decade. Their company manager, Lawrence Farrell, first came into their employ as a valet.

"A friend of Mr. Lunt's recommended me for the job," Farrell recalls. "The first morning I went to work, they asked me to make toast and coffee for breakfast. When they finished, they both said it was the finest toast and coffee they had ever tasted. That happened 21 years ago, and things have been just as perfect ever since."

LOOKING BACK ON A joint career as epochal as that of Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne, it is customary to seek proof that the gods must have smiled on their first meeting. The proof in their case is overwhelming. They met backstage in 1919, while he was making his first hit in *Clarence*. The effect on Alfred was so jolting that he stepped backwards, lost his balance and tumbled down a short flight of stairs. George S. Kaufman immediately observed: "He sure fell for her!"

Alfred's father was a Maine lumberman who moved to Milwaukee, where his son was born. When the father died soon afterward, his mother remarried a Finnish doctor named Sederholm. Both were enthusiastic theatergoers, and they

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took Alfred to his first performance at the age of three. His career was settled at that moment. From then on, he insisted on going to every show that came to town.

At high school in Milwaukee, and at Carroll College in Waukesha, classmates remember him best as a slapstick comedian. But Alfred had dreams of being a great tragedian. However, when he prepared a recital of Poe's *The Telltale Heart*, his college mates were so accustomed to his comic roles that they laughed as soon as he opened his mouth.

"He rolled his eyes and made a tragic gesture," one friend remembers. "The audience chuckled. Then he spoke, and laughter drowned his words. . . . Poor Alfred! He was absolutely crushed. He stayed home from school a week, refusing to see any of us."

After leaving college, Lunt's professional career hardly paralleled the American rags-to-riches saga. He never huddled in a garret, even though his first job at $5 a week for the Castle Square Theater in Boston allowed few luxuries. He never starved, although he was forced to cook at home to save restaurant bills. Gradually he advanced from role to role until he was leading man for Laura Hope Crewes and touring the country in vaudeville opposite the fabulous Lillie Langtry. Within five years, he had his first big break.

He was playing in Boston when Booth Tarkington stopped in to see him and was so impressed that he told Lunt: "I'm going to write a play for you." The play was *Clarence*, the story of a gentle, bumbling soldier, returned from war. It was the smash hit of 1919, and Lunt suddenly found himself famous, with a salary of $500 a week.

Miss Fontanne's professional career began in a more traditional manner. Born in England of a French father and an Irish mother, she was cast in a Christmas pageant at the age of 11. Later, armed with letters to London producers, she began a slow ascendancy in the theater, most of her early roles being character parts. One of these, in which she played a slum youngster transformed into a lady of society, so impressed Laurette Taylor that she asked Lynn to go to America with her in a repertory company.

Her big break came in 1921, when George Kaufman and Marc Connelly, teaming together for the first time, wrote *Dulcy*. Lynn, who had earned a reputation as a comedienne, was given the lead. A new hit and a new star were born.

It was pure accident that brought the Lunts together in the same play. In 1924, two years after their marriage, the fledgling Theatre Guild bought the option to Ferenc Molnar's *The Guardsman*. When the Guild tried to cast the male lead, each actor they considered for the part complained that the female part was far juicier. Each actress insisted that the male lead had all the best lines. In desperation, the Guild decided that the only solution was to find a married couple, and the Lunts were chosen.

After the first performance, the late Alexander Woollcott, who was to become one of their intimate friends, wrote a wonderfully prophetic review: "Those who saw them on opening night bowing hand in hand for the first time may well have been witnessing a moment

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in theatrical history. It is among the possibilities that we were seeing the first chapter in a partnership destined to be as distinguished as that of Henry Irving and Ellen Terry."

DURING THE NEXT seven years, the Guild was the most creative force on Broadway, and the Lunts were its stars. By 1930, they were already a theatrical tradition, having appeared in a dazzling succession of 16 plays. Their versatility in comedy and tragedy seemed inexhaustible. They then went to Hollywood to make a movie version of *The Guardsman*, and their fame became nation-wide.

Although the picture was a success, the Lunts have consistently refused to go back to Hollywood for fear of losing their independence. A year later, producer Carl Laemmle offered them $100,000, a staggering figure at the time, to make a movie version of *Tristan and Isolde*. Lunt's telegram in reply was a gem of succinctness.

"We can be bought, my dear Mr. Laemmle, but we can't be bored."

A new phase of their career began in 1933 with Coward's *Design for Living*, first of a string of social comedies that were to make them the greatest interpreters of glittering sophistication on any stage in the world. Ten years before, when Coward, then a struggling playwright and actor, visited them in New York, he spent hours at their boardinghouse in the West 70s.

"In these shabby, congenial rooms," he recalled, "we discussed, over our delicatessen salad and dill pickles, our most secret dream of success. First, Lynn and Alfred were to be married. Second, they were to become public idols. Third, they were to act exclusively together. It remained for me to supply the fourth plan, which was that when all three of us had become stars, we would then meet and act triumphantly together."

This dream, born in a brownstone house, finally came true when Coward joined the Lunts in a leading role of *Design for Living* to make a gay and memorable trio.

In these comedies, as well as later in *The Taming of the Shrew*, *Amphitryon 38* and *O Mistress Mine*, the Lunts created a new peak of urbane glitter in the theater. They romped, danced, sang and made love in the gayest imaginable world, which John Mason Brown once described as "a higher voltage universe than drab mortals know; a land where the sun itself seems to rise not above the horizon but above the footlights. In it everything shines, has luster and vivacity. It would seem to belong to the empire of artificial comedy if all that happens in it did not appear to be so natural."

Love is the principal ingredient of this world, and no other actor and actress has ever had so much fun with it. Each scene crackles with a lighthearted gaiety that might easily become tawdry if anyone else touched it.

"Now, stop, now stop—" Miss Fontanne protests in one memorable moment of *Design for Living* when Lunt begins to kiss her passionately.

"Why should I stop?" he asks. "You know you adore being made love to."

Through his kisses, she protests weakly: "It's so soon after dinner."

Let loose on the stage, they are in

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perpetual motion. They frolic on couches, they leap from walls, they chase each other around the room. In *O Mistress Mine*, Lunt, as a wartime British Cabinet minister unable to divorce his wife and marry his mistress because of his eminence, is resting on a couch with his head in Miss Fontanne's lap. For 15 minutes, she alternately rumples his hair, answers the phone while kissing him, tickles and pinches him with undisguised purposefulness.

At one New York matinee, a sedate, middle-aged lady was beginning to stir nervously in her seat when her equally sedate companion whispered: "It's all right, dear. They're really married, you know!"

IN 1940, THE LUNTS, having played themselves to the point of exhaustion, agreed to take a long vacation at Genesee. When they got on the train in New York, Robert Sherwood thrust in their hands the manuscript of his new play, finished at white heat just a few hours before.

A few miles out of the station, Miss Fontanne took a peek at the first page. Then the Lunts raced through it hungrily. Suddenly they forgot their vacation. From the train, they wired Sherwood, who hopped a plane and met them in Wisconsin. They phoned Richard Whorf to design the sets. He finished them in three days. Rehearsals began immediately, and five weeks later, *There Shall Be No Night* opened in New York.

It played there for more than a year and won the Pulitzer prize. Then they toured it all over the country. It was an angry, stirring play—the story of a family's resistance to aggression. After Pearl Harbor, such songs as *Praise the Lord and Pass the Ammunition* became a symbol of the country's will to resist; but a year before, the Lunts were already bringing the same message to theatergoers everywhere.

In 1943, they took the play to London and toured it all over England, where often, during performances, the scenery shook so badly from German bombing that they had to prop it while they went on speaking their lines. After Britain, they went to the Continent to play for the troops.

People who have become accustomed to the marital failures of Broadway and Hollywood stars, never stop marveling at how the Lunts have not only acted but lived together for 24 years. "I never think of them as two," John Wilson said recently. "The entity is extraordinary. It's a fusion of talent, understanding and opinion that carries through their life, their work—everything they think and do."

This fusion is so complete that another close friend confessed he often found it bewildering to carry on a conversation with them. "Alfred will start talking," he reported, "while Lynn sits near-by reading. He'll go on and on—he's the garrulous member of the family—and then suddenly stop, groping for a word. Without looking up, Lynn will supply just the right one. Then she'll go right on talking and finish what Alfred started to say."

The miracle is that two people under the constant strain of rehearsing and acting together still seem to get as much enjoyment out of living together as the day they were married. They insist on being

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with each other all the time, and are miserable when apart even for a few hours. Their longest separation occurred when Miss Fontanne appeared alone in *Strange Interlude*, a dramatic marathon which ran for nine acts, beginning at 4:30 P.M. and ending at 11:30.

"If the show had been two acts longer," Lunt said, "I could have sued her for desertion."

It has long been a subject of Broadway debate whether their career has been responsible for the success of their marriage, or their marriage for the success of their career. Certainly the two are bound inextricably together, to make one of the most memorable and glittering traditions in the theater.

When a friend of theirs heard an actor complain that he could never learn his lines as fast as the Lunts, he remarked: "Of course you can't. Neither can anyone else. Alfred and Lynn have a head start over everyone else in the theater. They can rehearse their lines in bed!"

Oddest Jobs in the World

DONALD BAIN IS one of the highest-paid performers per second in radio. Yet he has never spoken more than a few words into the microphone!

He is one of radio's top animal-impersonators, and his slogan is "anything from a mosquito to an elephant." Bain's repertory consists of some 200 birds, barnyard animals, reptiles, insects, and household pets. Also, assorted nonanimal miscellany, like policemen's whistles varied to fit the city.

Bain receives $35 for a three-to-five second rooster crow. He once got $98 for ten cat meows. He has played Joan Bennett's canary; Ogden Nash's watchdog, George Jessel's talking lion and Henry Aldrich's turkey gobbler. But perhaps his oddest job to date was impersonating a pair of teeth chattering from fear!

INDISPENSABLE MADELAINE Pierce is radioland's foremost baby-crier. She has uttered thousands of baby cries on scores of radio's leading shows since her debut in 1931.

Once, when Madelaine had laryngitis, baby parts were written out of at least 20 scripts. The radio "babies" simply got sick themselves, went to live on Aunt Aggie's farm, or were replaced by other characters until Madelaine regained her voice, at which point the babies reappeared miraculously.

Madelaine's radio babies have had many noted fathers. She has cried as the progeny of Tyrone Power, Walter Huston, Franchot Tone and Brian Aherne —and recently she played the part of Admiral Nimitz as a baby.

Miss Pierce has one ironclad rule, and this is to be introduced before a broadcast if a studio audience is present. This is to prevent a recurrence of what happened when she was playing Martha Scott's baby in a serious radio drama. At her first lifelike goo-goo, the astonished audience became convulsed in a gale of giggles, reducing Madelaine's goo-ing to a strangulated gurgle. —JAMES MCLEAN

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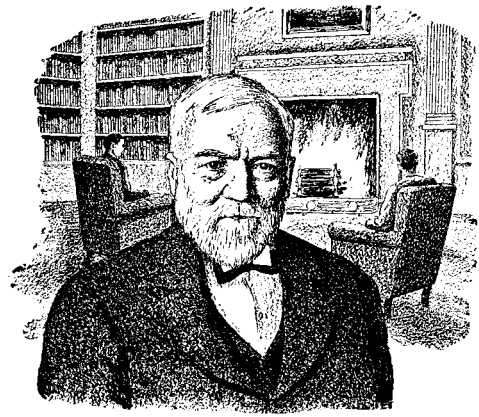
A philanthropist who understood the common man, he put his immense fortune to work for humanity

How Carnegie Gave Away His Millions



by ANDREW TULLY

IN JANUARY, 1901, Wall Street found itself fascinated not so much with the fact Andrew Carnegie, the steel master, had sold out to J. P. Morgan but with a petty incidental of the deal. The final figure, scrawled by the Scotsman on note paper with a lead pencil, emerged as precisely $487,556,160. To Andrew Carnegie, the 160 was as much a part of the price as the 487 millions.

Had not Carnegie been so anxious to retire to a life of splendid philanthropy, he might well have haggled and gotten another 100 millions from Morgan. But he was satisfied with his price, and with it, in turn, he bought for himself a new reputation in a world that hitherto had known him only as the silent noninterventionist of the bloody Homestead steel strike. Freed of responsibility for the nation's biggest empire, Carnegie, now 64, could retire to his new mansion at 2 East 91st Street in New York and proceed to make the world his pensioner. Before he died in 1919, he was to give away $350,000,000.

The new house had been abuilding for some time, for the Carnegies were outgrowing their unpretentious brownstone on West 51st Street. Its site was a curious one, because that locality was then a wilderness of junk heaps and hut-dwelling squatters. Carnegie's friends liked to point out that his choice of site was another sign of his indifference to fashion. But could it not also be said that Carnegie knew the potential value of a square foot of Manhattan earth as well as the next man?

At any rate, Carnegie erected a sumptuous 50-room abode of brick

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and granite, surrounded by a green expanse of lawn and garden, so laid out as to provide for a miniature golf course, where the Scotsman daily practiced his putting and chip shots. Inside, the house showed all the impress of the owner's tastes. On the ground floor was a stately library, while adjoining it, and containing the books Carnegie liked to refer to daily, was another, smaller room which he called his "working library."

Formal conferences were held in the big library, over whose wide fireplace was the favorite Carnegie motto: *The hearth our altar, its flame our sacred fire.* While the house was under construction, the builder had told Carnegie the motto was too long for the fireplace. Carnegie looked him straight in the eye: "You mean the fireplace is too short for the motto. Make it longer; and if the room is too small for the fireplace, make the room bigger; and if the house is too small for the room, build a bigger one. But at your peril, don't cut a letter out of that motto!"

The Carnegie entertainments were genteel, rather than lavish like the ones staged by the Vanderbilts and the Astors, but to dedicate the house, Carnegie shifted the annual dinner of the Carnegie Veterans Association—a club comprised of his young partners—from Pittsburgh to the new mansion's impressive dining hall. Some $10,000 worth of floral art transformed the home into an indoor garden for the occasion, at which the "Little Boss" admitted rather sheepishly to intimates that the house had cost $1,000,000 and the grounds another $850,000. In 1945, the building was assessed at $2,256,000 and the land at $2,175,000.

At 2 East 91st Street, the multimillionaire at last could indulge in cautious contact with the man-in-the-street, with whom he felt a curious kinship. As befits a man retired into the realm of philosophy, he had begun to coin his famous little homilies about honesty and character, and during daily walks in his garden he would frequently march to the fence to chat with a passerby and test his latest platitude on the man's startled ears.

But there was a genuine sincerity to his affinity for the common man. Carnegie would tell passersby about his own family and then inquire about theirs. Once he scurried into the house in high excitement.

"A man out there just told me we have the loveliest garden in New York," he told his wife. "You know, people really appreciate this place!"

Thereafter he was always after the gardener to "keep the flowers pretty so those outside can enjoy them." Even after his death, his wife, the small, birdlike woman whom Andrew had married when she was only 28 and he 51, kept red

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At 33, Andrew Tully is already a veteran newspaperman. When he was only 23 he became publisher of the Southbridge (Mass.) *Press Weekly*—one of the nation's youngest newspaper publishers. From Southbridge, Tully moved into metropolitan journalism as feature writer, reporter and war correspondent for the Boston *Traveler*. A former staff member of the New York *World Telegram*, he recently authored a collection of historical vignettes, *Era of Elegance*, published at $3 by Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York, from which this story was excerpted.

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geraniums, her husband's favorite bloom, in the flower beds.

"He'd want something bright in the yard for people who ride on bus tops to enjoy," she said.

CARNEGIE'S FRIENDS WERE many and all found their way to East 91st Street — Cabinet members, professors, editors, scientists, poets. In this, the dusk of the man's life, he seemed to find inspiration in the company of those whose activities touched on mankind's spiritual needs. Soon after moving into his new home, he inaugurated his famous "Literary Dinners," which were to bring together some of the world's foremost men of letters, including Mark Twain, President Eliot of Harvard, Henry James, Thomas Bailey Aldrich and John Burroughs.

At all the Carnegie entertainments there was sound conviviality, for Andrew had a true Scotsman's appreciation of fine liquor, never dimmed by his own moderate habits. He made a practice of keeping a select few supplied from his own hoard. Yet mischievously, he sometimes turned this custom into embarrassment for the recipients. One Sunday morning, for instance, he encountered John D. Rockefeller coming out of church. They chatted for a few minutes, attracting a crowd, and then, as they parted, Carnegie turned to call:

"Oh, Mr. Rockefeller, I've just received a new consignment of whiskey from Scotland. I'm going to send you some."

Fifth Avenue howled its delight.

But there was more than literary talk and good whiskey at 2 East 91st Street, for Carnegie was also busy giving away as much money as could be arranged. Naturally, a house from which millions were being distributed attracted the public's attention. A stream of visitors knocked at the door, seeking interviews, and thousands of letters from all over the world soon overflowed the working library. Most of them involved the spending of small amounts, often for worth-while purposes, but because the sums were what Carnegie called "trifles," he left such pleas to his secretaries.

To help in formulating matters of general policy, he installed his private secretary, James Bertram, in his home as chief executive. Amidst the trappings of a modern business office, Bertram and his aides would investigate major appeals, then Carnegie would approve them personally. Even so, the Scotsman did not harry himself with too much detail.

Bertram might walk in with an armful of forms and tell him, "Here are 40 more libraries. They need your approval." Carnegie would glance over a few, hand the bundle back and say: "All right, go ahead." And more towns in America would get a place to display books.

Besides establishing 2,811 libraries all over the world, at a cost of $60,000,000, Carnegie presided over the formation of two of the mightiest organizations ever devoted to the betterment of mankind—the Carnegie Institution in Washington for the furtherance of scientific learning, and the $150,000,000 Carnegie Foundation to perpetuate his system of giving.

The Institution—Carnegie's answer to the demand for a National University in Washington—was de-

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signed to aid the scholar seeking knowledge simply for its own sake. Carnegie, reported Prof. Theodore W. Richards of Harvard, was one of the few who realized that the research of today would be the foundation of human activities tomorrow. Thus the Institution was created one afternoon in November, 1901, at a meeting in Carnegie's library. The big news, of course, was the $10,000,000 endowment; but the afternoon was actually a round table on the intellectual future of the world.

Soon the Institution had founded laboratories for exploration of the sciences all over the country, and until his death Andrew maintained an interest in them all. But his pet was the astronomical laboratory at Mt. Wilson, Colorado. The philanthropist was not to live to see the day when a 100-inch telescope, financed by extra funds from his private pocket, would open the heavens to new sights, but there was small-boy enjoyment for him in the wonders divulged by the 64-inch telescope.

Still, Carnegie was troubled. The sensible distribution of his great wealth was proving even more difficult than its accumulation. Now, in 1910, he discovered that despite his best efforts he still had $150,000,000 left in U. S. Steel bonds. Disturbed by the thought of his wife struggling to fulfill his philanthropic program after his death, he summoned his friend, Elihu Root, and asked advice. Root's counsel, to organize a Foundation for giving and transfer to it the bulk of his fortune, resulted in another fabulous meeting at 2 East 91st Street.

That meeting, on November 11, 1911, was the first session of the Carnegie Corporation. While a huge log crackled in the high fireplace, Carnegie read a letter to the trustees, in which he gave $25,000,000 (later raised to $125,000,000) "to promote the advancement and diffusion of knowledge and understanding among the people of the United States, by aiding technical schools, institutions of higher learning, libraries, scientific research, hero funds, useful publications, and by such other agencies and means as shall from time to time be found appropriate therefor."

Now Carnegie could take charge of things without worrying. He became first president of the Corporation and meetings were held in his library. These were amusing sessions, for the amiable autocrat always approved gifts in advance, and when they were proposed he would rise with a grin and say: "Now everybody vote 'aye'." Then, before any of his associates could respond, he would announce: "The ayes have it."

DESPITE THE FACT that most of his giving was supervised by others, Carnegie retained in his own hands one considerable part of his philanthropic empire—his personal pension list, one of the most extraordinary in history. His pensioners were many and varied; at his death he was distributing about $250,000 a year to nearly 500 persons, and some of them are still being paid out of a $5,000,000 fund established for this purpose.

For the most part, the list was sentimental, containing men and women Carnegie had known as a

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young man, or sons and daughters of these early associates. Affection for his native Scotland was reflected, for instance, in the appearance on the list of the great granddaughter of Robert Burns. Likewise, the operator who helped teach Carnegie telegraphy was kept from destitution in his old age by a monthly check.

Started when Carnegie was a youth—the first entry is dated 1881—the pension roll at first listed only small amounts like $50 or $100 a month, but as the man's prosperity increased he distributed a share of his new riches to his pensioners, and towards the end it was not unusual to find amounts as large as $10,000 a year on the roll.

As his fame grew, requests for pensions increased and several hundred letters a day—written in all languages—found their way to East 91st Street. Carnegie spent hours in his library reading some of these letters, especially those that recalled his early career.

"See that Miss ———— wants nothing to make her comfortable," he would jot on one letter. "Yes, $50 a month" would be the notation on another. Or, "Can't be sure about this; the man is a heavy drinker and to give a drunkard money only does him injury." But the drunkard signed the pledge and thus qualified for a pension.

To his assistants, many of the claims seemed thin indeed. There was, for instance, the old Scot who was eligible because he used to rock Carnegie in a cradle; and the old lady who cried, "I held your books till you ran a race." Two maiden sisters were approved because "I used to dance with them," and several schoolmates were on the list although they used to chase him with cries of "teacher's pet."

Old employers or employees had only to send their names; Carnegie rarely made even a cursory check in such cases. Once he attempted anonymously to help a former Homestead strike leader, but the man found a job and declined assistance. Told later that it was Carnegie who had offered to help, he was incredulous.

"Well, that was damned white of Andy!" he said.

Carnegie was pleased. "Those are the words I'd like on my tombstone," he declared.

IN AN ERA WHEN the rich were giving parties that cost upwards of $250,000 each, Carnegie's life was comparatively simple. By present business standards — most of which are imposed by government anyway—his industrial past may have fallen far short of the commendable, but his 18 philanthropic years on East 91st Street were like a fresh breeze sweeping into fetid corners where the very rich were squandering their booty.

Carnegie never stinted his comfort or convenience or amusement, but he never spent huge sums on himself or his surroundings just for the sake of being lavish. There was no Carnegie private railroad car, no Carnegie box at the opera, no champagne suppers. He delighted in seeing his money diminish, for Carnegie was giving back to the people the wealth he had taken from their ore, and he was annoyed that other rich men failed to follow his example.

The merchant prince, John

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Wanamaker, was lectured strongly in a letter from Carnegie in 1904:

My Dear Friend:

. . . Is it not about time that you were beginning to practice distribution? I saw your immense new structure going up in Philadelphia, and Mrs. Carnegie has been patronizing your establishment here, and I cannot but feel that you should begin giving instead of using the whole of your exceptional talents in grabbing for more dollars. There! That is a better sermon than you hear in any of your chapels, including your own Sunday School!

Always very truly yours,
Andrew Carnegie

Carnegie approved more of men like John D. Rockefeller, another whose wealth was beginning to gnaw at his conscience. In a pardonable gesture for an eccentric millionaire, Carnegie used to send John D. oatmeal of his own grinding—for which Rockefeller always thanked him solemnly—generally adding the warning of a rich man conscious of the shortcomings of the digestive system: "Be sure to eat it very slowly and masticate well."

The advice was superfluous, since Carnegie was aware that the time had come for a slowing-up. In 1915, he was stricken with pneumonia and never fully recovered, although he was to live four more years. On his 80th birthday, he omitted for the first time his customary annual chat with newspapermen. Instead the journalists were given a message which read in part:

"The world grows better and we are soon to see blessed peace restored and a world court established when, in the words of Burns:

" 'Man to man the world o'er
" 'Shall brothers be for a' that.' "

Carnegie spent his last years quietly — walks in the gardens, games of backgammon with Mrs. Carnegie, an occasional leisurely round of golf. His last social function was the wedding in April, 1919, of his daughter, Margaret, to Roswell Miller of New York. Guests were limited to 100, but Carnegie insisted upon making the wedding a festive affair. Pipers played Highland tunes and the old gentleman managed to dance a few steps with the bride.

Just four months later, the little man with the white beard who had made his home an international charity office, died at his summer estate in Shadowbrook, Massachusetts.

Today, the Carnegie Institution and the Carnegie Foundation, which have contributed so liberally to the culture of America and the world, remain a living memorial to the great philanthropist.

Worth Noting

WORRY IS LIKE A rocking chair. It will give you something to do but it won't get you anywhere. —*El Mustang*

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Trapping Firebugs is Their Business

by J. K. LAGEMANN

Here's the inside story of an alert but little-known agency which protects you against a deadly and destructive enemy

FIRE HAD GUTTED the four-story department store. But when questioning of witnesses and examination of the charred debris revealed no evidence of incendiarism, authorities blamed the disaster on a carelessly discarded cigarette.

Just to double-check their findings, however, they invited Agent X to look around. After poking through the ruins for half an hour, he asked to see the building plans. Then he ran his finger down a list of company employees and underlined one name. "Looks like this is your man," he told police.

Two hours later the store's credit manager confessed he had embezzled $10,000 and set the fire to cover his tracks.

What led Agent X to suspect this man? A penknife, poked in various bits of charred wood, showed the fire had made greatest headway in two widely separated spots: the credit manager's office and the room in which his records were filed. A cigarette might have explained one of these focal points, but two such accidents could hardly have occurred simultaneously.

Cases like this are routine in one of the biggest and least publicized of crime-detection agencies — the Arson Department of the National Board of Fire Underwriters. Agent X is one of almost 100 trained investigators working in the board's New York headquarters at 85 John Street under command of burly, jovial A. Bruce Bielaski, former chief of the Bureau of Investigation

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—forerunner of the FBI—who directed the nation's antisabotage campaign during World War I. Their job is to help state and municipal authorities combat one of the most deadly and destructive of all crimes—incendiarism.

America's death toll from fire is now 27 a day—more than one life sacrificed every hour. In the midst of the nation's worst housing shortage, property losses in 1946 passed well beyond the half-billion mark, the largest figure recorded in 20 years. Frank A. Christensen, president of the Underwriters Board, warns that the total will keep on rising unless we mobilize against the two principal known causes of fire: carelessness and crime.

It is against crime in the form of firebugs that Bielaski and his agents match their wits. In the fiscal year which ended June 30, 1946, their investigations of 1,918 suspicious fires resulted in 604 arrests and 359 convictions. Yet they enter cases only by special invitation of local, state and Federal officials. Interested primarily in facts, they work just as hard to prove a fire accidental as to spot a criminal.

In 1945, after a suspicious fire in a draft-induction center, inductees were being questioned when an Underwriter agent appeared. An hour later, a flabbergasted commanding officer learned that he himself had caused the fire—with a bottle of water! Fragments of glass, shattered by heat, told the agent how the officer's water bottle, left on a window ledge, had acted as a burning glass and ignited papers on the desk below.

But when fires are deliberately set, no crime is harder to trace, for incendiarism seldom produces a complaining witness or, indeed, anyone to testify that a crime has been committed. Even the motive is hard to establish, since profit is only one reason why fires are set.

There are two kinds of firebugs: the arsonist, who burns for profit, and the pyromaniac, who sets fires to gratify abnormal desires. Of the two, the arsonist frequently inflicts the least damage, seldom takes any life except his own, and is the easiest to catch. Paradoxically, this is because he carefully plans his crime and "follows the market."

Anyone interested in the country's economic status should study the yearly arson reports kept by the Underwriters. Two years before the 1929 crash, arrests started climbing. In 1932, depth of the Depression, they reached an all-time peak, then began to fall off.

"The arson investigator's worst enemy is hard times," says Bielaski.

The record bears him out. Insurance experts estimate that more than half the fires in the early 1930s were of suspicious origin. And one factor which balked detective work was the respectable business standing of the people involved.

In New England, after fire destroyed a shoe factory, insurance companies paid $200,000. The sprinkler system had been tampered with, and the water main turned off outside. But no suspicion fell on the two owners, whose plant had been making a profit.

Months later, over drinks in a bar, an ex-employee of the company met a kindred spirit who confided he was a gunman hiding out from police. Maybe, said the ex-employee, he could cut the gun-

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man in on a deal. Then he explained that the factory owners had refused to pay him for setting the fire. Next day the "gunman," posing as a relative of the ex-employee, called the owners to his hotel and demanded payment—or else. Each partner accused the other of welshing on the arson agreement—and every word they spoke went into a recording machine. The "gunman," of course, was one of Bielaski's agents.

THESE FIREBUGS WERE rank amateurs compared to the highly organized racket known as the arson ring. As a front, the rings usually operated as "public adjusters," handling insurance claims for small policyholders in return for a share in the payment. To this perfectly legal business, the racketeers added one new twist: they did not wait for fires to happen.

In return for part of the insurance settlement, plus a sizable down payment in advance, they set fires "by appointment" for thousands of small businessmen.

To minimize risk for higher-ups, the actual setting of fires was usually left to paid arsonists who were expected to take the punishment if anything went wrong. To help fight the rings, the Underwriters' agents brought into play every detective trick. First, the fires were grouped according to time of occurrence, locality and types of property destroyed, for arsonists develop individual styles.

One ring used celluloid as a "starter." Another was partial to an embalming fluid. By checking sources of such products, investigators were able to spot certain ring members, then trail them to headquarters.

Once the key members of a ring had been identified, the next step was to complete the evidence against racketeers and clients alike. Sometimes the agent set up shop as a merchant and put out feelers for a good, dependable arsonist to save him from bankruptcy. More often, he assumed the role of an underworld character and gained admission to the arsonists' inner councils. Then the trap was sprung.

The rings were broken in the 1930s, and Bielaski believes they are broken for keeps. Today, it's another species of firebug that worries him—the unbalanced pyromaniac who sets fires for stimulation and gratification. Lusting for thrills, he likes his fires spectacular and, Nero-like, he gives no thought to the lives he endangers.

Kennie, age 27, spent two years in Army noncombatant service before getting a medical discharge. Then he wandered from job to job, obsessed with the idea that people failed to appreciate his talents. One evening, as he walked the drab streets of an Eastern city, he was seized by inspiration.

Two hours later, the drab streets were transformed as great pillars of flame darted from a warehouse. Bells rang, sirens moaned, men and women shouted. Darting through the crowd, Kennie could hardly keep from crying: "Enjoy yourselves, folks! This is my party!"

The bill for the party came high—a million dollars' worth of farm products awaiting shipment to Europe. And it was pride in his handiwork that gave Kennie away.

"Did you see the fire?" he asked

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strangers next day. "It was wonderful—biggest thing to hit this town in a long while."

Agents of the Underwriters Arson Department, listening for just such talk, picked him up.

The strange, excited behavior of the pyromaniac usually betrays him—after the damage is done. Often he strives to play the role of rescuing hero, breaking through police lines and exposing himself to senseless risks. Literally in love with fire, he attempts to identify himself with the fire-fighting forces.

Take the case which occurred in a rural Midwest community. The Army had turned Elmer down, yet no one had been more active in organizing air-raid wardens during the war. After the war, when county officials created the salaried office of Volunteer Fire Protection Supervisor, Elmer seemed ideal for the job, except for one thing: the county hadn't had a fire in a decade. People wondered how Elmer would meet a real emergency.

They soon found out. In three weeks the county had three fires—a barn, a bungalow and the county schoolhouse. Though each burned to the ground, Elmer led the volunteers with skill and daring. But he didn't stop there. Wasn't there something suspicious, he asked, about three fires in three weeks? Campaigning for an investigation, he convinced the county officials—who called in the Underwriters.

The investigation was brief. An hour after arriving, the agent questioned a farmer who lived near the schoolhouse. Had he noticed anything queer about the fire? No, sir. First thing he knew was when he heard the siren. But he hadn't worried, not with Elmer on the job. Why, only an hour before the alarm, Elmer had phoned to ask if the place was on fire!

Few of the townspeople could have spotted Elmer as a pyromaniac, for the only distinctive symptom is the act of setting fires. Even the pyromaniac himself may be normally unaware of the reason for his affliction. Often he is a neat, industrious, law-abiding citizen. But under the sudden, terrible urgency of the impulse to start a fire, his civilized restraints crumble away.

Like most cases of abnormal behavior, pyromania usually develops in childhood. About half our incendiary fires are set by juveniles—all too often dismissed with the injunction never to do it again. Until society, through schools, juvenile courts and psychiatric medicine, finds a way of diagnosing and treating the disease in its early stages, our pathological Fifth Column will continue to burn and kill.

Gentle Reminder

LETTER FROM CLIENT to automobile salesman: "Dear Sir—Please repeat what you told me when you sold me my secondhand car, as I am getting very despondent." —*Times Pictorial*

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NICE FRESH MONEY FOR SALE

by H. W. KELLICK

You can buy all you want from Herman Seiden at bargain prices, but if you want to avoid trouble, don't spend it!

HERMAN SEIDEN, PRINTER of stage money, recently received a call from a mental hospital. The superintendent wanted to buy a package of Seiden's product. Suspecting a hoax, Seiden asked: "Why does a mental hospital want stage money?"

The superintendent replied: "Many of our patients are money-mad. So we give them stage money. It helps to pacify them."

Seiden, who operates the Minerva Printing Corporation in New York, is one of the nation's largest producers of stage money. His "genuine" bills have fooled people in every walk of life, and brought about some strange happenings.

In a Southern city, for instance, a psychiatrist had a young patient who suffered from an inferiority complex. After normal treatments had failed, the doctor gave the boy a roll of stage money to flash before his schoolmates. Soon he became known as "the millionaire's son." And his complex promptly vanished.

Chief purveyors of stage money are novelty stores, which do a booming business with children. But enterprising pitchmen hawk the stuff on street corners until they are chased by a cop.

"People," says Joe, "like to impress their friends. So they stack the stuff in their wallets and put on a big front before a crowd."

In Chicago, a playful husband bought 100 fake $1 bills and sandwiched them between several of the genuine variety. Then he gave them to his wife, remarking that it was a bonus from the boss.

Next day the little woman hurried to a neighborhood store to buy choice meats and groceries. Accused of trying to pass phony money, she insisted she was the innocent victim of a joke. She was freed with a warning to be more careful how she handled bills.

"Makers of stage money," says James J. Maloney, chief of the U. S. Secret Service, "must see that their product does not violate the strict laws governing reproduction of currency."

Hence, stage-money printers are careful to see that their products are not too much like the real thing. But Herman Seiden confesses that he loves money. And as long as others share the feeling, he'll continue to sell the stuff at a dollar per thousand, retail.

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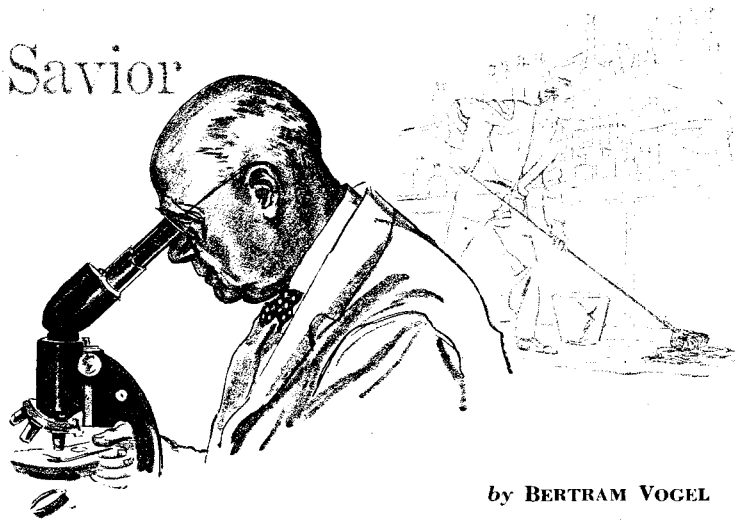
Medicine's Self-Taught Savior

Surgeons throughout the world seek the advice of Edgar B. Burchell though he has no medical degree



by BERTRAM VOGEL

WHEN THE KING OF SIAM came to New York in 1931 for an eye operation, Dr. John M. Wheeler, one of the world's most distinguished eye surgeons, called in a layman named Edgar B. Burchell.

"Eddie," said the renowned specialist, "I'd like you to examine the King's eye. If you say it's all right to go ahead, I'll operate."

While the little King licked his lips in anxiety, Burchell made his examination. Finally he nodded to Dr. Wheeler. "There are no bacteria in the eye," he said. "You can go ahead."

Dr. Wheeler operated, and the King was delighted with the results. Nevertheless he was curious about one thing. "Who," he asked Dr. Wheeler, "is this man Burchell?"

The surgeon smiled. "He's an old friend of mine from the New York Eye and Ear Infirmary—one of the best bacteriologists anywhere in the world."

"And he's not a doctor?" queried the King.

"No," said Dr. Wheeler. "He used to be a janitor."

The King chuckled. "You Americans! What a wonderful sense of humor. . . ."

But the actual fact is that Burchell *was* formerly a janitor. The man who once scrubbed floors and polished brass at the Infirmary is today the brilliant instructor of

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thousands of eye and ear specialists from all over the earth. And although he never finished elementary school, his medical opinions are treasured by the most skilled surgeons from Austria to China.

In 1936, when Roanoke College bestowed upon him an honorary degree of Doctor of Science, the citation said: "Mr. Burchell has never attended college. He is a scientist of world renown. Through his research in his quiet laboratory, he has wrought mightily for his fellow man, adding new discoveries to medical science and constantly relieving human suffering."

And when several years later the American Academy of Ophthalmology and Otolaryngology invited him to become its first and probably only lay member, doctors from as far west as San Francisco traveled to New York to see Dr. William Benedict of the Mayo Clinic confer the honor.

So versatile and gifted is Dr. Burchell that his scientific accomplishments have been a boon to millions everywhere. Many a man, woman and child who has had a piece of metal removed from an eye, a treatment for sinusitis, or any kind of eye, ear or brain operation owes a great debt to this brilliant bacteriologist and pathologist. Because he is also an outstanding authority on the human skull, his knowledge of the position and structure of every bone, blood vessel and nerve in the head has helped make surgery safer for millions.

Skull specimens prepared by Dr. Burchell so that their parts may be opened and studied by specialists and students have been displayed in Vienna, Berlin, London and Chungking. His collection of eyes is similarly world-renowned, and although it already comprises hundreds of thousands of specimens, it grows larger daily as physicians everywhere send in new specimens for analysis.

"Dear Dr. Burchell," says a note from Australia or Italy. "What is your opinion of this?" In his laboratory Dr. Burchell, who knows that thousands of eye specialists are counting on him for help, avidly opens the packages, slices each eye into hundreds of minute layers for microscopic examination, and seeks the clues that may ultimately save the vision of others.

"If you ever see such-and-such in an eye again, suspect the following," Dr. Burchell may wire a grateful doctor in Texas or Iowa. Back come wires and letters of heartfelt thanks—in such volume that he has huge filing cabinets filled with them.

AN INCREDIBLY HUMBLE MAN, Dr. Burchell attributes his success to the Horatio Alger books which his mother used to read to him. "They made a terrific impression on me," he recalls. Yet even the fabulous Horatio never dreamed of a career as remarkable as that of Dr. Burchell.

Born on New York's West Side in 1872, Eddie was the only one of nine children in his family to survive early childhood. It was the grim neighborhood struggle against death and disease that first inspired him to become a doctor. Some day, he vowed, he would combat the horrible afflictions which brought misery and terror to mankind.

But when his father, a carpenter,

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lost his job, young Burchell had to leave school to help out. Bitter at being unable even to finish elementary school, he was tempted to turn his wrath against society. But his mother called him to her.

"I know how you feel, son," she said gently, "but this is one time when we can't help you." Then she handed him a Bible. "It will give you spiritually what we can't give you materially."

Young Burchell took it — and never forgot it. Today, with a copy of Gray's *Anatomy*, it lies on his desk at the Infirmary. Sometimes, in a moment of great scientific decision, Dr. Burchell thumbs its worn pages for comfort and guidance. What it tells him is always the same: "Don't quit. Keep trying."

One of Burchell's first jobs was in a jewelry shop. This, although the youngster didn't realize it, was a lucky break. For it was his skill with jeweler's tools which later enabled him to mold and hinge the skulls which have contributed so greatly to his fame.

Burchell's second break came when he joined the 12th New York National Guard Regiment, where, because of his interest in medicine, he asked for duty as a stretcher-bearer. Soon, he appealed to his superior officer, Dr. Walter Lambert, for a hospital position. Dr. Lambert, a surgeon at the Infirmary, had seen Burchell's skill at bandaging wounds and promised to do what he could.

So, on a bitter morning in December, 1894, Burchell reported to the Infirmary for work. When he was handed a mop, a pail and rags he discovered what he had been hired to do. But even scrubbing on hands and knees for 12 hours a day didn't disturb him. If the job looked tough to others, to Burchell it was not only heaven but the preliminary to evenings of "experiment."

Instead of going home after work, he would sneak into the laboratory and pour chemicals into test tubes. Then he would tiptoe into the room where the surgeons kept guinea pigs, frogs and cats for dissection. Soon one of the Infirmary's outstanding surgeons was complaining that somebody was making off with his laboratory animals faster than he could collect them.

"Keep an eye on them," he told Burchell.

"Yes, sir," replied the ambitious janitor. After that, he left one cat a week for the staff.

Meantime, Burchell learned that at the Syms Operating Theater many leading surgeons demonstrated their techniques to colleagues. So during lunch hour the janitor, tucking a copy of Gray's *Anatomy* under his arm for "purposes of identification," boldly attended the meetings.

Then came another lucky break —Burchell's appointment as laboratory orderly, a fancy term for bottle washer. Here he evolved another scheme for furthering his knowledge. Realizing that the internes disliked many laboratory chores, he asked for instructions. "Teach me how to do things, and I'll do them for you," he said in effect. The ruse worked, and soon Burchell was a qualified laboratory assistant.

Before long the cry, "Get Burchell to do it," became so common around the Infirmary that when Dr. John E. Weeks, at that time the greatest practicing American oph-

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thalmologist, expanded his bacteriological laboratory—one of the first in the country — he made Burchell his chief assistant. But the new aide was still not satisfied. On weekday evenings he attended high-school classes in chemistry, on Saturdays he studied biology, and in between times visited anatomical museums and practiced making human skulls.

Burchell's laboratory work was so exceptional that the Infirmary finally decided to send him to Vienna to study advanced techniques. While there, Burchell visited a Dr. Neumann, brilliant nose and throat specialist whom he had previously met at the Infirmary. Neumann showed the young New Yorker his famed collection of skulls. But Burchell wasn't impressed.

"I can make much better ones," he said.

Neumann laughed. "I'd like to see you try it!"

The determined Burchell bought some bones, bleached them with a special agent which he had developed at the Infirmary and set to work with jeweler's tools. Ingeniously he sawed and bored and painted and hinged. When he had finished, he presented the skulls to Neumann. "The great man never said a word," Dr. Burchell recalls. "He just stood there and stared in amazement."

BURCHELL'S GREAT KNOWLEDGE of the human skull has been of service not only to surgeons but to hundreds of thousands of persons who have undergone an ear operation. Prior to the Burchell outline, a surgeon operating on the ear could not be completely sure when his scalpel was likely to encounter the delicate facial or seventh nerve in a "typical" skull. If the knife severed this nerve, facial paralysis resulted.

Dr. Burchell's outline, indicating the course of the facial nerve in skulls of different patterns, has changed all that. Today the surgeon can safely predict the location of the vital nerve.

Burchell's eye collection, equally important to science, is a medical museum in itself. Including microscopic and gross examples of every conceivable eye affliction known to man or beast, not a week goes by without some American or foreign specialist visiting the Infirmary to see it. The names of these distinguished visitors would not only fill a registry book—but actually do.

When the great Japanese scientist Noguchi came to the Rockefeller Institute in the early 1900s, Burchell was among those who helped him. Together they worked to confirm the clinical value and use of the then-new Wassermann test.

Dr. Burchell was also instrumental in helping to develop modern methods for removing minute metal particles from the eye. Employing a principle for controlling magnetic pressure which he had tested in his early days at the jeweler's shop, he worked with specialists to perfect a huge magnet which would remove metal without injury to the eye's delicate tissues. Magnetic instruments in use today are more precise, of course, but they still make use of that particular principle.

Today, Burchell's fame is so great that he is besieged with invitations to lecture in various parts of the country, but because of his age—75

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—and his desire to push ahead with research, he keeps his traveling to a minimum. Besides, he feels responsibility to the resident doctors at the New York Infirmary, oldest and most famous institution of its kind in the U. S.

"I've taught their fathers, and now I have to teach them," is the way he puts it.

Burchell's enthusiasm for teaching manifests itself even outside the laboratory. Many years ago, he started one of the first Boy Scout troops in New York City. The youngsters, underprivileged and ragged, quickly made him their hero. Burchell, recalling his own days of poverty, taught them hygiene first, then went on to such subjects as chemistry, nature lore, photography and carpentry.

Yet that was only a beginning. After he had organized the youngsters, he set up clubs for the fathers and mothers, supervising everything from dances to fife-and-drum corps. Proof that he did a good job is attested by the number of his former boys—many of them now important men—who still come to see him.

Doctors who had been embarrassed for years by having to address their lecturer as "Mr." Burchell were highly pleased when he finally was given an honorary degree of Doctor of Science. In recognition of fifty years' service to the Infirmary, they presented Burchell with a costly watch bearing a seal depicting Christ healing the blind. At the presentation dinner, physicians representing several medical societies and hospitals tendered written testimonials of the esteem in which he is held by the entire medical profession.

Dr. Burchell, who has two sons (one an Assistant District Attorney) and a married daughter, is now happily looking forward to a future of continued research. "There's still plenty to do at the Infirmary!" he says with a smile.

His associates agree. And they know that among his chief tasks will be one of which he never tires—instilling in young doctors the same faith and confidence that elevated him from the status of a poor West Side boy to that of the most miraculous layman in modern medicine.

The Candid Camera

A FRIEND OF MINE ON the island of Guernsey one day settled down near a small, deserted bay to read, hidden behind a sand dune. Presently two young girls came along and, seeing no one, undressed and stretched out to sun-bathe. Soon a parson appeared carrying a camera and, believing himself alone, left his clothes on the beach and swam around the neighboring headland.

Out from behind the sand dune stole the two girls to where the parson's clothes lay, picked up his camera and each snapped a picture of the other. After which they replaced the camera containing these candid portraits and returned to their hiding place.

—From *Notes on the Way* by VISCOUNTESS RHONDDA, Macmillan

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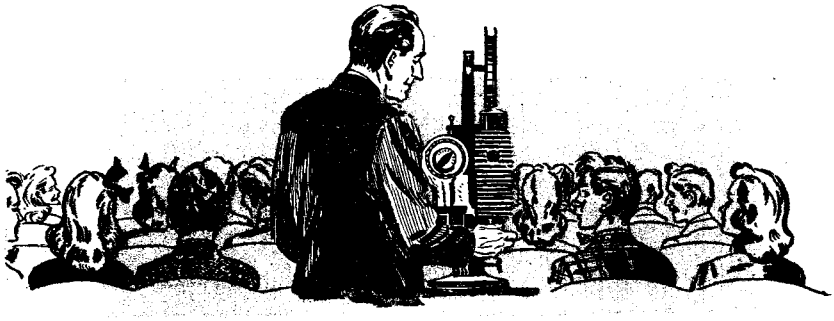
The Big Boom in Visual Education



by BILL DAVIDSON

Progressive schools throughout the country are achieving truly startling results, thanks to the help of a young but rapidly growing new ally—instructional films that supplement standard classroom methods; and once-listless students are discovering that learning can be fun

ONE DAY LAST WINTER, a high-school history instructor in Westport, Connecticut, divested himself of a lecture on the Monroe Doctrine to his class of eleventh-graders. To get his points across, Eli Berton used every familiar teaching device—he emphasized, backtracked, diagrammed. Then the following week, as an experiment, he asked the question: "What is the Monroe Doctrine?"

The answers ranged from "A compromise whereby Missouri was admitted to the Union as a slave state" to "A style of orchestra leading where the leader sings in front of the band with a sad face and a female chorus."

At this point, the much-harried Berton heaved a sigh and set up a motion-picture projector in the classroom. He then showed his students a 16 mm educational film

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entitled *The Monroe Doctrine*. The movie dramatized the diplomatic dogfights between President James Monroe's Cabinet and the European Holy Alliance which led up to the announcement in 1823 of the Western-Hemisphere-for-the-Americas policy.

A week later, as part of the same experiment, Berton again asked, "What is the Monroe Doctrine?" This time he got verbatim dialogue between John Quincy Adams and the Austrian ambassador, plus film criticisms which included an observation that the producers had erred in hanging modern Venetian blinds in the 1823 White House. Every child knew the Monroe Doctrine by heart.

This experience of Berton's is being repeated every day in classrooms all over the country. And every day the nation's teachers are becoming more convinced of what the Army and Navy learned during the war—that by use of films, approximately 40 per cent more knowledge can be forced into the cranium; and what is more, will *stay* there. Education journals are fairly bursting today with examples of what has been described as "Education's Biggest Boom" and "The First Major Teaching Advance" since the invention of printing.

Recently, a primary schoolteacher in Indiana gave her young pupils an hour's lecture on the importance of cleanliness, while a state education official looked on. After the class came lunch, and to the teacher's horror, only two boys and one girl stopped to wash their hands before going in to eat. The state official thereupon recommended a film showing close-ups of unappetizing bacteria that reside on dirty hands. After a few minutes of that, attendance at the wash basins was 100 per cent.

In Adams, Nebraska, the superintendent of schools reported that for years he had been trying to describe to grade-school youngsters the musical instruments known as wood winds. Since most of these instruments are as unfamiliar to small-town children as sea serpents, the youngsters just couldn't get the idea. So finally the superintendent gave up in despair.

A few months ago, however, he heard sounds suspiciously like a bassoon in his own home. He rushed into the sun parlor, and there was a five-year-old kindergartner unmistakably impersonating a bassoon.

"Where did you learn that?" asked the superintendent.

"From a movie," said the boy.

It turned out that the child, a visiting neighbor, had seen a film called *The Wood-Wind Choir* in school. When the superintendent recovered, he remarked, "I never have been able to do such a good job of teaching even with pupils of more advanced age."

In an Ohio town, a high-school manual-training teacher used to take three weeks just to demonstrate a few of the innumerable uses of the lathe. Now he shows the same things in a film which takes 11 minutes. A teacher in Evanston, Illinois, showed her map-hating fifth-graders a film called *Maps Are Fun*, and three weeks later the children were still drawing outlines of Eire and Lake Michigan all over the blackboard.

One of the classic stories of teach-

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ing-with-movies involves a well-known educator named L. C. Larson, who was sent to Tennessee to teach in the Community School during building of the TVA dams. That summer, construction was slowed up by an epidemic of malaria that felled workers. Local authorities used posters, lectures, threats and wheedling to get the citizenry to put screens on windows and to cover all open water with oil, in order to outwit the deadly malarial mosquito. But the citizenry, accustomed to contracting "summer fever" every year, paid no attention.

Finally, Larson and the County Extension Agent fixed up a station wagon and went around to churches and schools, advertising a free showing of a W. C. Fields movie. As they had expected, the populace flocked to attend. Then, just as Fields was about to fall through a trap door, Larson mercilessly stopped the movie and switched to a Public Health Service film on malaria, showing how the mosquito carries on its dirty work. The film helped to lick the local epidemic quickly.

Larson is an excellent symbol of the miraculous advance of Audio-Visual Education, as it is called. In 1936, while he was fighting mosquitoes in Tennessee, the U. S. Office of Education located 458 sound projectors for showing educational films in schools in the U. S. (Germany, at the time, was teaching the principles of war and Naziism with 60,000 projectors in *her* schools.) America's expenditure for this modern teaching equipment in 1936 was estimated at less than three cents per pupil.

Today, Larson is director of the huge Audio-Visual Center at Indiana University, and the state gives him an annual budget of $350,000. Nationally, more and more of the 30,000,000 American school children are exposed to visual education as part of their everyday work, and films are becoming as familiar to them in the classroom as textbooks.

The number of sound projectors in schools has risen from 458 in 1936 to 35,000 in 1946, according to Dr. Floyde Brooker of the U. S. Office of Education; and so many new and inexpensive ones are coming off the assembly lines that he predicts a total of 100,000 by 1950.

BEFORE THE WAR, ONLY one important educational film company was operating, with an annual output rarely exceeding 12 films. Today, a whole new industry has sprung up around two major companies and a dozen smaller ones. Chicago alone has more than 8,000 prints of nearly 700 different films in its library, while Indiana University has 7,390 prints of 2,326 films. The U. S. Office of Education expects that by 1950 more than 8,000 films will be available on subjects ranging from *How to Count* to *Atomic Energy*. In other words, Audio-Visual Education not only has become a big new trend—it is becoming Big Business as well.

All this came about in a meteoric way. The motion picture was invented by Thomas Edison in 1889, and a few educational films came on the market along with Charlie Chaplin and Theda Bara. In 1924, Edison went to a movie palace in New York, witnessed a Grade B Hollywood production and emerged

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from the theater muttering. Later he said: "The money end of the movies never hit me hardest. The feature that did appeal to me was the educational possibilities." But for a long time Hollywood productions continued to outsell the educational kind by 1,000 to 1.

For ten years there was scarcely enough business to keep the one major educational company going—despite heavy investments in production of films and demonstration of their use. Then came the war, and the situation changed overnight. When Hitler was asked in 1939 to name the Reich's most important new weapon, he said, "My 60,000 motion-picture projectors." So quickly and thoroughly had these projectors indoctrinated German youth that when the U. S. found itself at war, the Joint Chiefs of Staff decided that we would have to use the same methods—or risk never catching up at all.

The results of this decision were startling. Within three years, every sizable Army and Navy unit had at least one projector, and the Army alone had produced 3,326 films. By means of these films, prepared by the country's top educators, illiterate soldiers were able to cram eight years of schooling into eight months; Navy clerks learned typing in a few weeks; and Army surgeons in inaccessible areas kept abreast of complicated new battlefield operations.

Films taught boys how to fly and the principles of radar. They helped stop a trench-foot epidemic in France and a venereal epidemic in Italy. They acquainted new infantrymen with the sights and sounds of battle in a way no amount of formal teaching could ever convey.

Movies taught war workers and farm workers how to use intricate machinery. And when there weren't enough physics instructors for the soldiers at the atom-bomb project at Los Alamos, the job was done with specially produced films.

Official summation of all this was made by the American Council on Education, which reported: "Estimates of time saved in training technicians for war industry, and in the training of military personnel, vary from 25 to 75 per cent. Furthermore, long retention of content and of meaning is improved, sometimes in a measure great enough to be decisive."

As far as the Germans were concerned, it *was* decisive. When Wilhelm Keitel, chief of the German General Staff, surrendered in 1945, he said, "We had everything calculated perfectly except the speed with which America was able to train its people for war. Our major miscalculation was in underestimating their quick and complete mastery of film education."

WHEN THE WAR ENDED, education was left a bit breathless by what had happened with the dynamic new medium. Then came the mad rush. Servicemen, parents of servicemen and teachers who had been in the service all set up a clamor for "teaching the GI way." In an official report, the War Department wrote: "The training-film program turned out men who will not forget how they learned through the use of films. It has thereby hastened a revolution in civilian education."

Hundreds of service instructors

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went back to their school systems and set up Visual Aid departments. Dozens of Army- and Navy-trained film technicians flocked into the two major educational companies or organized new ones of their own.

Stay-at-home teachers were won over, too. The Army and Navy had proved that films were new labor-saving devices for the classroom, like textbooks and blackboards. As a result, films are helping now to tide America over the current teacher shortage. As Larson puts it, "The teacher can actually do a good job with a big class when she has the nation's best educators as film collaborators." Nevertheless, he adds, all new things are adopted faster by some people than by others, and some school systems are slow to adopt films.

Recently, for instance, a West Coast state ordered several copies of a film called *We Discover the Dictionary*—then canceled the order, telling the company: "There is nothing new in this film. Our teachers can do just as well." But a few weeks later the same state ordered 25 prints. Company salesmen were sent out to learn what had caused the flip-flop.

They discovered that when the film order had been canceled, teachers had protested loudly, complaining, "Certainly we can teach the use of the dictionary just as well—but with no more than four students looking at the dictionary at the same time. With the films, we can teach the entire class at once and save two hours for another subject." Since then, new orders for *We Discover the Dictionary* have been coming in regularly.

Modern educational films are produced to *supplement* the teacher's oral discussion, not to replace it. Generally, the teacher talks to her class about a subject, shows the film, then has a further discussion to tie the oral lesson to the film's illustrations. In some instances, films take over where it is difficult for the teacher to explain things the pupils can't see.

In one New England town, for example, the high-school Home Economics teacher has a tiny room with one gas range, in which 22 girls are supposed to learn the principles of housekeeping. There is no furniture, so she teaches how to care for chairs and tables with a movie called *Waxing Furniture*. There is no space for fabrics, so she teaches about textiles with films on this subject. The girls learn about fancy glassware (none available in school) from a film called *Crystal Clear*, and about fancy edibles (also nonavailable) from a film called *Food*. Just for good measure, this teacher shows four films entitled *Bathing the Infant*, *Teaching Children to Play Correctly*, *Clothing for Children* and *Baby Care: Feeding*.

In the same school, the basketball coach admits he would be lost trying to teach the new complicated rules of the game without a film demonstrating nearly every foul in the book. In an Indiana town, a physics instructor was asked to take over a new course in aeronautics. "But I don't know anything about aeronautics," he complained. The school then gave him a series of films. Today he's doing fine.

A film called *A Letter to Grandmother* teaches children the inside operations of the Post Office, a concept which could otherwise be

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gained only by means of field trips; by the same token, there isn't a physics teacher in the country who wouldn't welcome *Atomic Energy*. The dean of a Midwestern university looked at this film and said, "I taught physics for three years, but I must admit that the principles of atomic fission escaped me—until now."

Another masterpiece is a high-school chemistry film in color, *The Halogens*, in which a photogenic young lady instructor does many hours of experiments in 11 minutes. Still another helpful film answers the question, *What Is a Political Party?*—a brain twister which has tripped many prominent adults.

Lately, one film company has moved into the new field of "social guidance," which recognizes that many children are held back in their studies if they are not socially adjusted. Accordingly, two best-selling films are *Are You Popular?* and *Shy Guy*. *Are You Popular?* shows a girl how to get desirable dates in school. *Shy Guy* tackles another major problem of today's America, in which families on the move have disrupted children's lives to the extent that they become inhibited strangers in the many schools they attend—sometimes developing severe personality problems.

TODAY, MOST TOP-FLIGHT educational films are made by two Chicago companies, the first of which (oldest in the business) specializes in scholarly, informative pictures, mostly in black and white. Their production rate in 1947 was 48 new films. The second company (which produced 60 new films in 1947) makes movies all in color and uses the personal-dramatization technique developed by the armed forces during the war.

In addition to regular producers, other film sources are government agencies like the Department of Agriculture and the Public Health Service; and large industries, which like to slip in a commercial plug for their products now and then. These films have the advantage of being free, but in the case of industrial movies, there is always the chance that the youngster will become convinced (to cite an actual example) that only *one* kind of soap can keep him clean.

Making an educational film is not an easy task. First, researchers comb curriculums all over the country to make sure that at least 80 per cent of the schools can use the picture. Then an outstanding authority on the specific subject is retained as collaborator. At one Chicago studio, when three films on commercial subjects were ready for production, the manager hired the University of Pittsburgh's Dr. D. D. Lessenberry, whose textbook is used in practically every school in the U. S.

After the collaborator is retained, he decides what should go into the film and the studio then writes the shooting script. The film then goes before the cameras in an up-to-date studio, with radio actors and local school children supplementing the cast. When the film is finished, the collaborator helps to write an accompanying manual which rounds out the subject.

Sometimes films develop along different lines. One company enjoys the services of Dr. O. S. Pettingill, Jr., leading ornithologist who

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has the habit of using a telescopic camera to make movies of wild birds. Hence this company has produced excellent bird pictures for nature-study classes.

On another occasion, a film company benefited when a museum director, Dr. Alfred M. Bailey, was walking the prairie near his Colorado home and happened to film wild antelope and buffalo that wandered by. He sent the pictures to the company at the same time that a nature writer, Karl H. Maslowski, showed up with equally good films of other wild animals. So a coyote was added here, a prairie dog there, and another good film was born—*Mammals of the Western Plains*.

One illustrious source of films is Lynwood Chase of New Bedford, Massachusetts, who has a studio filled with tame foxes, rabbits, turtles, raccoons, owls and geese, all of which live together in seeming harmony. One film company provides Chase with shooting scripts of animal fables, like *The Hare and the Tortoise*, and by clever promptings with food, Chase, over a period of months, manages to get the animals to act out the entire story.

DESPITE THE PROGRESS made in film production since the war, visual education has scarcely penetrated as yet into the school systems of most of our large cities. Greatest advances seem to have been made in towns of 1,500 to 100,000, where, as Larson points out, parents can exercise pressure on local school boards to buy modern equipment. Westport, for instance—a town of only 3,800—has a more complete film library than many New England cities.

The trend throughout the country has been to set up film libraries at state universities and teachers' colleges, so that any school in the state can borrow prints. This system has reached a peak in California, Ohio, Indiana, Virginia, Wisconsin and Texas. But states like Oklahoma and Arkansas are just beginning to make the plunge, while many other states have no organized program at all. Several new factors, however, seem destined to hasten the growth of visual projects throughout the country.

First, the price of sound projectors has dropped sharply. A year ago, a school had to pay up to $600 for a good machine. Today, the price is as low as $300.

Secondly, some of our distinguished centers of learning have gone in for visual-education research in a big way. With Harvard proving that film-taught ninth-graders learn 20.5 per cent more and remember 38.4 per cent more than noncinematic ninth-graders; and with Yale, Indiana, the University of Chicago, Columbia and Penn State coming up with still more spectacular results, even die-hard school boards are beginning to admit that there must be something to this newfangled medium.

The third factor is an organization called the Film Council of America, successor to a wartime group of educational and commercial organizations used by the Treasury Department and OWI to distribute government films in communities everywhere. Local councils were set up in towns to make sure that projectors were purchased or borrowed and that films were

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shown to the right people at the right time. The results of this visual-education program proved to be so impressive that, when the war ended, the councils decided to keep going. Today there are 65 such Film Councils, operating under the guidance of a national headquarters in Chicago.

They advise Boards of Education on the purchase of films, help schools to raise money through PTA and other activities, survey community needs for films of various types, and keep parents posted on visual education in general by mailing pamphlets and other explanatory material.

For the faint-hearted, this business of selling school boards is often not too difficult. Recently, in a New England school, a six-year-old boy developed eye trouble. He couldn't focus close-up on books, and the doctors told Dickie's parents that the youngster would have to drop out of school for two years. But things ultimately didn't work out that way at all. Dickie continued in school, and what the other children learned from books he learned from movies run for him after classes.

Later, at a school-board meeting, the principal said: "When we bought this projector, there were complaints that $300 was too much for us to spend. Now we have more than recovered our $300 in helping this one boy."

Dickie's case is just one more illustration of how visual education is being adapted to varied needs. All over the country, parents, teachers and school officials are coming to recognize that films, when used wisely and properly, are a highly effective teaching tool. All of which means that, during the 1950s, American education may well achieve its challenging goal of a projector in 100,000 of the nation's classrooms.

There's No Escape

As the little man crept into the movie theater and took his seat in the last row it was obvious from his doleful expression that he had much on his mind and was sadly in need of recreation.

On the screen an old-fashioned melodrama unfolded, a production doubtless made long ago and now "reissued." Came the scene where the heroine, lured all unsuspecting to the villain's lair, suddenly realized with horror that his intentions were anything but honorable. Providentially she discovered the handy carving knife.

"Stand back, you unspeakable cad," she cried, brandishing the weapon. "I may be only a poor, weak, friendless woman—but, by Heaven, I shall sell my honor dearly!"

"Profiteers," shouted the troubled little man. "Everywhere you go, it's high prices."

And with that he bolted out of the theater and disappeared into the night. —*Wall St. Journal*

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Laughter is the echo of the lighter moments in the drama of life. So here, gathered for your enjoyment, are a few amusing trifles from the everyday world.

STANDING ON A STREET corner one day, I noticed a very old man trying to get across from the opposite side. Every time the traffic light changed he would start across; then, when he was about halfway over, the light would change again and back he would go to his starting place.

Finally, I crossed over to where he was standing and offered to help him across. Turning to me, he said, "Thanks, son, I'm scared—and that durn ol' light seems to know it."

—WILLIAM DE PRIEST

A YOUNG MATRON had sent a dinner invitation to the newly settled physician. In reply she received a totally illegible letter.

"I simply must know whether he has accepted or refused," she told her husband.

"Why don't you take it to a druggist?" he suggested. "They can always read a doctor's handwriting no matter how badly it is written."

The druggist studied the slip of paper, went to the back room and returned in a few minutes with a bottle. "There you are, Madam," he said. "That will be two dollars, please."

—ALBERT KELLEY

"THAT'S A FINE YOUNGSTER," said the talkative old man to the young mother sitting opposite him on the train. "I hope you will bring him up to be an honest, upright American. And who knows? Maybe someday he will be a second George Washington."

"Yes," smiled the proud mother, "but in this day and time I'm afraid that is going to be somewhat difficult, since—."

"Oh, nonsense," continued the man. "As the twig is bent so is the tree inclined."

"I know," agreed the mother, "but this twig is bent on being a girl and we are inclined to let it go at that."

—MARION ROBINSON

COL. ROBERT LEE SCOTT, JR., author of *God is My Co-Pilot*—and a much-decorated veteran of General Chennault's "Flying Tigers"—was an interested spectator on a Hollywood set one day. Glancing around, he noticed a bemedaled and campaign-badged general calmly gazing at the picture's director and cast. Colonel Scott flicked some cigarette ashes from his uniform and, assuming his most precise military posture, said, "Sir,

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I am Col. Robert Lee Scott of General Chennault's 'Flying Tigers.' Whom have I the honor of addressing?"

"I am General Jones of Central Casting," the tired old extra replied.

—*Tales of Hoffman*

AFTER RECEIVING $100 FOR one of his horses, a farmer was paid another $50 for bringing the animal into town, $25 for getting it through a revolving door, $15 for bringing it up to the buyer's apartment in the elevator, and $10 for placing the horse in the man's bath tub. Then, to his amazement, the farmer was asked to shoot the horse.

When asked why he had spent so much money just to have the horse shot in his bath tub, the buyer replied: "You see, I share this apartment with a man who comes in every night, slams the door, slaps me on the back and shouts, 'What's new?' Now I can tell him, 'There's a dead horse in the bath tub!' "

—MRS. DORIS W. ARMENAKI

ONE SATURDAY NIGHT recently we came out of a show to find ourselves in the midst of the worst rainstorm of the year. Along with dozens of others we lined up under the scant protection of awnings until a cab or bus could be hailed. The patrons far outnumbered the conveyances, however, and the wait became lengthy.

At the edge of the crowd stood a drenched little paper boy calling his wares. The Saturday news was scant, and the wet, anxious crowd was in no mood for buying papers. His headlines exhausted, the boy shivered silently in the rain a moment. Then, with a determined look, he began to rescan his papers. A hopeful gleam lit his face as he took a deep breath and shrilled, "Weather-r-r man-nn-n says showers-s-s-s possible!"

The soaked crowd broke into a roar of laughter. Soon the boy, empty-handed, was sprinting happily up the street in the downpour, his day's work done.

—ELLA A. DUNCAN

THE DOCTOR WAS EXAMINING a little girl in his office. Finally, he pressed on her chest.

"*It's no use, Doctor,*" said the little girl. "I've tried it and I don't squeak." —*Capper's Farmer*

"TICKETS, PLEASE!"

Sheepishly, the commuter looked up at the suburban train conductor.

"I find myself in an embarrassing position," he confessed. "This morning I left my monthly commutation ticket in my other suit, and tonight I seem to have left my wallet at the office. I have no ticket and no money."

"I wouldn't worry too much," sympathized the conductor. "Where are you going?"

The passenger named his station.

The conductor removed his hat and scratched his head. "Add this to your grief," he said slowly. "This train doesn't stop there."

—*Tracks Magazine*

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When Rode Niagara

by LOUIS WOLFE

Courage was no match for the mighty power of the Falls as disaster struck

THE AIR WAS BITTER COLD, yet a bright sun made the ice and snow glisten like diamonds. It was a perfect Sunday for the warmly dressed tourists and honeymooners to view the shimmering mass of solid ice in the gorge below Niagara Falls.

For weeks prior to this February day in 1912, huge slabs of ice had swirled down the river, plunged over the Falls, and piled up until they made what seemed a safe natural "bridge," about 80 feet thick, between the American and Canadian shores.

Unaware of impending danger, some 50 gay visitors walked and slid on the glassy surface. They gaped at the majestic sweep of the Falls, the towering snow-covered bluffs of the gorge on both sides; and, far down the river, they could see the mad rush of Whirlpool Rapids. Being able to walk upon and defy mighty Niagara, now helpless in the grip of winter, gave the crowd a vicarious thrill. Like children at recess, they laughed and threw snow at each other.

Suddenly the huge mass of ice rumbled like a mighty giant awakening. Without warning, big chunks wrenched free from their moorings on both shores. Jolting, grinding and crackling, the "bridge" broke into several pieces. What had been a gay scene turned into a horror on ice. Everybody scrambled frantically for the nearest shore. Some managed to jump from one cake of ice to another; others, lucky to be a few feet from land, swam to safety.

As one huge chunk of ice swung ominously toward midstream, the eight persons trapped upon it raced madly for shore;

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shouting that the Canadian side was nearer, William Hill, a riverman, dashed for that bank. Five men followed close behind. But Mr. and Mrs. Stanton of Toronto, who were also on that floe, became panicky. They ran first toward the American side, only to be cut off by an open lane of water. Then they turned and scrambled toward the Canadian side, but Mrs. Stanton slipped and fell, utterly spent.

"I can't go on," she cried. "Let me die here!"

Stanton tried to lift her, but he too was exhausted and had to call for help. Hearing the call, Burrell Heacock, a 17-year-old lad from Cleveland, Ohio, turned back from certain safety to help the couple.

WORD OF THE DISASTER flashed through the twin border cities, bringing American and Canadian firemen and policemen to the scene. Some gathered on opposite shores of the river with poles and ropes; others rushed to the two bridges below and hung long ropes to the surface. Doctors and nurses stood by with ambulances. Except for emergency vehicles, traffic was at a standstill. Thousands of people lined the towering banks and breathlessly watched the tragedy below.

The chunk of ice bearing the hapless trio began its journey slowly, but as it neared midstream it gathered momentum. The Stantons and young Heacock hung on desperately. About a quarter of a mile from Whirlpool Rapids, the floe snapped in two pieces, each about 50 feet square. The Stantons, on one, were carried toward the American shore where they were whirled at the mercy of a powerful eddy. The floe supporting Heacock was taken downstream by the current.

There was still hope. From the cantilever bridge and the upper steel arch bridge, firemen and policemen stood ready with ropes dangling in the wind. As the tossing floe approached the first bridge, Heacock stripped off his coat and leaped for a rope. The crowd cheered wildly as he caught hold, but their enthusiasm was short-lived, for the slack let him fall into the churning river.

Heacock, however, was a sturdy youth. He not only held on but succeeded in lifting himself from the water, hand over hand. Soon he felt the helpful tug from the men on the bridge, about 160 feet above. Slowly they pulled him up and the crowd cheered again.

But the physical and mental strain had been too much. Heacock had been trapped on the ice for more than an hour; the cold water had robbed him of reserve strength. His half-frozen hands began to slip. Vainly he tried to wrap his legs around the rope; he even tried to grip it with his teeth.

Some of the crowd wept; others prayed. When he was halfway up, he relaxed his grip and plummeted like a stone into the river. The paralyzed crowd watched as he feebly tried to swim, then vanished in the seething water.

Helpless on the eddy-gripped floe, the Stantons watched the grim scene in which their would-be rescuer died. Then, as though the violent Niagara had waited for the first act to be completed before setting the stage for the final tragedy, the whirlpool released its grip and shoved the Stantons' floe in the

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same course Heacock had taken.

As the floe swept under the cantilever bridge, Stanton grasped a rope, twisted it around his wife's waist and knotted it. The crowds, praying for a miracle, were hushed in agonized suspense. Then the full force of the current pushed Stanton's floe, and the rope snapped.

There was one more chance—the second bridge. Stanton got ready to snatch another rope. By now they were nearer Whirlpool Rapids and the current was faster. As before, Stanton reached for a rope—and made it. He was given plenty of slack and again he hurriedly tried to wind the rope around his wife's waist. But his hands were numb. The rush of the floe was too strong. And when Stanton realized he could not save his wife, he let the rope go, not for a moment thinking of himself.

Beyond all hope now, the man's magnificent courage did not fail. Gently he raised his wife to her feet, clasped her in his arms and kissed her. They embraced for a few moments and then Mrs. Stanton sank to her knees. Stanton removed his coat, tenderly placed it around her shoulders, knelt and put his arms about her.

Swiftly, the torrent bore husband and wife on its crest. Then, in full view of the stricken crowds, a wave smashed over the floe and the Stantons vanished beneath an icy froth of angry waters.

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Your I.Q. is not always a true index to your mind; here's a test to gauge your mentality

by **FRED J. OSTLER**

SOME OF EINSTEIN'S TEACHERS thought he was only an average student. Edison's teachers often considered him stupid. Countless other children regarded as dunces in their youth have astounded parents and friends by achievements in later life. Yet the psychologists have long realized that school work alone is not a true indication of a child's mental ability.

To determine mental age more accurately, Alfred Binet devised the famous intelligence or I.Q. tests. But even I.Q. tests are far from perfect. In fact, they may give an entirely false picture of your mind.

The following statements will test your knowledge. How many of the answers come as surprises to you?

1. If you have a low I.Q., you're not as bright as the average person.

False. A high score indicates excellence in several forms of mental ability, hence a mind above average. But a low score may be due to causes other than mental inferiority. The person tested may have great abilities which the questions fail to uncover, or he may be deficient in reading ability. And I.Q. results usually are affected by your ability to read.

2. Whatever your I.Q. as a child, it remains unchanged for the rest of your life.

False. It may show striking changes as you grow older.

3. If a child doesn't talk by the age of three, he is mentally deficient.

False. Very intelligent children sometimes don't learn to talk until four or later. A lot of other factors besides a lack of intelligence can cause retarded speech.

4. A youngster must associate with intelligent companions to develop his own mind.

True. Children who lack intelligent companionship become retarded—even "feeble-minded" in extreme cases.

5. You can improve the I.Q. of an undernourished child with good food.

True. Experiments have shown that improved diet may raise an I.Q. by 10 to 15 points. The sounder the body, the sounder the mind.

6. A bad memory is a sign of low intelligence.

False. Many intelligent people

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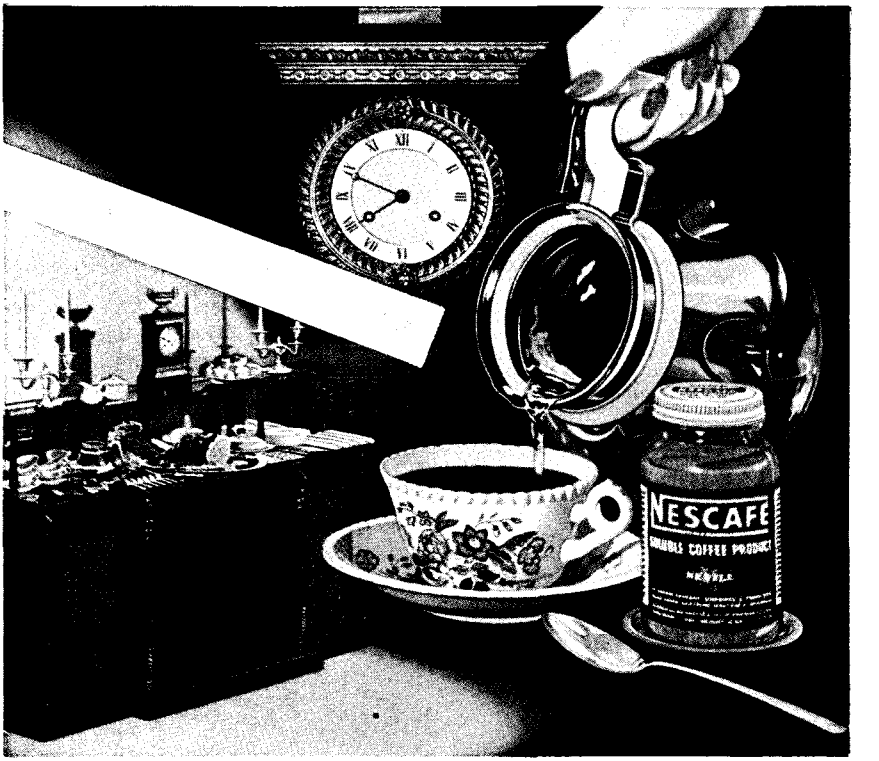

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have bad memories, while many unintelligent ones can memorize almost as if they had "camera eyes."

7. If you exercise your mind properly, you will become more intelligent.

True. For many years psychologists thought that the adult I.Q. couldn't be increased appreciably. But recent studies show that adult minds can become brighter with proper training.

8. A child who is a "whiz at figures" will ultimately make a fine mathematician.

False. Not always. Skill at figures depends on a mental "number factor." But most modern mathematicians don't deal with numbers in the usual arithmetical sense. Some of the most famous can't add or multiply simple numbers as well as a bright 10-year-old can.

9. People with large vocabularies have excellent minds.

False. Vocabulary ability parallels general mental ability to some extent. But there are exceptions—individuals who seem to have swallowed a dictionary but spout only nonsense.

10. The "chatterbox" is less intelligent than the strong, silent person.

False. Incessant chattering may be a sign of neurosis. But unless it's nonsensical, it does require verbal skill, which means that the chatterbox may have a mental edge over more silent individuals.

11. Children who are slow about learning to read are mentally deficient.

False. Slowness may be the result of inability to handle words easily, even in children who are otherwise mentally superior.

12. People with mechanical skill are inferior to those with mental skill.

False. Actually, mechanical skill is mainly mental skill. It depends on ability to visualize and other factors —only to a minor degree on skill with the hands.

13. A child's mind shows in general the same abilities he will later reveal as an adult.

True. The child's abilities are relatively undeveloped, but from an over-all viewpoint, he shows the same strong and weak points that will stay with him through life.

14. Mental abilities are inherited.

False. Not necessarily. Although you and your parents may have mental features in common, it may be coincidence as much as heredity.

He Should Know!

THE CLUB MEMBERS WERE bidding farewell to one who was leaving for India. In the conversation a friend said: "It gets pretty hot in India at times. Aren't you afraid the climate might disagree with your wife?"

The man looked at him reproachfully and replied, "It wouldn't dare." —*Swanson Newsette*

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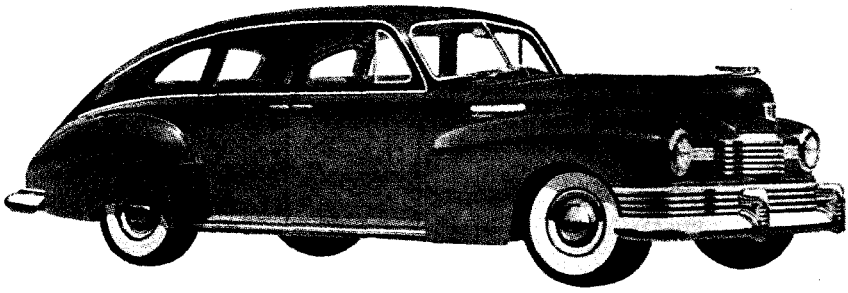
It will have conveniences you never dreamed of. An automatic heating and ventilating system that ends discomfort of winter driving, dust drafts and stuffy air.



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Where Old Folks Live Again

by JEAN LIBMAN BLOCK

In their own little colony in New Jersey — a one-woman miracle — oldsters have found a promised land where life is still worth living

HOWARD MORGAN HAD JUST returned from town with a surprise gift for his wife—a miniature wringer to attach to her tiny electric washing machine. Ada Morgan was as delighted as a bride, although nearly 50 years had passed since her wedding day.

Down the road, a clay-colored road with wheel ruts, Mrs. John Smith, an energetic little woman with a fluff of white hair, was making candy for her grandchildren. The fragrance of chocolate filled Mr. and Mrs. Smith's neat three-room cottage.

At the corner, the Adolf Webers —he a sturdy man of 71 in a well-tailored overcoat, she a serious-faced woman in a carefully brushed cloth coat with fur collar—were on their way to call on a sick neighbor.

Hudson Whitaker, a hail oldster of 80 who could easily pass for ten years younger, had dropped in to chat with neighbor John Walter Roberts, who for three years has steadfastly given his age as 83. Whitaker is a frequent visitor at Roberts', for both octogenarians live alone, by choice, in immaculate white-shingled cottages.

All this activity, all these vignettes of daily living, were taking place on a random Saturday afternoon, not in a prosperous suburban community but in the Roosevelt Park Colony for the Aged—a unique New Jersey experiment in group-living for men and women in the twilight of life.

The Colony is not an institution,

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a charity, or an old folks' home. It is a village—a village consisting of a score of cottages built around a central recreation hall and located in the Jersey pinelands near Millville, on the main highway between Philadelphia and Cape May.

The residents of Roosevelt Park are all over 65 years of age. The youngest, 66, declines to give her name lest her age become known to intimates in her home town, who take her for a youngster of 50-odd. The oldest, Effinger Gilbert, 92, has been retired for 25 years.

A few of the residents are receiving old-age assistance. The majority, however, are people of limited means who have found in the Colony a real promised land. On as little as $500 a year for one person and $800 for a couple, they can live in their own homes and lead their own lives. They can rise when they please, go to bed when they please, eat what they like, run their own households to their own tastes, and be beholden to no one—neither friend, relative nor welfare worker.

How is this miracle accomplished? A brief tour of Roosevelt Park reveals that the Colony is a one-woman miracle. That woman is Mrs. Effie Aldrich Morrison, motherly, white-haired, past 65 and always busy. Before World War I, Mrs. Morrison did social work in Philadelphia. Through the '20s she was active in volunteer charities in Millville, where she had settled with her family. In 1933, by then a widow, Effie Morrison lost a great deal in the Depression. To support herself, she went to work as deputy director of the Cumberland County Welfare Board.

Part of her job included interviewing old people on relief who were losing their homes. The plight of these aged folks was desperate. With nowhere to turn, they were either being herded into overcrowded institutions or thrust as extra burdens on already impoverished children or grandchildren. While brooding over this tragedy, Effie Morrison read Zona Gale's *Lights Out*, the moving story of an old couple subjected to the final humiliation of separation from each other in poorhouse dormitories.

The double impact of fact and fiction gave Mrs. Morrison a mission. "I felt that I had to do something for those old people who were being turned out of their homes," she explains. "I had to find them new homes."

Tirelessly she tracked down a parcel of land—300 arid acres on Route 49, which Millville had taken over for taxes. She sought money, she nagged officials, she haunted influential people, among them Senator Arthur Harry Moore of New Jersey, whom she had met years earlier in Red Cross work.

Millville finally turned over to her the 300 acres, tax-free, on her assurance that she would never ask the town for a penny of support. The WPA appropriated $30,000 for the project, $25,000 for construction of 13 cottages and a recreation hall, and the rest for installing road and sewers.

Slowly the dream took shape. The buildings were dedicated in October, 1936, and opened the following June. Mrs. Morrison managed to keep her project free of politics—but only by exercising extraordinary political dexterity. Although Millville is a staunchly

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Republican community, the blessings of the Democratic New Deal were essential to success of the experiment. When the buildings were completed, Mrs. Morrison named the village Roosevelt Park.

The first occupants were all on old-age relief. After being selected from scores of applicants by Mrs. Morrison and a Board of Control, they moved their pitifully few belongings into the tiny houses, set up housekeeping and, freed from the crushing weight of fear and anxiety, began to live again.

They paid rent of $5 to $7 a month to the Roosevelt Park Association, bought their own food and managed to get along on assistance allotments with minimum damage to their self-respect.

As TIMES BECAME more prosperous, old folks with modest incomes began to seek admission. These people had pensions or savings which would not support them decently in their home towns. But at Roosevelt Park, their $50 or $60 a month would buy comfort and independence. A few of the residents with private means have even built their own homes.

Typical of these are the Charles Merkles. When Merkle was retired several years ago by the storage company for which he worked, the couple sold their home in Little Ferry, New Jersey, and prepared to move to Florida. Then one night the Merkles listened to "The Answer Man" on the radio.

"Where is Happy Land?" someone asked the Answer Man.

"I don't know, unless it's the Roosevelt Park Colony for the Aged," was his reply.

Merkle wrote to Mrs. Morrison. She replied that the waiting list was long: it might be years before a vacancy occurred. But Charles Merkle was a man of action. He drove to Millville and within two months he and Mrs. Merkle had built their own cottage in the Colony. Today, they are convinced that the Answer Man was dispensing accurate information.

Under an unusual arrangement which Mrs. Morrison has devised, the Merkles will reside in the cottage they built as long as they live. They pay no rent or taxes during their occupancy. After their deaths, the house reverts to the Colony as a memorial to its former owners and as a shelter to others in like circumstances.

Seven of the Colony's white cottages, arranged in a square around the recreation hall, consist of living room, bedroom and kitchen. Each of the frame structures, 20 by 20 feet, located on a third of an acre, rents for $8 a month, electric light included. Six other cottages, which contain two rooms and kitchenette, rent for $6.

Six additional cottages, somewhat larger but built at an average cost of $3,000, were put up by their present occupants under the same plan the Merkles used. Two more were recently completed, one by a pair of retired schoolteachers who are investing $4,600 in the structure, including a garage.

Residents bring their own furniture. As a result, interiors vary from the austere to the incredibly cluttered. Mrs. Anna Fithian, for instance, salvaged so many souvenirs from her earlier life that it was almost impossible to step into her

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10-by-12-foot living room, which harbored a day bed, a sideboard, a large bookcase, a center table and four rockers, plus other assorted odds and ends.

THE HEART OF ROOSEVELT PARK is the recreation hall, a large room with open fireplace to which is attached Mrs. Morrison's modest three-room apartment, where she lives alone with her dog, Tim.

Several hundred books, an old piano, ancient rockers and straight chairs, Mrs. Morrison's desk buried under papers ("I'm so far behind in my mail I don't ever expect to catch up"), a giant cactus, a coal stove and a stuffed owl are the principal furnishings of this homey room. Above the fireplace, the words "Dedicated to those in the twilight of life who seek peace, harmony and contentment" sound the keynote of the entire enterprise.

At 9 o'clock every morning, residents troop into the recreation hall to collect mail, to gossip and to confront Mrs. Morrison with immediate problems. One needs coal. Another wants to send a telegram for a grandchild's birthday. Still another would like to see the dentist in town.

Mrs. Morrison deals briskly with these routine matters, exchanging bits of cheering information and news as she goes along. "Don't forget Mrs. Richards' birthday next week," she reminds one woman. Or "If you see Mrs. Sanders, tell her to stop by later. I have a message from a friend in town." Or to a grizzled old gentleman, "When am I going to see that new picture of your daughter's baby?"

Most residents remain around their homes during the rest of the day. Some ride the bus into town to do marketing. Four or five women pile into a taxi on Fridays for week-end shopping in Millville. Afternoons they may visit with each other or engage in hobbies. Many devote a great deal of time to flower and vegetable gardens. One of the women makes quilts. Another makes fancy aprons.

Mr. Weber does wood carving. An alert chap of 85 is still keen enough to give the last degree of Masonry at the local lodge in town.

Group activities are held to a minimum. "Our people are such individualists," says Mrs. Morrison, "that they rebel against too much organized recreation."

They will go so far, however, as to gather on Thursday nights for weekly parties, on holidays for appropriate celebrations, and on Sundays for interdenominational services. For a time, ministers came out from town to preach Sunday sermons, but soon complaints began to pile up.

It seemed that the preachers took one look at the aged and wrinkled worshipers and invariably began to speak highly of the next world. Mrs. Morrison's lively residents did not particularly care for such emphasis on death. So when the clergymen failed to take the hint, the Roosevelt Park people simply eliminated sermons from their religious observances.

Sooner or later, all visitors to the Colony ask, "What about medical service?" Mrs. Morrison seems to be nonplused by this question. "Outsiders worry about doctors much more than we do," she observes. "Perhaps the secret lies

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Handsome Lifeguard in daring rescue, as Georgie saves his "model" mother, Miami beauty-contest winner, Virginia Swensen. Note that they *both* have "model" smiles, for Virginia teaches Georgie her own prized dental routine: *Regular brushing with Ipana Tooth Paste, followed by gentle gum massage.* Head for a "model" smile yourself—with Ipana, the tooth paste dentists use and recommend 2 to 1 over any other (according to recent nationwide survey). *Help your dentist guard your smile of beauty.* Get Ipana today!

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in the fact that folks here are so happy, they just don't have time to get sick."

Whatever the explanation, there is an astonishingly low incidence of aches and pains in this group of citizens whose average age is 77. When illness does strike, a doctor comes out from town, and neighbors in the Colony pitch in to help with housekeeping and cooking.

FINANCIALLY, ROOSEVELT PARK is a nonprofit enterprise. The income from the microscopic rents, totaling $94 a month, goes for maintenance. Mrs. Morrison receives no salary except living expenses and upkeep of her car. The Colony gets no public funds of any kind, but does accept contributions for improvements and expansion. A visitor, one of hundreds who have turned off the highway to meet Mrs. Morrison and inspect her handiwork, has left $40,000 to the Park in his will.

A grandmother with strong family ideas, Mrs. Morrison has had only one disappointment through the years. There has never been a marriage between single or widowed residents of the Colony, despite a number of romances which looked promising.

"I guess the folks here are too well satisfied with things as they are," she muses. "They just don't want to be bothered with all the adjustments of marriage, now that they're so content in the Colony."

This amazing sense of well-being and security among people who have reached advanced years with few worldly possessions is clearly a tribute to Mrs. Morrison's vision as a planner and to her efficiency as a manager.

It is, too, a measure of the very real success which she has achieved at Roosevelt Park. And her happy Colony of oldsters might well serve as a guidepost to others—legislators, social workers and philanthropists—seeking to shape a self-respecting future for the nation's 10,700,000 men and women who have passed the age of 65.

When Is a Man Educated?

WHEN HE CAN LOOK out upon the universe—now lucid and lovely, now dark and terrible—with a sense of his own littleness in the great scheme of things, and yet have unfaltering faith and courage.

When he knows how to make friends and keep them, and when he can keep friends with himself.

When he can be high-minded amid the drudgeries of life.

When he can look into a wayside puddle and see something besides mud, and into the face of the most forlorn mortal and see something beyond sin.

When he knows how to live, how to love, how to hope, how to pray—glad to live and not afraid to die, in his hands a sword for evil, and in his heart a bit of lifting song. —JOSEPH FORT NEWTON

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Secrets of Sound Sleep

by J. B. RICE, M. D.

If you're one of the millions who toss and turn all night, try this simple but effective formula for routing insomnia

LAST NIGHT, 5,000,000 Americans tossed around on their beds, unable to sleep. Another 4,000,000 fared better only because they took sleeping pills. Yet most of them could have gone to sleep promptly *if they had only known how!*

Fortunately, very few of us suffer from real insomnia, which is usually caused by a mental ailment or some organic disease. Ordinary sleeplessness is nearly always due to just plain ignorance. Take relaxation, for example. Can you relax your leg or abdominal muscles at will? It's amazing how many people cannot. Yet it's easy when you know how, and absolutely necessary before you can go to sleep.

Primitive man came shuffling home to his cave at night, dog-tired, and slumbered soundly till morning. No one had to teach him to prepare his body and mind for natural sleep: he adjusted himself automatically. But today's living conditions are so different that we must *learn* to do what our hairy ancestor did as a matter of course.

If you don't know how to relax, try lying flat on your back in bed and resting both hands on your abdomen, just below the ribs. Now, keeping your knees straight, lift both legs a few inches. Hold them up as long as you can. Feel the muscles in your abdomen—they are hard as rocks.

When you can't hold your legs up any longer, let them drop back on the bed, and rest. Now, with your hands, knead your abdomen. It has become soft as dough. You can't even find any muscles, because they are completely relaxed.

After catching your breath, re-

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peat the performance, only this time rest your hands by your side. When you let your legs fall back, notice how good your abdominal and thigh muscles feel. That is the feeling of relaxation. Now try to relax these same muscles without holding your legs off the bed. See how easy it is?

You can learn to loosen your shoulder and arm muscles by holding your arms off the bed—and your neck muscles by holding your head off the pillow—and then letting them fall back.

These exercises won't make you sleepy—their purpose is to show you what genuine relaxation *feels* like, so that you can enjoy it whenever you wish. Exhausted muscles loosen automatically when given a chance. But those of us who are not physically tired at the end of the day have to *learn* to relax.

WHY IS THE STATE of your muscles so important when it is only your brain that sleeps? Don't forget you have hundreds of thousands of nerves running to and from your brain. You have some 800 muscles, and each contracted one sends a constant stream of nerve impulses. Part of your brain, like a faithful telephone operator, stays awake to handle all these incoming messages.

But impulses arrive from other parts of the body, too. From your stomach, for example, if you eat a heavy meal before retiring. Then your digestive system is working hard, and keeps telling your brain about it. Yet a completely empty "tummy" can be just as bad. That is why a glass of warm milk or a little broth before bedtime helps some people to sleep.

But suppose your muscles are relaxed, your digestive system is quiet—and still you can't sleep? Is the window open wide? Are you getting too much fresh air? That may be the cause of your wakefulness. Of course you need fresh air while asleep, but a window open only two inches will give you more fresh air than you can possibly breathe.

And remember, air doesn't have to be cold to be fresh. Even if your body is warm under the bedclothes, cold air can keep you awake by stimulating the tiny nerves in your face and hands and by sending impulses to the brain. If the air is very cold, the weight of heavy bedclothes, required to keep you warm, stirs the pressure nerves all over your body, flooding your brain with disturbing messages.

Therefore a room not too cold, and the lightest bedclothes possible, can help you to sleep. One Washington official who for years had difficulty sleeping solved his problem by leaving his radiator partly turned on and by wearing cotton stockings on his hands and arms!

When the cave campfire flickered out, your primitive ancestor was left in darkness. But you have electric lights to contend with. Not only your own, but your neighbors' and the street lights. Your eyes see light (and report the fact to your brain) even when they are closed.

Few people have properly darkened bedrooms, yet it's easy to solve the difficulty. You can paste black cloth over the transom to reduce light from other rooms; you can hang heavy curtains at the windows; or you can wear a mask over your eyes while you sleep.

Stimuli coming from your ears

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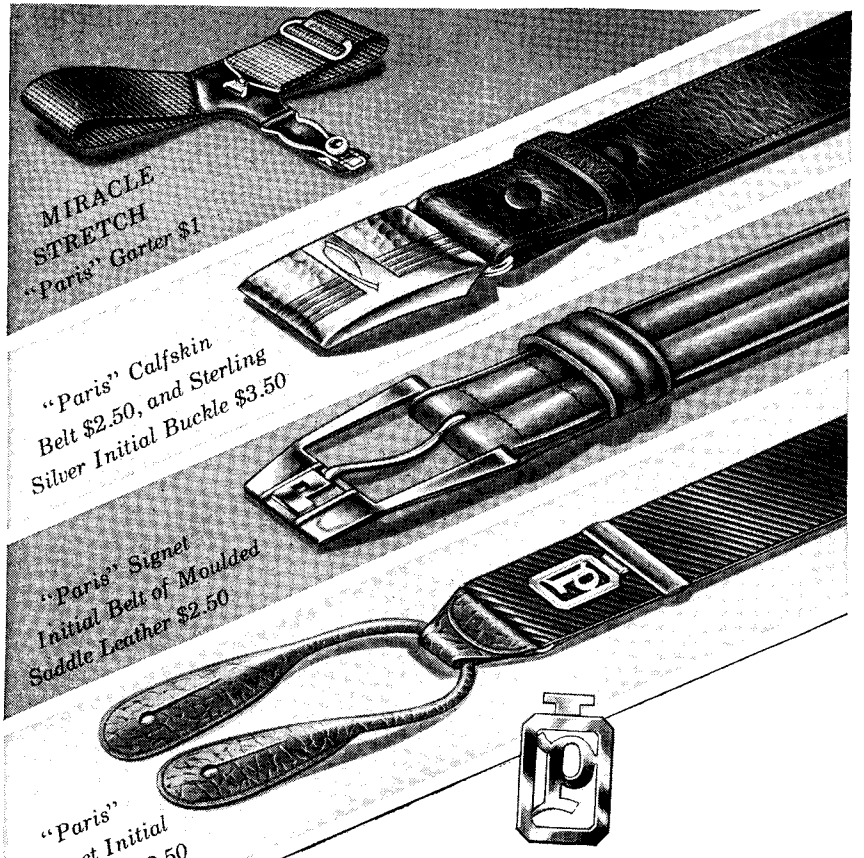
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are also likely to keep you awake. Therefore, your bedroom should be as soundproof as possible. Doors and windows (except those essential for ventilation) should be closed. Heavy curtains help to muffle sound; and devices are on the market which screen out street noises, even through an open window.

WHILE REDUCING THE NUMBER of "wake-up" messages to your brain is the most important factor in courting sleep, there is another preparation you must make. Your mind, unlike your body, will not stop work suddenly. Mental relaxation is a gradual process.

If your bedtime is 11 P.M., you should start to slow down your mental activities at about 9. Try quiet conversation, light fiction and, above all, a comfortable chair. Most important, don't mull over the problems of the day. That is fatal.

If you have carried out these instructions, you have gone a long way toward a restful night. So now you are lying in bed, comfortably relaxed and drowsy from lack of mental stimulation. The next few minutes are critical. What will you think about? You can't turn off your mind like a faucet; it will work right up to the last moment.

Unfortunately, worry is a part of modern living: it is just another word for "thinking" or "planning." How, then, can you force an unpleasant subject out of your mind? You can't. But you *can* replace it by a pleasanter one. You can daydream—and daydreams are akin to real dreams. Any calm, pleasant daydream will do, but there are two general kinds that work better than others. Pleasant experiences of long ago are best. Try to relive a happy day of 20 years back, relishing every pleasant detail.

The second kind of thoughts most efficacious in inducing sleep are those of life in the open—green fields, woods, streams and mountains. If you can combine both kinds of thinking into a single daydream—that is, childhood recollections of time spent in the open, you should have a sure thing!

Eight or nine hours of deep, refreshing slumber can do wonders for your temper, personality and health. You can sleep naturally and without drugs if you follow the sleep pattern evolved over thousands of years, along with man himself. But don't try short cuts. Every one of the steps I have outlined is essential. By following them in their proper order, you will help Nature to pull a restful curtain over the nighttime windows of your mind.

Inflation Note

ABEL GREEN, EDITOR of the Broadway Bible, *Variety*, once took an out-of-town friend to dinner at one of the city's swankiest night clubs. The friend uneasily looked over the menu, with its stiff prices, and then inquired of Editor Green, "Don't they have a regular two-dollar dinner here?"

"Sure," said Abel, "do you want it on white or rye?"

—*Thoughts While Shaving*, by NEAL O'HARA, Waverly House

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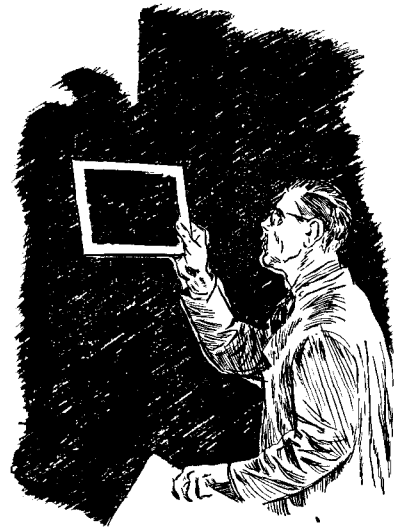
Common Sense Detective

The shrewd and diligent police physicist needs more than the gadgets in his laboratory when he sets out to solve a crime

by GEORGE ARMIN SHAFTEL



THE "SCIENTIFIC CRIMINOLOGIST" is the super-hero of detective yarns. Mere mention of his name evokes an image of a beetle-browed expert, peering into all sorts of complicated machines and gadgets. Yet actually the precision instruments of the laboratory do only part of the job of the police physicist. The other and equally important part is accomplished by informed common sense.

Take William W. Harper of Pasadena, California, for example. Harper is a free-lance police physicist. For seven years he was under contract to the local police department, then for three years he acted as a Navy consultant. In solving cases he uses the microscope, the spectrograph and infrared photography. But when discussing criminal investigation, he stresses the common-sense approach.

For instance, he likes to relate the case of the reversed skid marks. It involved a man named Crawford who had taken his family of four and a guest on a ride to Mt. Wilson. His car was old, the brakes unsure, but he expected no trouble. Starting back on the downgrade trip, he just put his car into neutral and coasted.

After traveling only a few miles, Crawford explained later, he lost control of the car and it plunged off a cliff. He managed to jump out, but his wife, three children and the guest were killed. Passing motorists found Crawford at the roadside, head in hands, numbed with grief.

"The traffic men asked me to examine the accident site," Harper says. "I've done special work on figuring car speeds from skid marks, and they wanted me to look at the imprints from Crawford's tires."

In his investigation, Harper found something unusual and disturbing —skid marks in reverse! Slowly he retraveled the route taken by the Crawford machine, then busied himself with pencil and slide rule. When he returned to Pasadena he

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recommended that Crawford be arrested—for murder.

"Crawford says he put his car into neutral and coasted downgrade," Harper reported. "However, there's a long uphill stretch on the road he covered. He claims he had enough momentum to coast up that stretch. That's not true, because there's a sharp curve. I've measured it; and to coast fast enough to make that stretch, Crawford would have needed an original impetus of 80 miles per hour. At that speed, he'd have plunged off the road. The top speed at which a loaded car could round that curve safely is 42 miles an hour!

"Another thing—his skid marks. He says his brakes grabbed just as he saw the cliff. Now when a car is braked suddenly, the skid marks begin light and get heavier. But Crawford's marks began heavy and *ended light*. That means he didn't try to stop his car at the edge of the cliff—but started it suddenly!

"He had come to a stop all right. But there at the edge of the road, he released his clutch with the engine racing. Crawford deliberately sent that car plunging off the cliff."

Harper's report caused a grim-eyed probing into the case. And sympathy for Crawford faded when medical examiners decided that all five victims had died of skull fractures apparently inflicted with a hammer. Then it was discovered that Crawford carried insurance on every member of his family, the policies providing double indemnity for accidental death. He was tried and convicted of murder.

What makes a police physicist? In Bill Harper's case it was, characteristically, the solving of a mystery. He is in his forties now—a muscular, blue-eyed man who talks well and who would have made an excellent science teacher. In fact, in the 1930s he was preparing for a career in physics at California Institute of Technology. He wasn't certain, however, that this was what he wanted, for besides researching in atomic fields he was solving occasional problems for the Pasadena Police Department.

In his fourth year at Caltech he was working on the design of Geiger counters, the "atomic" instruments which count emanations such as nuclear particles given off by uranium. He was having trouble with an experimental tube. He had constructed it with an aluminum window which he was bombarding with alpha particles of polonium.

"When I would stop the stream of particles, the tube should instantly have stopped counting. But it didn't. I couldn't figure why."

Then one day a friend excitedly thrust a French scientific journal into his hand. "Read that!" A team of French physicists named Joliot, one of whom was the daughter of Madame Curie, had succeeded in inducing radioactivity into a non-radioactive substance. (Remember, this was years before Hiroshima!) And they had done it by bombarding aluminum with alpha particles of polonium.

"You see why that Geiger counter of yours keeps working?" Harper's friend pointed out. "You've made its aluminum window radioactive. You've been paralleling the Joliots' work!"

The news generated a lot of high voltage around Caltech. Harper now realized he could make a

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career of academic research. But did he really want such a career? Not actually. He liked police work better. So when the Pasadena department offered him a contract, he promptly accepted.

Since returning from the Navy, Harper has been a free-lance consultant on criminal cases, available to either prosecution or defense. He believes that the physical evidence in a criminal case should *always* be scrutinized by an expert.

"It doesn't matter who hires the expert, whether defense or prosecution," he says. "The ethical physicist will expose the truth as it lies in the physical evidence."

When a crime problem is not approached sensibly, Harper points out, the result may be an easy evasion of justice. He recalls a case in which a boy riding a bicycle was killed by a hit-and-run driver. Deputies handled the matter, but Harper was called in to help. He asked the sheriff if his men had found the car.

"We did bring in a car, but we're turning it back to the owner for lack of proof. No blood or dents on the machine."

"Where is the bicycle?"

"We haven't looked for it. Don't need it, do we?"

"Where's the boy's clothing?"

"Don't know. The boy's dead. What do we need his clothes for?"

Harper was seething, but he merely said: "I want to see that bicycle. And find the kid's clothes too, will you? Now I want to look at that suspect car."

On one side of the machine Harper found a long scratch. When the twisted bicycle was brought in, he turned it upsidedown and shook it. From the handlebar fell tiny particles of paint. These he analyzed by spectrograph and microscope: they were identical with layers of black enamel and an undercoat of green paint on the car.

The boy's clothes, on their way to a hospital incinerator when found, were brought to Harper. The back of the leather jacket bore streaks of green paint. On a car-door hinge, black enamel had chipped off, exposing green paint. And on the hinge Harper found human hair which matched the boy's.

The driver was convicted of a hit-run felony. He would have escaped punishment if Harper had been less diligent.

OUT OF ANOTHER Harper experiment came a headache for arsonists. He found that fire does not always destroy fingerprints: they can stand heat up to 500 degrees Centigrade. In fact, intense heat can "burn" fingerprints into various materials so indelibly that they resist erasure with a cloth.

Harper also made a study of the application of spectrography to the examination of gunshot wounds. He found that by analyzing samples of flesh cut from the entrance of a bullet wound, it is possible to learn what kind of slug made the hole, even though the bullet itself is lost.

In fact, even if there is no wound, if the bullet just goes through clothing, it leaves a signature for the physicist to read. After analysis he can say, for instance, that the bullet was a copper-jacketed slug or a soft-lead bullet. And that information helps to eliminate some suspects and narrow suspicion upon others. This piece of laboratory

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magic isn't magic at all, but common sense armed with precision instruments. What the physicist does is to study the "contact ring" left by the bullet in passing through another substance. From that ring, spectrographic examination reveals the metallic composition of the slug. That can be a big help, for even soft-lead bullets vary widely in content.

BILL HARPER RECALLS one experiment which he would rather not have to repeat. A woman was found dead, a suicide note beside her. "But we became suspicious when tests showed a large amount of alcohol in the blood," he explains. "That suggested murder."

Obviously a very drunken woman could not have written a legible suicide note. Or could she? . . . It seemed sensible to find out.

Harper invited ten women to his laboratory as guinea pigs. They were of different ages, personalities and backgrounds. He invited them to get drunk in a laboratory under scientific control.

Harper was not altogether unaware of the possibilities. So when the ten women gathered to lay their sobriety upon the altar of police science, also present were the District Attorney and a phalanx of lawyers, three police officers trained in alcohol work, a handwriting expert, a pathologist and another doctor and nurse to care for those volunteers who imbibed freely *and* too well.

The test started at 5 P.M. Hourly the ten comely guinea pigs were given 1½ jiggers of whisky, until 2 A.M. Between drinks, tests were made on speech errors, writing errors and physical coordination.

The errors increased as the alcohol increased, and the women built up to a first-class binge. They laughed. They shrilled. They couldn't lift an index finger unwaveringly to their pretty noses. But—they did not lose the ability to write a lucid, legible message!

It was decided that the dead woman could have written the note found beside her, and that her death was suicide. Once more, Bill Harper had proved that the common sense approach goes hand in hand with the latest scientific gadgets from the criminologist's laboratory.

God's Help and His Own

BERNARD M. BARUCH likes to tell the story of the green china cat on his desk.

When his mother gave it to him, she told her son: "That cat will watch over you and provide for you. The Lord will not forget you if you keep it with you always."

Baruch's father, a surgeon in the Confederate Army, took Bernard aside and said: "I'd keep on hustling just the same." —NEW YORK *Times*

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New York's

SIDEWALK AMBASSADOR

by KENT SAGENDORPH

AT THE MAIN EXIT of Grand Central Terminal in New York, where an endless torrent of humanity pours out into the traffic of 42nd Street and Vanderbilt Avenue, stands a happy man who is seen by thousands of people every day in the big city.

He wears snappy sports jackets, gleaming shirts, all kinds of attention-getting garments. His iron-gray hair is stuffed under a blue cap bearing a sign: "Sight-seeing Guide." Tourists know him as Bob Liesegang, uncrowned king of New York's sidewalk guides and hailed as the Big Town's one-man welcoming committee.

Smiling Bob makes a good living by doing practically nothing, except talk to strangers and tell them about New York. For 17 years he has been there, just smiling, talking, strolling up and down under the marquee above the exit doors. He gets better all the time, both in his annual volume of sight-seeing business and in his nation-wide circle of friends.

Smiling Bob Liesegang, an unofficial greeter with a vast circle of friends, is something of a landmark himself in Manhattan.

Unlike most sidewalk guides, Bob never goes after business. He just stands there and, miraculously, business comes to him. He has discovered the strange but attested fact that strangers in the city know what they want, and if they want to go sight-seeing, they'll come and tell him so.

Actually, Bob is busier directing native New Yorkers to proper subway and bus routes than in selling his sight-seeing services. Every day

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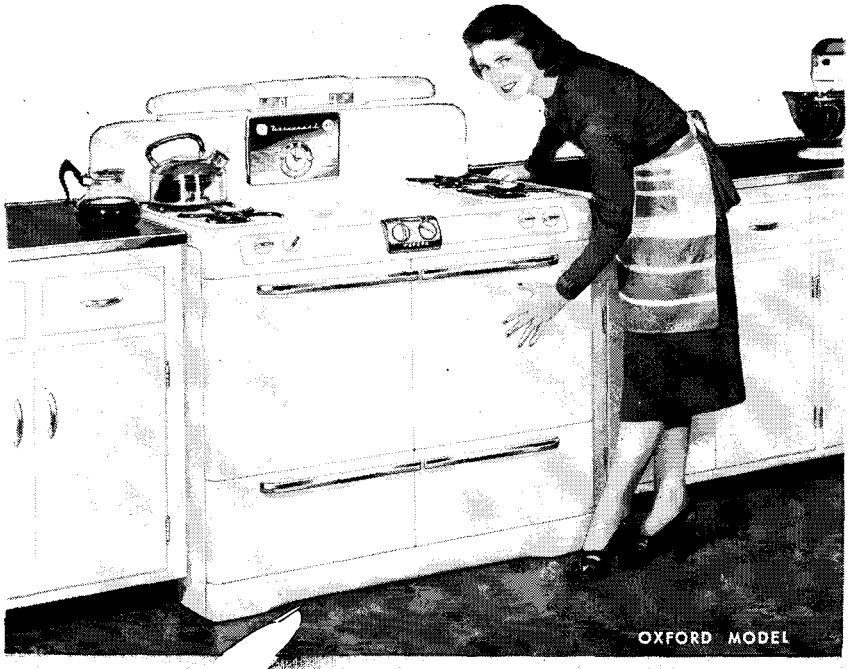

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he answers some 400 routine questions about how to get here and there, meanwhile listening carefully as new arrivals tell him why they came to the Big City; what they have read about sinful Broadway, or how Aunt Nellie, who lives in Flatbush, invited them to come up from Arkansas for a visit.

When the visitors leave, Bob cordially presents them with promotional literature about Times Square Sight-seeing Lines, Inc., of which he is the biggest single asset. His firm is not the largest in business, being eclipsed, for instance, by the huge Grey Line Tours. But Grey Line operates from desks in hotel lobbies and on contract with convention officials, and the overhead requires more capital than Bob's firm can afford. So they operate from strategic corners, at Grand Central and Times Square, among others.

Bob's knowledge of New York is encyclopedic. A native of New Jersey, he grew up in Manhattan and Jersey City, completed high school and a business course in accounting. In his youth he watched the "barkers" with megaphones riding majestically on the old "rubberneck" open-air busses, shouting "on your right . . . on your left—" He thought that was the greatest career in the city, so when he got his first sight-seeing job it was as a sidewalk barker, luring out-of-towners aboard busses parked in Times Square.

From time to time Bob worked at his regular trade of accountant, but he couldn't get the love of sight-seeing out of his blood. Then the day came when he found himself earning several times as much as a "Visitors' Consultant" (his own title) than in an office. That was many years ago, and Bob hasn't punched a time clock since.

"I get to know many nice people who visit New York," he says. "I'm the happiest guy in the city, and I'm gonna stay that way."

As he stands at Vanderbilt Avenue and 42nd Street, hands clasped behind his back, head bent low to catch a visitor's questions, Bob Liesegang seems as much a part of the scene as the mounted traffic cop. A combination guide, friend and adviser to visiting thousands, he has become one of the sights of New York in his own right. But don't tell him or he will sell tickets to see himself. And probably have a good time doing it.

Incentive Enough

ONE DAY THE TELEPHONE rang in the office of the pastor of President Truman's Washington church, and an eager voice said, "Tell me, do you expect the President to be in church next Sunday?"

"That's something I cannot promise," the minister explained patiently. "But we expect God to be there, and we think that will be incentive enough for a reasonably large attendance."

—*Tales of Hoffman*

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THE ZOO goes in for Modern Medicine

by WILLIAM BRIDGES

Even with the best medical facilities, it takes a smart doctor with a whole bagful of tricks to cure sick animals

A BIG ZOO IS A busy, bustling place, though you may not think so if you only stroll through on a Sunday afternoon. The lions are stretched out like drowsy cats, the elephants sway their enormous bodies in slow rhythm, timber wolves loll in the shade. No hustle and bustle for them.

No, it is not the animals that hustle and bustle; it is the people behind the Zoo who must do the hurrying and worrying. The people, for instance, who run the Animal Hospital. Hidden behind a screen of trees, the hospital is purposely isolated from other buildings and from the broad walks where visitors constantly pass.

Here is the office of the Zoo's doctor. Here are big and little cages, where newly arrived animals must be kept in quarantine until it is certain they are disease-free. Here is an operating room, an autopsy room, a busy laboratory where technicians study animal diseases in the same way as in a hospital for humans.

Yet an animal doctor's job is different. His patients cannot be asked, "What seems to be the matter?" In fact, they do their best to keep him from finding out. And he has to remember always that he is handling wild animals, no matter how "tame" they seem.

For instance, a young cheetah came to the Bronx Zoo as a gift from a woman who had acquired it in her travels. For months it had been a docile pet. It had slept in her bedroom, it had curled up in the living room, she had even taken it for walks on a leash.

Because of the strict Zoo rule that all new animals be quarantined, the cheetah was caged in the Animal Hospital before being placed on exhibition. Press photog-

Excerpted from the book *The Big Zoo*, published at $2 by the Viking Press, New York, N. Y.; copyright 1941 by William Bridges and Desider Holisher.

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raphers came to take pictures and the cheetah posed willingly. But two days later the animal was sick. It lay in the cage, breathing heavily, looking like a big unhappy cat.

This patient, the doctor decided, would not be a difficult one, although ordinarily a wild feline would be trussed or maneuvered into a "squeeze cage" before being treated. So he and a keeper entered the cage and stroked the pet reassuringly, preparatory to giving a hypodermic. But neither man was prepared for the outburst of wild fury that came when the point of the hypodermic touched the skin.

The cheetah sprang away, teeth and claws in action, and with one swipe laid the keeper's hand open. Then the "tame" animal crouched to spring and would undoubtedly have tried to kill both men if they had not leaped to safety. Henceforth, the doctor knew that this "pet" cheetah was not a pet!

TRICKERY IS SOMETIMES the most valuable instrument in the Zoo doctor's little black bag, as witness the story told by Dr. Goss, the Bronx Zoo veterinarian:

"One of our pumas was loaded with intestinal parasites and we had to get some medicine into him. The obvious move was to give him medicine with his food, so we made up eight capsules and buried them in eight chunks of raw meat. Then we cut off another chunk as a decoy. You'll see why in a minute.

"If a puma has time on his hands, he likes to chew his food, but we knew if he started chewing these loaded pieces of meat, he'd taste the medicine and that would be the end. So we threw in the unloaded meat first. The puma grabbed it, began to chew.

"Now, it's puma psychology that when a second piece of meat comes, he will bolt the first and seize the second. That's what happened; he swallowed the first meat, grabbed the next chunk. So we went down the line, throwing one piece of loaded meat after another, and the puma swallowed each one whole until we got to the end. Then we remembered we didn't have a 'chaser' so the puma would swallow the last dose!

"I grabbed a stick and pushed it through the cage, pretending I was trying to take the meat away. That worked! The puma gulped the chunk without even tasting it—and we got all eight capsules inside without any trouble!"

Occasionally, however, ingenuity fails to outwit the patient. Some Zoo inmates have an uncanny intuition that "funny business" is going on—like the rare and valuable Northern raven that escaped from its cage.

Two weeks after it vanished the Curator of Birds heard that a "big black bird" had been seen every day in a park several miles from the Zoo. Quite tame, it would take food from anyone.

Keepers hurried to the park with tempting bits of meat and a long-handled net. But the raven refused to be lured within reach. The Zoo doctor then proposed feeding the bird Nembutol—a drug that would make the raven so drowsy it could easily be picked up. A dose was hidden in a piece of meat and the confident keepers returned to the park, without a net.

The raven—seeing no net—flut-

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tered down and devoured the tasty morsel. The keepers stood grinning, waiting for the drug to take effect. In a few minutes the raven began to blink and the keepers rushed forward. But the doctor had misjudged the amount required to put a big, strong raven "under." The raven staggered, then flapped off to a tree down the hillside. There, a little dazed, it managed to hold on while the drug's effects wore off.

Thereafter, no matter how craftily the doctor buried the capsule in the meat, the bird would have none of it. Undrugged bits it would swallow without hesitation, but the "loaded" pieces were merely picked up and buried! This went on for two or three days, until a keeper's ingenuity finally came to the rescue.

Enlisting the aid of a small boy, he had his net taken around behind a stone wall. Then he seated himself on the wall, his hands in sight but with the net handle so placed that he could grab it quickly. He tossed one piece of meat after another on the ground, and since they were all undrugged, the raven swallowed them and came closer. Then the keeper seized the handle, made one long swoop, and the bird was caught at last.

ALMOST AS MUCH ingenuity has to be used to get cod-liver oil into animals, for some of them—birds particularly—refuse to touch anything that has oil on it. Monkeys, too, object to cod-liver oil, yet a plentiful supply is highly necessary because they get comparatively little sunshine. There, again, a knowledge of animal psychology is helpful to the doctor.

A newcomer to the monkey collection is not given anything like a full dose of cod-liver oil at first. Instead, only a very small quantity is introduced into his daily menu of fruits and vegetables. After he has accepted this as inevitable—perhaps after refusing a meal or two and getting hungry—the dosage is gradually increased until the animal is getting his full ration of vitamins.

Even so, monkeys often object to an overliberal dosage and try to wash it away in their drinking water, or rub it off on their paws and fur or on their bedding. Then, generally, they turn right around and lick their hands and fur to clean it! So, one way or another, they usually end by getting their quota of "sunshine."

This instinctive desire for cleanliness that some animals seem to have—and others do not—is of use to the doctor. I remember an African gibbon that came to the Zoo in an emaciated condition. Listless and weak, it was unwilling to eat even the most tempting food. Luscious, soft-ripe bananas lay untouched within an inch of its paws.

Finally the doctor entered the cage and gently took the little animal on his lap. He broke off a bit of banana and squeezed it over the gibbon's fingers. For a moment the animal stared, then raised its hand and began to lick the pulp. The doctor repeated the process until the gibbon consumed an entire banana. After a few days of this involuntary feeding, its strength began to come back.

When every animal that comes to the Zoo may be carrying a disease transmittable to other animals

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—or even human beings—it is easy to see why strict quarantine is important. But the strictest quarantine of all is exercised over parrots, which may carry an almost invariably fatal disease called psittacosis or "parrot fever."

Psittacosis is highly contagious, and research workers have died of the disease despite extreme precautions taken in handling sick birds. That is why the Zoo doctor was annoyed and—for a moment—alarmed when a man walked into his office, unrolled a package and laid a dead parrot on the desk.

"My parrot died this morning, Doctor," he said. "Would you please take a look at it to see if it had psittacosis?"

"What do you mean, bringing a dead parrot into this Zoo if you think it had psittacosis?" the angry doctor demanded. "Don't you know that is a very contagious and deadly disease?"

The man began to mumble something—he hadn't meant any harm, he—

"Take it away—no, wait a minute!" the doctor exclaimed. He had looked closely at the bird and decided it had probably been "egg-bound"—a condition which can cause death. So, deciding this was not a case of psittacosis but that the man deserved a good lesson, he carried the parrot into the autopsy room. The owner followed.

The doctor began working on the body, finding, as he had expected he would, that the parrot had been unable to lay an egg, and thus had died.

"Psittacosis is one of the quickest and deadliest diseases of animals," the doctor went on, talking as he worked. "There was a case in Washington when research men examining diseased birds worked at tables flooded with antiseptics. They wore sterile gowns and rubber gloves, just as I am doing, and when they were through they burned them. And yet, one of those men came down with the disease and died, while another technician who just happened to walk past the autopsy room contracted psittacosis and died too.

"Now, in this bird of yours, I have found—"

Just then the doctor heard a soft "plop!" behind him. When he turned around, the parrot's owner had fainted!

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MARK TWAIN'S STRANGEST DREAM

ONE NIGHT, YOUNG Sam Clemens, who would later win literary fame as Mark Twain, had a dream in which he saw the body of his younger brother Henry lying in a metallic casket resting on two chairs. On his brother's breast lay a bouquet of white flowers with a single crimson blossom in the center. The dream haunted Sam for days but at last he pushed it out of his mind.

Many months later, Sam Clemens was aboard the river steamer *Lacey* on his way to St. Louis. There he was to meet Henry, who had left New Orleans on the steamer *Pennsylvania*. But as Sam's boat tied up at Greenville, Mississippi, the little river town was seething with excitement. A gruff voice shouted the news: "One hundred and fifty people lost on the *Pennsylvania*. She blew up just below Memphis!"

Dazed, Sam walked around the dock, bought a newspaper and read an account of the tragedy. And suddenly his heart thudded with relief: Henry Clemens' name was among those saved!

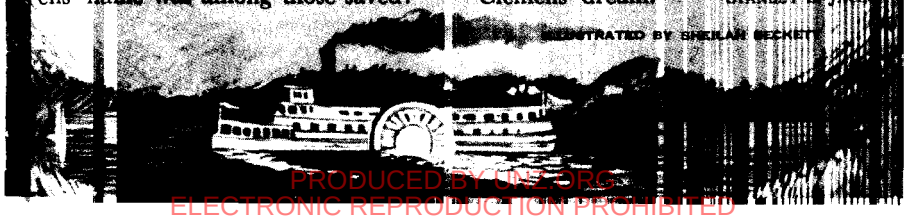
But in Memphis Sam's hopes were shattered. In attempting to rescue other passengers, his brother had been scalded by steam and was near death. For six days and nights Sam sat by Henry's bed—waiting, hoping. Exhausted, he finally fell asleep and sympathetic townspeople put him to bed.

When he awoke, Sam hurried back to the improvised hospital. He stopped in his tracks as he saw a metallic casket resting on two chairs in the hall. In it lay his brother, just as he had in the dream. Only the bouquet of white flowers with the crimson heart was missing. Later Sam learned that Memphis people, deeply moved by Henry's heroism, had contributed money to buy the metal casket.

Then, even as Sam leaned over his brother's body in wordless grief, an elderly lady entered and placed a bouquet of creamy white flowers on Henry's breast. In the center was a fresh red rose—final fulfillment of Sam Clemens' dream.

—STANLEY B. JACOBS

ILLUSTRATED BY SHERMAN BECKETT



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